CONTACT DIARY PART 10

May 1, 2023 – January 1, 2024
Original writing with pictures inserted. – © Jo Danieli, 2023/24

May 1, 2023 **– The Dragon on the Stone**

After finalizing part 9 of this contact diary with April 30, I drove with Jacqui and Tino up to Aich from the backside, to take a short walk before I would go see my mom. And right after the turn up the hill, I saw it: A two-colored stone – with a dragon on top. Wow. I was so baffled.

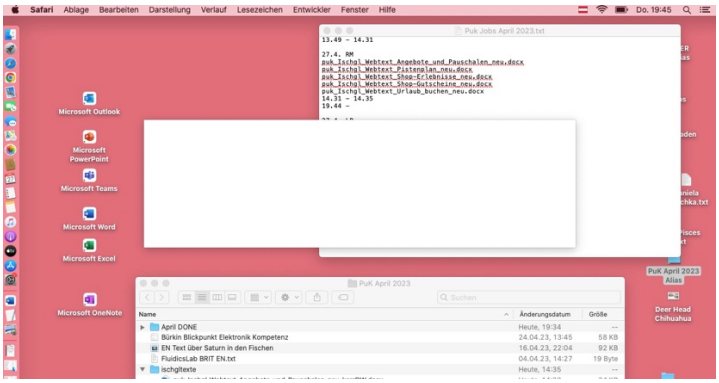
Later, I brought Tino to my neighbor Ms. H., who loves to have him around now and then. Meanwhile, I took Jacqui for a walk up the meadow to pick Dandelion flowers. However, I changed my mind and walked on intending to do the full circle, fast, because not slowed down by Tino's constant sniffing and peeing. At the Christian sculpture that gave me an amazing message many months ago, I sat down on the bench, to give Jacqui the chance to rest. And I gave him some water. As I looked up – I thought I can't trust my eyes: *Walter pulled up in his Ford Galaxy.* The same model I used to have and that ruined me. Walter. Who I wanted to chat with for a long time. He looked very sweet and handsome and spoke well-mannered, but repeated some of the things he had said on the phone already. So I insisted we get together to have a proper chat one day, and I am looking forward to it, because I will not hold back and be entirely outspoken. I think I must. There were certain things he said that were kind of inappropriate given that we actually don't know each other or of each other's life. I am sure he is not used to deal with people like me, with a story like mine. Well, I cannot just bend over and let him talk all over me with his preconceived ideas … he advised me to get myself someone rich to marry me. Jesus Christ – how fucking dare he? What makes him say this to me, knowing nothing about me? I shall find out.

Still it, was lovely seeing him. I was absolutely not in the shape to chat with a man I'd like to impress, but, well, doesn't it always happen like this? I felt old and ugly and a lost case … I haven't been lucky in life, at all, that's what I got to see so clearly talking with W. So – meaning what? I also realized about myself how much I would want to be loved by someone just for being myself.

Someone who is crazy about my every wrinkle and imperfection. Oh yes. So being scrutinized or even judged … not sure if he did, it would be devastating to me. I will never try to please anyone or hope to appear better than I am.

Big blow-up with CH too, who gave me such incredible shit today, totally denying everything she did … it is so repugnant and so tiring. So done. Done. Done. Done.

This is from April 27 … when once again a weird white bar appears on the screen … and like always when my computers act up, I just feel Bob all around.



May 6, 2023

Found a torn necklace with a *silver cross pendant* close to where I live … it felt good to find it. Like in the old days, when I kept finding stuff all the time. (Note: It took me a few days to find out who it belonged to, one of the real bad boys of this housing settlements … oh I wish I could move away!)

May 8, 2023 – **The Golden Lemon-Pear**

So much happened in the last days …

Met Walter by chance on the street … we chatted … it was so strange, as if he wanted to get rid of me before we even got to know each other …

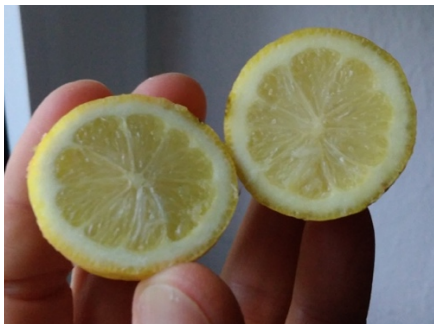
And the license plate numbers – right next to my car!

„250“ … Bob’s phone number … „422“ the symbol of video production … and „AO“ means „day world“, „mortal real“ as opposing „PO“, the realm of the „dead“.

Going to check out a house that is for rant tomorrow. I asked Bob if this could be good or at least if he was listening, and I got „golden pear“ on the palm of my right hand. I realized: Just earlier, visiting my confused mom, ***I found a tiny „pear“ on the ground that turned out to be a lemon.***

Now why did this come to my mind when I asked for a „message“? It had already happened. I had found it. It’s because time doesn’t matter. The communication is advanced. I get it.

*(**Note**: I would get in touch with this very subject real soon – when I suddenly had the urge to google „The ending of Lost explained“!)*



Yesterday I put in a submission asking for a „women support subvention“ for turning my original novel „Dunst“ about my time with Sigi into a screenplay. I will be very curious what comes out of it.

It is so strange to consider moving away … but the „stress“ that it seems to include, is really just a few days … I don’t know. But I will go to look at the house to get a feel about what I am actually supposed to head for.

No more contact with CH after me finding out about her huge web of lies … I don’t believe myself what a naive fuck I was.

May 9, 2023

Sour! Yes, that’s why the lemon, too! The renter of the house called – and told me she will rather rent to a younger couple! O fucking great.

May 10, 2023

The strangest experience last night … when I carried myself to bed: I entered housie on Maui. Not that I thought about it, I was just there … and I walked around, in the entire house, and I saw and touched details that I couldn#t even consciously recall! I did not dream, I was awake and aware that I was in that very strange state. I talked to Bob in my mind, consciously, asking what this all was about … looking back, I think it was about him telling me that once I’ll be dead we’ll be able to be together in housie as much as we want …

It was just so strange that I saw and touched those details … and I walked around the entire house … the handles, the corners, the spaces and areas … all there, clear, as if I really was there. I felt the house, the place, everything … I saw the plates and cups and took them and FELT how they felt, their weight, their consistencies … it was like I was actually looking at everything in real time … but of course, those were memories. But the fact that I could access them so closely and in such detail, was totally new.

And I asked Bob if he was going to show up, too … and suddenly, there he was: He wore a white shirt with a golden or black or both pattern, and I said to him that I don’t know that shirt, and that it

looks very festive. And Bob himself was so handsome, so tall and young and sweet …. And I was so in love with him. It was like he was getting ready to go out … and I felt how it was with him … it was really like being there, back with him.

It was uncanny. It was new. I „was" in housie before, in some strange states, but this time, it was different.

Something is brewing, I know it.

I miss Bob so much, it takes my breath away. And the feeling and remembering being there on Maui in housie with him, causes me to be so sad, that I feel so heavy. Talking about it … I have a hard time getting up after even sitting for a short time … and last night, when I rested on the sofa, I was shocked to find my left hand paralyzed … the blood circulation must have been cut off, but I couldn't see, how. So I was baffled to not be able to get my hand to move, I had to grab it with my right hand and shake it and move it around, and I rubbed it and „forced" my brain to connect with that hand.
That was so strange. Right now, I can see Bob in front of me, saying „Need a hand", like he did so often, and then he would stick out his hand and turn it in weird ways …

I read up on dementia last night, too, and it is so clear that Bob had early-onslaught dementia even when I met him … There were all the signs. I wonder if things would have turned out differently if I had allowed myself to address his strange and erratic behaviors from the beginning … his horrible distress every day after forgetting or misplacing things, and after a few years, he began to have such a hard time with his job tasks … he wanted to stick in front of his computer, as there he felt safe. Oh my …

Well, it did not go down like that, though. It was all so different.

And last night, as I was in housie with Bob, he was so close, and it was so normal, that we were there. He was adjusting that strange festive shirt and kind of seemed to ask me what I thought, how did he look? Handsome, Bob, handsome. But there was his serious and kind of worried face that I saw so often, when he was insecure.

Oh my, I look at the world today … you left me with all this shit, Bob. And I am really not sure what to focus on anymore.

TO ADD WITH PICS AND THE DATES:

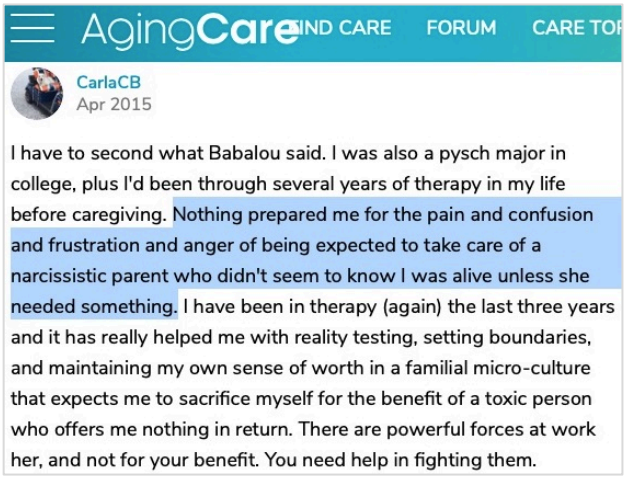
The vibrations of the washing machine … that's how they do it: I saw things wandering like on a Ouija board … the vibrations! That's how the plaquette wanders.

License plate numbers „808 BB" and „222 CK" right after the other.

Dream of Bob and Kauai … we were preparing to do something together, and all the while I was thinking in my dream that he was dead, so what a miracle that we were there together …

<u>May 13, 2023</u>

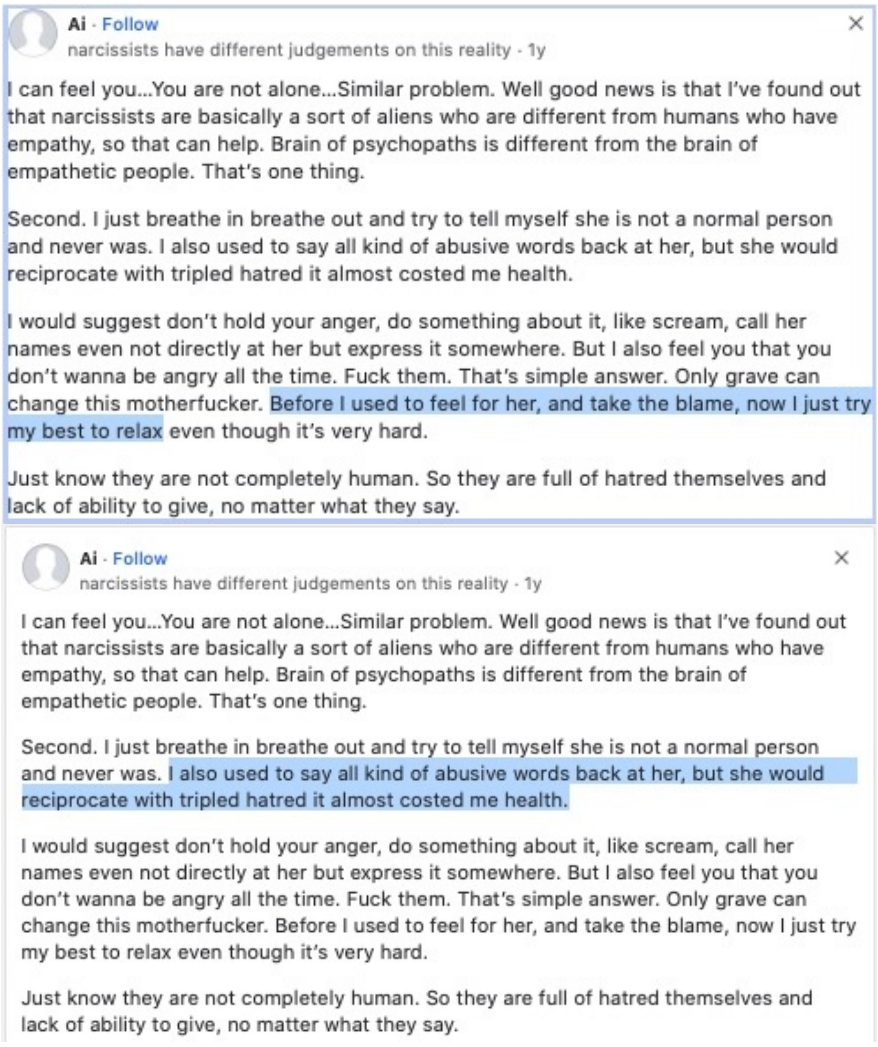
Horrible situation with my mother who is full of hatred against me, and I don't want to describe what happened, but I did google in blogs about other people's experiences, so here:



AgingCare ... FORUM ...

CarlaCB
Apr 2015

I have to second what Babalou said. I was also a pysch major in college, plus I'd been through several years of therapy in my life before caregiving. Nothing prepared me for the pain and confusion and frustration and anger of being expected to take care of a narcissistic parent who didn't seem to know I was alive unless she needed something. I have been in therapy (again) the last three years and it has really helped me with reality testing, setting boundaries, and maintaining my own sense of worth in a familial micro-culture that expects me to sacrifice myself for the benefit of a toxic person who offers me nothing in return. There are powerful forces at work her, and not for your benefit. You need help in fighting them.



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I can feel you...You are not alone...Similar problem. Well good news is that I've found out that narcissists are basically a sort of aliens who are different from humans who have empathy, so that can help. Brain of psychopaths is different from the brain of empathetic people. That's one thing.

Second. I just breathe in breathe out and try to tell myself she is not a normal person and never was. I also used to say all kind of abusive words back at her, but she would reciprocate with tripled hatred it almost costed me health.

I would suggest don't hold your anger, do something about it, like scream, call her names even not directly at her but express it somewhere. But I also feel you that you don't wanna be angry all the time. Fuck them. That's simple answer. Only grave can change this motherfucker. Before I used to feel for her, and take the blame, now I just try my best to relax even though it's very hard.

Just know they are not completely human. So they are full of hatred themselves and lack of ability to give, no matter what they say.

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Took mom to **an arts and crafts exhibition to the Schloss Rosegg**, where we always walk by … it was raining, and everything was wet outside. Nice to see that people care so much about crafts that they dedicate their lives to them.

Mom is argumentative about anything I say, even if I say how nice and green the grass is. She is just outright mean to me … she sounds entirely clear and sharpy, but she is still lying about her food, throwing it away, and she is forgetful. I know that her mind can improve, but not with me. I will have to take measures.

So she insisted she needed some cake when she saw it in a display. I thought okay, lets sit down and have a coffee and cake. She got pissed off about me saying that we needed to find a spot to sit, so I left her standing in line and wandered about a bit. Then she came with two pieces of cake, and I felt happy for a moment, thinking that one was for me. Sure enough, she sat down and ate both, without even asking me if I wanted to taste-test. I was so appalled, I didn't even try to talk with her anymore.

Today is mother's day, so dutiful daughter I am I got her a flower and visited her for a shared meals on wheels. I really didn't like that food today, and I just know I won't make it much longer eating what she chooses so that she eats at all. We watched for the first time „Der Preis ist heiß", a price-guessing show continuously introducing products … kind of cool. She liked it. But then, when I asked her to play Memory, she got nasty again, upset for me to suggest this when she was having such a nice time watching TV and later would read the newspaper … So I left. Didn't even try. I am tired of the fight for HER mind.

I have started to take Boswellia Serrata and Cat's Claw again, and I feel that the pain in my abdomen is subsiding, and I feel healthier. And … there was a cloud spaceship above the event …

<u>May 15, 2023</u>

One day before the 22 years anniversary of meeting Bob.

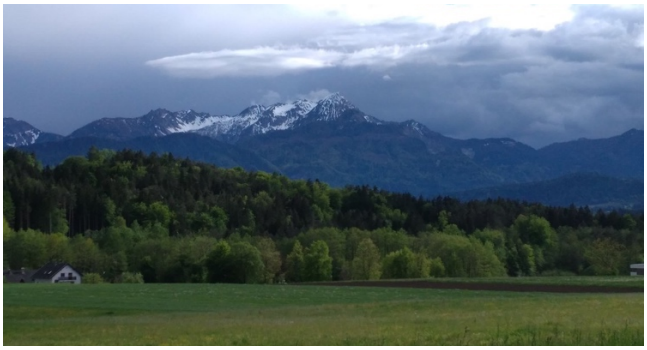
Fuck life. Except … my two dogs are the highlights. I lash out on them sometimes and immediately regret it. I don't hurt them, but I yell, am impatient – fuck me! Tino is just so sweet, and Jacqui keeps coming close as soon as I do anything on Tino, like cleaning his tearing eyes …

I had the most wonderful dream about Walter, with various sections, even though he was with a woman, we did embrace each other and I got to stroke his body. But I don't want to share details, it was very detailed, but it's Monday, and I must check emails, get the dogs out, go shopping with mom, all kinds of shit.

At least I got to work on my screenplay „Sideliners" for a few hours this weekend. I felt like myself again. Like in my dream … I was vulnerable, but confident. It was an event, like a big party in a high-up storey of a building, but for some reason I could not join the crowd. Instead, I kind of made a „camp" in an area next to an elevator. I had to sleep or wait there, and to change clothes. Then Walter showed up with that woman, and he was also happy to see me, and we embraced so tenderly as if we had been intending to meet there. He left with that woman for the party, but I had to stay in that stair case with the elevator spots, or whatever that was, and I tried to put on light clothes as I felt so hot, but I took always the wrong combination. I got a bit desperate, because I did want to join Walter at the party.

Somehow the dream shifted, and maybe I got up in between? But suddenly Walter was some kind of the chief of a very colorful tribal army to came under the sea with their aggressive faces to dive up on a shore (in my dream view I saw them coming right at me towards the shore, under water!), with painted bodies, feathers, weapons and all … and as soon as they dove up and were received by the people of that place, maybe and island, they showed their nicest faces! It was so strange. And the weirdest part of it was that those people really believed that the chief of that tribal bunch, Walter, was a wise motivational speaker! And I was there, knowing the truth, but I can't remember what I did … I was just baffled. I did run around, strangely with Martina, and there was a line of houses like a settlement, and strangers coming down a hill with a small white dog, like a Maltese, just when I was about to walk up that hill … and there were many, many dog turds, like lined up, like someone had gone there with their dog all the time, never picking up. I said to them that I knew who that was, the (real life) new person who lives next door to CH, a Hungarian with a dog named Shakespeare who Tino hates so much, that he freaks out when he sees him. Even Jacqui tried to lunge at him, strangely, and CH told me, that Pauli, her dog, doesn't like Sh. either.

So that dream was so strange … and I woke up from the building noise again … and I wanted to dwell in the memory of the dream and being with Walter, but the dogs needed out. Later, during a walk I saw some kind of „spaceship" in the sky … and of course it reminded me of „Regents of Clouds", my huge mankind-saving project.



Anyway … I keep dreaming of Walter, and he is now officially par with Keanu Reeves. Of course I have dreamed of Bob more, but those two are runners-up.

May 16, 2023 – **Anniversary, again & The Multi-Locations-Dream & „Lost" & the Beyond**

21 years since I met Bob.

What a **dream** tonight! The special part of it was, that in the dream I remembered that I was at the location of another dream I had years ago, about a woman who had moved out of her apartment and I had gone there, in the dream, to look at it, and I didn't like it because it seemed to not offer privacy but was almost open to the street and way too strange from the structure of the rooms. That woman lived in that apartment with several dogs in that dream, which I found so strange. It was like looking into a set piece, a fake apartment with an open front wall. But entering that apartment, back in the dream of years ago, it was aparent that there were nice sections about it and a possibility to be out in the open right away. Still, the front part and the front door were not really secure or closed-up.

So tonight I – but it was not me, I dreamed of a strange woman – was moving from Carinthia, strangely, from where I live now in a combination of the old house where my grandmother Maria had lived – back to Vienna! All the time I thought in my dream that this was so much better because of job opportunities, but I had two dogs, that were NOT Jacqui and Tino, but a small Australian shepherd and a young, but very big Rottweiler bitch.

So in my **dream** I kind of dreamed in part how two or three young men helped me move and they transported my stuff to Vienna with some van. In a side plot of the dream was another woman who was supposed to move with me, but I kept losing her out of sight. Strangely, there was a ski resort, some kind of skiing slope involved, it is very murky right now. Just that that woman disappeared, and I found out that it was a misunderstandings, as I hadn't been able to reach her by phone, I had promised to, though, and she had thought I had abandoned her – and she promptly moved back to her old girlfriend, her ex „Irene", where I found her. I was very disappointed, but in a strange way relieved, because since that woman was so ready and willing to move back in with her ex and did not take efforts trying to find out what was up with me, it was for the best that she be gone.

So I moved to that apartment from my old dream in Vienna! And I was surprised in my dream to find myself there, as I thought that back then I didn't like it. As I moved around in the place, I realized that it was bigger and of a different inner structure than I had supposed – and strangely, it was connected to a house of another dream! I had several times dreamed of my grandmother Maria's old house and what had become of it, some kind of ghetto settlement with plastic roofs and makeshift spaces, and I one such space I had dwelled **in yet another dream!**

So this apartment was a mix of three different locations from other dreams from the past!

And I realized that from the back I could enter a huge outdoor area, which I did right away, without even unpacking the remainder of the stuff except for the stuff that was already in the apartment and that had been delivered by those guys from that ski resort, and I walked around there with the Australian Shepherd dog that kept turning into a Beagle, and was suddenly Jacqui from the feeling but was not really. And the Rottweiler dog went straight to a table of three women that were sitting there – because my apartment was in some kid of complex that included a restaurant directly adjacent to my apartment and lots of other apartments that all only had dark glass doors to the big corridor that ran by them … and the Rottweiler jumped to greet a woman and cut her face with her claws, so that blood came. I immediately ran there, horrified, but nothing came out of it. I was, in the dream, right away again in an outdoor area where clothes were drying on a clothes line, and the Rottweiler ran there, and people came along a pathway, also another dog, and I called her back quickly. I thought, wow, this is so cool, now I can really let my dogs out in the

morning or the night when they must go … but at the same time I thought how that should work as there obviously were other dogs, as well.

So in that outdoors area was a long hiking path right behind that house and my apartment that lead by very green trees, like willow trees in the background … and entered a forest.

I was then back in the apartment, and two men came in, for some reason, neighbors, I think, to check me out or something? There was a very narrow clothes board, where two of my old pants were already hanging, obviously having been put there by the two young men who had delivered my stuff ahead to Vienna … and I realized that one was a pant that Bob had worn, and the other was also – real life – familiar, kind of olive green.

So the horizontal thing in the clothes board was broken, and the two guys offered to help and fix it. But I kept thinking that I had to change the position of that armoir, as there was no space to even move in front of it to put clothes. I kept thinking all the time that this was not the right apartment for me after all, because it was also dark, and I was wondering if there was mold and spiders and such.

So I can't recall many more details, only that with one of the men I wanted to have sex right away, but I don't remember if we did. But the other – I killed! I knew in my dream that I had poisoned him! And the neighbors were very suspicious of me, and I seemed to not be able to close off my apartment towards the big corridor properly, as that dark glass door, that all had, was kind of too small or broken. And adjacent to that glass door right in front of that strange tall and way too narrow armoir, was my bedroom. And it was separated from the outer wall and the narrow alley behind it by just a glass door and a curtain! And I regretted so baldy to have left my place in Carinthia – and in my dream I was thinking of the real-life place where I am now! – because I knew there would be no way to sleep in peace, as I would hear all sounds from the corridor and the people walking by.

I was actually relieved, when I woke up. So strange. But no familiar people in my dream! Not even the dog, except for a hint of a „feeling" of Jacqui.

Weird. I also don't know why I killed that perfectly nice man in my dream, but I don't recall the actual action of having killed him, I only know that I did kill him by poisoning.

Wow. Raining a lot today.

(lLater)

So I met **Bob on Maui, 21 years ago**, and I discovered something wonderful today – when I drove by that *sweet little dragon that crouches rolled up on the big stone:* Right next to it, is a stone statue **of a young guy reading a book**! And of course that was ***Bob's dream and the only movie concept he ever wrote – to retired to a little hut at Kaupo, the South-side of Maui, and read and read and read*** … all the books he had bought online before the big blackout. Oh Bob, I miss you so much.

The guy reading the book next to the dragon on the stone … what a combination, right? And how great that I found it. Actually through CH. If she hadn't told me about the back-road up to Aich, I would have never seen those artworks.

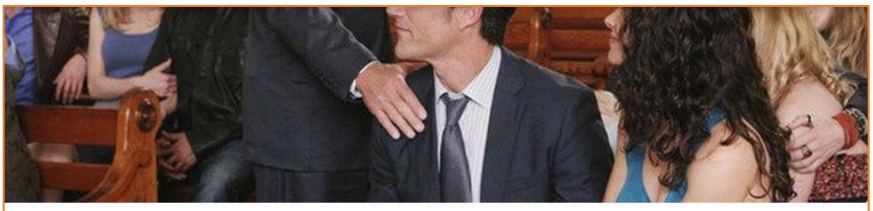
Reminds me of the lit stone next to the bed in Griffen … I had to think about that a lot recently.

I also found it uncanny that I had the urge to read up on the storyline of the famous series **„Lost"** made in Hawaii, and the ending is about everyone getting together in a **church**. *(**Note**: The **„lemon-pear"-find** **before the receipt of the image** is getting the promised dimension here!)*

I had just changed a main location of the screenplay I have been writing from a school to a church the day before. But I found out that **the ending of „Lost" shows the character getting together – in the afterlife!** And time of course doesn't matter there, so it doesn't matter when they died, they do meet in a „church", maybe a symbol of the spiritual side of all human life, in the freakin' **afterlife**! I have never ever been interested in „Lost". But today I felt like reading up on it – instead of all the things I should do … liek finalizing the letter to the people I must send this c. d. to … so now I know why.

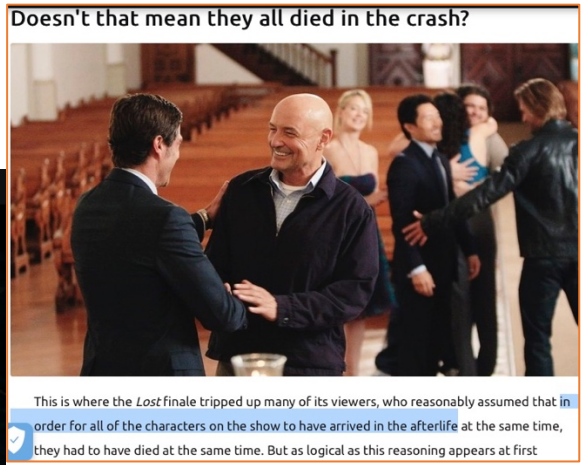
Why didn't Ben go into the church at the end of Lost?

However, Ben opting not to enter the church could mean that *he* isn't ready to move on yet. Perhaps Ben still has more people to find in the afterlife before he can let go, or maybe, despite having been forgiven by some of the people he wronged, he still has to come to terms with what he did. Another possibility is that he just can't bring himself to move on and leave his adopted daughter, Alex (Tania Raymonde), behind. It's never clarified what happens to Ben after he decides to stay outside, but we can only hope that, eventually, he finds peace.



At the end of "The End," after regaining their memories of their time together on the island, the main characters make their way to a church, where they see the symbols of a number of different faiths. Christian Shephard then explains to Jack that the flash-sideways was

they're finally ready to be at peace with one another. When Christian opens the doors at the end of the episode and light floods the church, it's safe to assume that signifies "moving on," whatever that means.


Doesn't that mean they all died in the crash?
This is where the Lost finale tripped up many of its viewers, who reasonably assumed that in order for all of the characters on the show to have arrived in the afterlife at the same time, they had to have died at the same time. But as logical as this reasoning appears at first

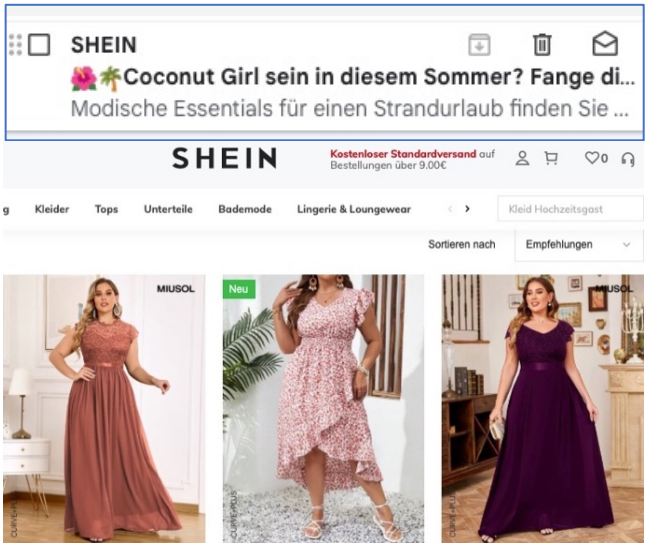
While some of the earlier mysteries of *Lost* were revealed to have at least moderately plausible sci-fi explanations, the Heart of the Island requires viewers to accept some elements of the supernatural as well. No details are ever given about the origins of the Heart of the Island, but it's said that a piece of its light is inside every living thing, and if it goes out, so do we.

The explanation given in "The End" is that they all died at different times, some way back in season one, and others many years after the end of season six. But time works differently in the afterlife. To the characters, it feels as though they all arrived around the same time, even if their actual deaths were many decades apart. The only thing they all had in common was that none of the characters in the flash-sideways died during the plane crash.

It is my topic that I was supposed to face – a clearer message can't be give, can it?

May 17, 2023 – **The Coconut Girl**

„Being a **Coconut Girl** this summer?" Oh wow. Coconut Girl … I hear Bob directly quoting the famous song by Brother Nolan. How often have I heard it … I found this in the spam-folder today – where I actually never look! And the song goes **„Coconut Girl in a High-Fashion World" – and the ad is for a clothing company!**



And then … I got another book from a phone booth dispenser today, three I got, actually, I randomly chose „The Painted Face", and there it was, an artist admitting that he „loves the dead

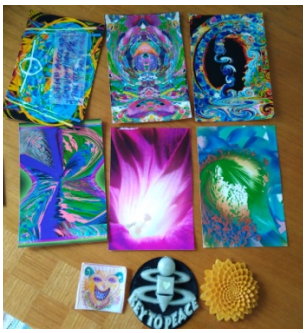
more than the living“. Wow. That’s profound. I want to talk with Walter. Once, and then maybe never again. But I will be outrageously honest with him. Yey.

Can’t wait to swim every day from now on, or as often as I can. It is so good for me, I feel different getting out of the lake. Only did it once this year … but I will use this effect to … well, not sure for what. I did write a bit more on my screenplay „Sideliners“; but while the writing itself is great and comforts me much, the story is not the one that matters.

I saw a wonderful **„Ali’i“-flower** today, *yellow and red, the „ali’i“-colors*, a brush, when I took J and T for a long walk. It grew right next to the home of that mysterious man I’ve never met, the carpenter who made the big wooden boar … and whose car has the license plate number „VL 30 SM“.

Last night, I also did something odd: I felt the urge to click on a Facebook alert that Hadas H. had posted something. I couldn’t care less about that person, who disappointed me and abandoned me so badly, the cancer expert who never responded when I asked for help with Bob … she was the one who brought me to Maui, though, in 2001, and because of her I met Bob. So I read that she was planning to do a three-year trip around the world, and generously announced that she „would not sell her clinic“, because the oh so precious clientele and stuff. Well she had just bought that clinic after its owner Kristine R. had died, and Kristine had build that clinic. So for Hadas to boast that she wouldn’t sell it … why the fuck sell it, when she just bought it? She had told me not too long a go, a few years, via email, that she was done with medicine, no interest anymore, and then Kristine R. died … and suddenly … oh I don’t know why the hell I had to learn about that. But what I did is that I wrote to her on Facebook how I feel about her biased ass.

There. And ***Peter H. Rosen, a former Maui friend*** (who really didn’t always behave as one, neither to me nor Bob) sent me a gift – *images and 3D-prints of the flower of life and his logo.* Kinda sweet. Kinda childish. Not sure what to think. I do like the images, though. Will put everything together in some frame and make it an artwork. Also „The Rest in Peace Dear Robert Stone“ plaquette that he made … it takes me aback. ***It features the Olivin Rocks that Bob and I never got to visit together and me, the sun.*** How odd. And: There is no resting in peace! I wish people would realize this!



That's what the woman on Maui wanted me to do with my artwork, back then, when Hadas introduced me to her, and there I met Yolanda, who brought me to Bob. Full circle?

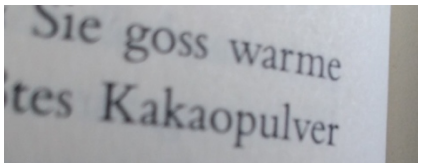
So me „being a coconut girl this summer" – does that mean something in relations to Hawaii?

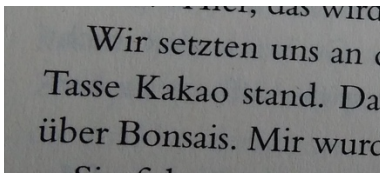
Earlier today, as I walked down the road with the dogs, being kind of desperate about my own inabilitiy to stay calm and not lash out on the little one Tino when he keeps pulling the leash and run off and not listen and about my tendency to get all frustrated and worked up about … just my living situation, my father, my mother's behavior towards me, always kind of in a rejecting way … I asked Bob if he was „listening", was „with me right now". And I hadn't even finished the thought and put out my hand, I „received" – *a „box" or „container", not a cube, but a similar thing with a longer and a shorter side, in an indefinite color, maybe beige or ocker or silver …* and I said out loud „A box, Bob? It's a box alright." So well.

May 18, 2023 – **The Box & the Cocoa & Frau Gerda**

So the „box" appeared, I got aware of it while reading in the book I started, *„The Getting Silent of the Crow",* a very smart mystery crime novel about a woman who deals with inheritance cases and the disappearance of her brother.

First of all – I had bought a box of cocoa (wow, just now writing of it, the „box" appeared?!) yesterday for me, which I rarely ever do, but I just felt like doing it. Now, in that story, the heroine „Kris" drinks **cocoa *(„Kakao" in German)*** all the time! All the time in the story! Seriously!





Then when I read about **„loud speakers"** this morning – called „Boxen" in German, translateable into **„boxes"!** – I was baffled: The last night was pure horror, because my upstairs neighbor F. had friends over, and they played some video game with the noises coming through the loudspeakers, ignorant bastards, so that my whole apartment was affected by the vibrations of the bass sounds! At 1.30 am I couldn't stand it anymore, and I texted him to stop it. Which he did. But he wrote back that he „had nothing on that could case noise": Fucker! I am so so so tired of that kind of attitude and behavior!

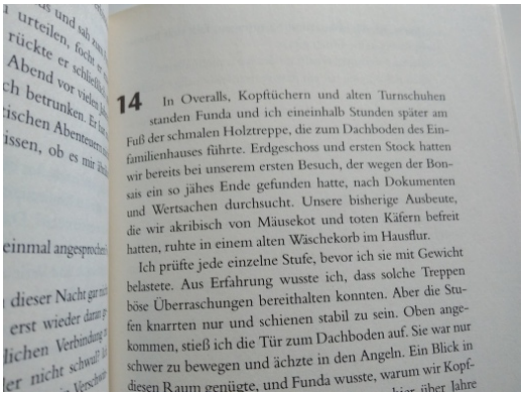
But there, in the book, promply, the „loudspeakers" came on!

It's about a man named Simon sleeping in his chair, and from the **loudspeakers (direct translater „loudspeaker boxes"!)** came the voice of a woman by the name of Rebecca, who talsk about wine making …

Wow! So is this the „box“ I saw on my hand, as I received it from „Bob“? It was not a loudspeaker, but it was an indefinite kind of box, not a cube, but longer …

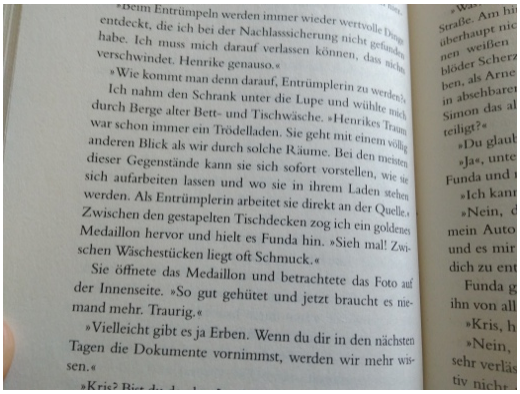
I believe we are on.

I also had the thought today, that I must stop imagining my father getting along with Picej and having him as his heir … I guess the book I'm reading is kind of inspiring me, as the heroine, Kris, keeps ***walking through the houses and apartments of deceased folks***, like it had come to my mind many times in the last year, <u>that I would want to walk though my father's houses, alone and able to see and take anything I like.</u> I fact, I do want to live there. Definitely want to.



14 In Overalls, Kopftüchern und alten Turnschuhen standen Funda und ich eineinhalb Stunden später am Fuß der schmalen Holztreppe, die zum Dachboden des Einfamilienhauses führte. Erdgeschoss und ersten Stock hatten wir bereits bei unserem ersten Besuch, der wegen der Bonsais ein so jähes Ende gefunden hatte, nach Dokumenten und Wertsachen durchsucht. Unsere bisherige Ausbeute, die wir akribisch von Mäusekot und toten Käfern befreit hatten, ruhte in einem alten Wäschekorb im Hausflur.

Ich prüfte jede einzelne Stufe, bevor ich sie mit Gewicht belastete. Aus Erfahrung wusste ich, dass solche Treppen böse Überraschungen bereithalten konnten. Aber die Stufen knarrten nur und schienen stabil zu sein. Oben angekommen, stieß ich die Tür zum Dachboden auf. Sie war nur schwer zu bewegen und ächzte in den Angeln. Ein Blick in diesen Raum genügte, und Funda wusste, warum wir Kopf-



»Beim Entrümpeln werden immer wieder wertvolle Dinge entdeckt, die ich bei der Nachlasssicherung nicht gefunden habe. Ich muss mich darauf verlassen können, dass nichts verschwindet. Henrike genauso.«

»Wie kommt man denn darauf, Entrümplerin zu werden?« Ich nahm den Schrank unter die Lupe und wühlte mich durch Berge alter Bett- und Tischwäsche. »Henrikes Traum war schon immer ein Trödelladen. Sie geht mit einem völlig anderen Blick als wir durch solche Räume. Bei den meisten dieser Gegenstände kann sie sich sofort vorstellen, wie sie sich aufarbeiten lassen und wo sie in ihrem Laden stehen werden. Als Entrümplerin arbeitet sie direkt an der Quelle.« Zwischen den gestapelten Tischdecken zog ich ein goldenes Medaillon hervor und hielt es Funda hin. »Sieh mal! Zwischen Wäschestücken liegt oft Schmuck.«

Sie öffnete das Medaillon und betrachtete das Foto auf der Innenseite. »So gut gehütet und jetzt braucht es niemand mehr. Traurig.«

»Vielleicht gibt es ja Erben. Wenn du dir in den nächsten Tagen die Dokumente vornimmst, werden wir mehr wissen.«

So this morning, sitting and reading the book, I realized that from now on I must imagine intensely that my father changes his mind and writes everything over to me for me to have it and live there during his life time. Why not? Can't I influence him? I have influenced people before, during my shamanic era, it worked really well. I must put myself in a situation that equals „Play me“ … I must „play them“, „be them“ and „think their thoughts“ – „they“ being my father.

Maybe it would relieve him. I cannot imagine that he is content with being connected to Picej, no, I would even go as far as saying that I know he isn't.

And I did something outrageous today*: I encouraged my mother to go to a „Kirtag“, some little feast with music, at a place close to where she lives* ***by herself****.* She loves to just sit and watch people and listen to music, and I really really didn't feel like it. What a miracle, that she is able to really walk alone and find her way and enjoy herself. I hope for the best. (As I'm writing this, it's 1.30 pm, and she is there at the party …)

After that horrible night I took a walk with the dogs, then drove to the lake – and **swam**. It was ice cold, and I felt the cold on my feet, my crotch and my neck. I swam a few minutes, and it was grand.

So my mom called me and I was brave enought to tell her I didn't want to go, but that she might want to check it out on her own. I dared to tell her to avoid drinking alcohol – which pissed her off so much and she asked me why I would always mention that to her, she hasn't been drinking any alcohol for a long time.

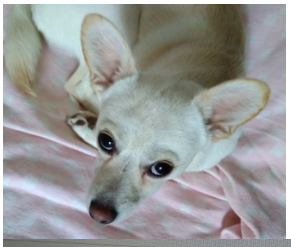
Well … I managed to not break out in a fight with her. Later she called me from the event – she really went there. Now, we have an appointment later, after dog school, for dinner together, and I am very curious.

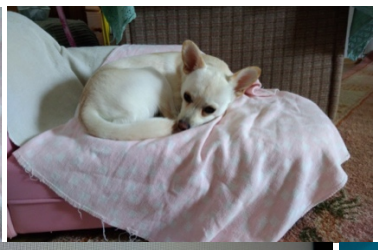
But above all – I have that grand and wonderful feeling that Bob and I are in contact, still and again and furtheron … and that stuff is about to change. To the better.

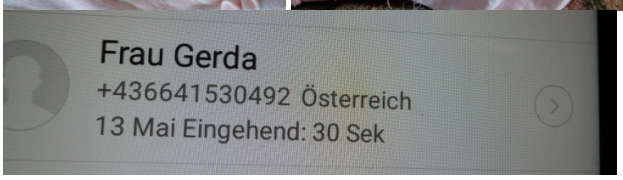
So I will imagine „being“ my father and writing the entire property over to me, his daughter. Not sure if I should write him a card or not, but I am changing my attitude right now. I won't be aggressive at my dogs anymore, promise.

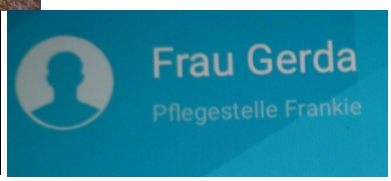
AND: Something I almost forgot to mention: One of these days, when Tino completely freaked out upon meeting the new neighbor dog so that I got so mad that I threw him onto his back into the dirt on the spot … while walking later I swore to myself that I was about to talk to the trainer who loves him that much that she MUST take him or I will put him into a shelter for sure. The situation was so horrible, Jacqui so distraught, me so angry, and Tino so crazy, it was too much for me … and I was talking out loud and complaining while walking in the forest.

Suddenly my phone rang. I thought my mom, which would have been unusual, so I was wary as I only heard the ringing, and I was already upset because of Tino and thought I couldn't wait until Tuesday, and in worst case I would bring him back to the caretaker I had gotten him from … and then I saw, that the phone display read „**Frau Gerda**“, meaning „Mrs. Gerda“. I had no idea who that was even though this name was registered in my phone, had been, by myself, and I picked up … and it turned out that she had dialed the wrong number. But the magical part of it: **„Frau Gerda“ is the caretaker where I had picked up Tino!** ***And she had called me by <u>accident</u> while I had been pondering upon <u>whether or not I could bring him back there!</u>***









I think that there is nothing else to say about this, is it?

(Later)

Went to dog training, we trained for the exame, Tino was nothing but lovely and simply the best, and then I drove to mom to have dinner with her. She was entirely sober and happy to see me. What a miracle. She went to an event on her own, where alcohol is flowing, and she did not drink but only ate sweets, enjoyed the music for a bit, greeted a few people and went back home. Oh wow. I really wish for her that she'd have a lovely partner. She keeps saying she wouldn't mind one. I am very proud of her, and I am also sad about the many lost years. And that she never met a man who really appreciated her.

<u>May 19, 2023</u> – **Bob and I in Malibu**

What a dream – a full **dream** *<u>of Bob and me</u>*!

We were on the US-mainland, in an old light turquoise colored hedge-back car. And we found some kind of a camping ground, where we would stay for a while. It was right before Malibu, coming from LA, where I have been in real live – *and im my dream I thought about that time I had been there in real life!* It was such a strange mix of reality and dream. So we checked in at some concierge counter and got directed to a small hut up a hill, kind of hard to reach. For some reason Bob immediately got into that hut to settle down for the night, while I walked towards Malibu! And I think I had a dog with me at times … It was a huge and strange adventure, because I got there

quite easily, but I also did some really weird things. First, while walking on a beach stretch, I thought that this was not the beach stretch I had seen in real life … and I remembered that I had been having phantasies about my real-life Malibu visit, because back then a stranger, some craftsman, had allowed me to walk through the house and the property where he had been working to the beach, as the owners were not at home. I found that quite amazing back then. And in my dream I thought that this was not the spot in Malibu or the place where I swam back then … also, I never got all the way to the restaurant in my dream where I had been in real life … I had to turn back, as I realized it would be far, and it was getting dark. The roughness of the aspalt, the loneliness, the long road … all was so strange, and I thought how fucking idiotic of my to leave Bob now, that I finally was with him again – what if I couldn't find the camping anymore? There was some very weird network of streets where I thought I had gotten lost all the time, but I didn, in fact, find my way back to the camping concierge booth. We chatted, about child-raising, I think, but it is unclear … and then she had to show me exactly where to walk … again, a long winding road, uphill, like on some lava or coal hill, towards the west and up, and the over the ridge and back to the east … and **what a relief when I saw the back of the turquoise car and Bob in the hut** we had rented. I remember that he was a bit grumpy when I showed up, and I think I began to tell him about my adventures of my Malibu stint …

There – but I don't remember if it was on the way there or back – some kind of inviting laguna, the ocean, but not on the proper side, the ocean was in the north of the land, not in the south-west, and I dove in, with my clothes, and it was so nice … but suddenly I noticed that it was thick, not really liquid, and that I could place my hand on top of the liquid as if it was kind of solid, and yet I was in the water „swimming". I struggled to get out, it was some kind of backyard-beach with a wet and uninviting lawn and some kind of gate or fence in white … and as I got out, I thought to myself how unlikely that is because my skin would be burning, and there would have been no way to keep my clothes on after that …

So waking up I said out loud **„Wow, that was a full dream of Bob and me – with a happy ending! I united with Bob after having almost gotten lost!"**

Yes, how about that …?!

I ran into Walter while leaving the Spar-store with my mother today, and I greeted him and felt a hot flash just facing him, and he greeted right back, saying the same thing that I had said only for ladies, and then he flushed totally, because there was a woman with him, and he wouldn't get in eye contact with me again, even though I hoped I was going to exchange a few words. I was happy to see him, but his behavior in that situation let my heart sink.

I can't have this. I don't. He looked fragile, in a way, and from what I felt, there is „nothing" between that woman and him, but I am nearly sure it is the one I saw him with at the event last summer. Oh shit, we never got to chat still … what the fuck is this all about?

And the women support association of Carinthia turned down my submission for funding of me turning my book „Dunst" into a screenplay. I am so nearly done done done with this all … One thing is left, aside from submitting it to the film funding place again … I will tell Daniela, the astrologer the entire story of my work and the constant rejections, and maybe she and I can find a sponsor and make a really good film. And then – fuck them all.

Took a walk with mom and the dogs at Rosegg again … she seems so aloof and confused many times, but when she takes the effort and talks, she is actually fine. I'll have to join her a lot for food in the next week, as she ordered for every day, which happened by mistake.

Anyway. Friday again. No Aloha Friday. Not feeling it. I was so disappointed when I read the thoughtless rejection … I felt like crying. Not sure what to do.

I read a whole book in the last two days. Just to get me out of my world for a while. Even chatted with CH a bit and she sent me a kiss hand. And I went for a swim today, in Lake Wörthersee, and it was very cold but so invigorating.

I will read another book, something historical, a crime story. It feels so „off" to even think of some creative stuff of my … well, projects. What is all this about, I wonder, being rejected all the time, meeting a man who I would like to get to know only to find he is in a relationship where he doesn't even dare to greet me properly when she is around … Geezaz, I don't want this shit.

May 21, 2023, Sunday – **The Box & the Cake**

Oh my, thinking back 21 years … I must have felt so happy back then, as I had just met Bob. I think I must have felt that something was slightly „off" with him the first time I came to him after having been introduced to him so that he could check my laptop that had ended up in water due to a leaking washing machine at Konale Place in Kihei, where I lived back then with Hadas – or rather, she had already returned to Israel. Thinking back along my lifeline, there is just pain right now. Just sadness and pain.

But for the life of me I cannot imagine or remember how water from a washing machine could have affected my laptop that must have been on the table … anyway.

Bob's demeanor, behavior and even details of his looks tipped me off in the very moment that he was not „like everyone else". Looking back closely and thinking about our years together – Bob had early-onslaught frontal lobe dementia, with symptoms when I met him, at the age of 46. I was 37 then. And one of the first things I discovered was the boards and drawers full of supplements, and many of those meant to enhance brain functions. He must have felt that something was wrong, and maybe those many supplements he took without a diagnosis fucked his brain up some more. When I was with him I insisted he not take anything, and he blossomed in those months. Everyone said that. Anyway. He told me about his grandfather who suddenly hadn't recognized his grandmother anymore, and about his dementia diagnosis. Maybe he wanted to make sure he wouldn't end up like this? But he did.

Thinking back at all he said to me in his last years, all I experienced with him in our time together … well, if I am meant to share this documenting work about „The Bridge", it was his story to have a fucked up brain, by inheritance, likely, and the fuck it up some more by all his decisions, so that I would meet him in a state where he already wasn't available to me. So that I would start fighting for being with him, really „with him" from the beginning, and he would start to withdraw, and would do it until the very end, when he came around, and we both realized that there had been something about his mind that fucked up our relationship. But had it not been fucked up, I would have never suffered and tried and longed for him like I did. And in order to stay in contact with him after his passing, I had to experience all this suffering and this closeness inspite of all the distance between us. I had to become who I became … to share this „after death contact" with Bob with you, who ever has been reading this. Our mortal story was sad and grand and wonderful and horrible.

If this contact diary has an effect on people so that they learn to communicate with „the dead" naturally and accept and live with the fact that humans live on after mortal death, then Bob's and my story was worth all the suffering and heartbreak.

I remember looking at Bob so often in our early days on Maui and in housie, and thinking „We will be happy forever, this is it."

Was I right? A car parked facing my car with „JZ 911" and a beard or wings over it … felt strange.

(Later)

THE BOX!

Oh wow, this is just breathtaking. Remember, Bob gave me a „box“ onto my hand the other day? And I thought it had manifested somehow.

But today, out of the blue, I met CH, and she invited me for a piece of cake and a tea. And I went. And when I left – she insisted that I take the rest of the cake: in a box! A box of cake!
And I had been so heartbroken because my mother hadn't shared her cake with me. And here it was. **My own cake box!**

It works, everytime.

Also … during a walk, I came across these wonderful decorated stones:

The middle one reads „Stay Healthy“!

<u>May 22, 2023</u>

480 FF and twice **250 BM** … to me, this means *„keep talking“* = 480 for sound, and ff for „fortfahrend“ meaning continuous, and *„say play me“* = 250 for speaking on the phone and bm for „be me“.

These were my spontaneous impressions and thoughts when I saw that. To me this means that I am asked to continue more intensely what I did so strongly while living in Griffen. I will.

And here are the views from my apartment's windows … I need not say more, right? Except maybe mention that from about 7 am on there is noise. And I mean … noise.

May 24, 2023

Time goes by so fast. Again a year later. I remember being at this pond last year at the beginning of summer … and then there were a few hot days, some plum picking and swimming, and it was fall. I want things to change. For the better.

And I found this strange „Moth" image again, found it years ago. Maybe reflecting on the lovely gray butterfly I met in real life on May 15?

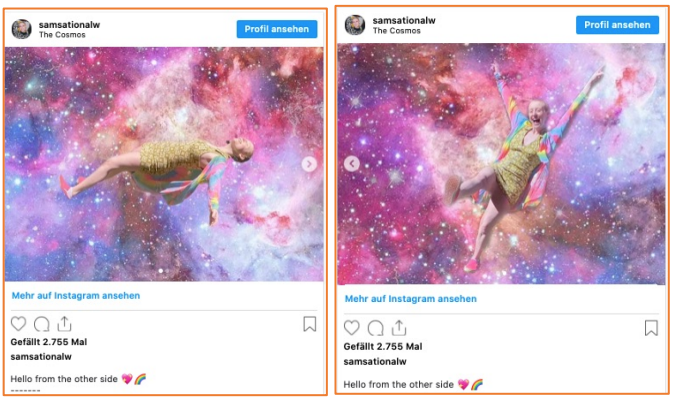
May 25, 2023

Final exam with Tino at doggy school – he excelled, was really, really good. I'm proud of him. Made a thank-you card for the trainer, who just loves Tino. Made a will for the case I should pass over to contact her.

My body is giving me a lot of challenges right now. Swelling on the right side of the throat, can't swallow properly, … well, truth be told, I think it is because I can't swallow anymore how I am being treated by my mother, dementia or not. I must stop being at her service for nothing. She would never have any nice word for me, a chocolate or anything, but she gives tips to everyone and their brother … and my father … CH saw him watching on a stick … well. Things got to change.

May 27, 2023 – **Hello from the Other Side**!

Googling the passing of Tina Turner, I came across some other news about ***someone who had died of cancer*** – and it was amazing: This person has believed so intensely in the afterlife, that she made pics of her showing her after her death! Look!



Plus, the *actor Ray Stevenson died* – I LOVED him in „Dexter"! This makes me sad and weird, thinking that he is with Bob now.

Also, I „received" a *treasure chest* on my hand, maybe yesterday, when I asked Bob for communication … but I can't remember what it was about, but I think it was about my very bad health with swellings and all …

*(**Note**: Huh, that is funny! I am putting these images of the **treasure chest** in today, June 29, and just earlier I went for a swim in the evening, and I found a **tiny red „pearl"** between the rubble on the ground … something that would belong in a treasure chest if it was real.)*

May 28, 2023, Sunday

Feeling much better today. Yesterday and Friday sucked.

Oh the license plate numbers … „**910 DW**" yesterday, wow! Bob's number and my initials. And after horribly upsetting events with mom – 3 x „222" one after the other! You know, „Haulani 222 – the house of laughter". So as if Bob was telling me to „take it with humor". I am flashing back to Maui housie and the time with Bob so much so hard all the time! Painful! I do realize that his behavior changed already after only a few months together – the months of bliss – when he started to ridicule everything. Whatever I said or asked, he'd make a joke of it. He couldn't talk seriously about anything. I was so taken aback, but of course I was willing to go with it. And I tried to communicate with him – not realizing that he simply didn't want to. I start to think that I really was the one fucking up everything about the Bob and Dani story, ***because I had received the ultimate hint about how make everything work:***

Alf L., the publishing house owner who had published Serge Kings books, who I befriended on Maui and who kept coming on to me whose kids I babysat and whose wife was in a very abusive relationship with him, as he was a prick as prick can be, but I only figured that out after a while, well, he had told me **„Always ask the right questions".** I found it strange that he would say that, and of course I did not dare to ask the right questions when I came to Bob's sabotaging our

relationship in every possible way … If I had asked, things would have come to light that would have changed the course of things so greatly.

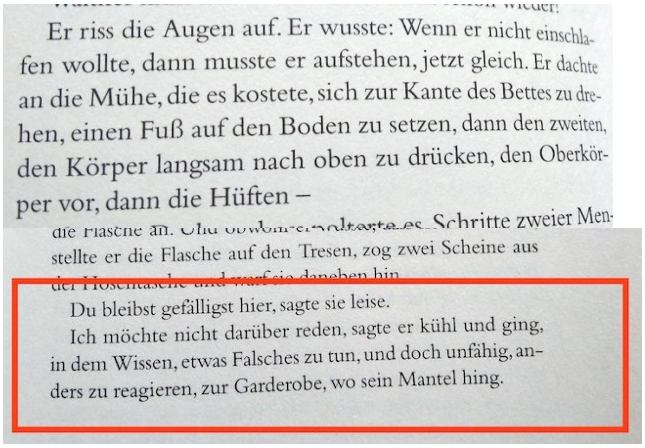
Too late now, obviously. ***But I do realize the weight and meaning of that advice now.***

Exhausted from dealing with mom. She is so bad at short-term-memorizing right now, so childish and confused, at the same time stubborn and combative and outright nasty to me, I can barely stand to look at her at times. My health struggles have gotten me scared a few times, I can't leave my dogs! So started to go swim in the lake every day and I'm taking from Ginger extract to Cell Salts all stuff that I know will better … well, conditions that I know I have.

Better today already, the past two days were hellish. I am so tired of trying to get mom to be active and get out. I found a buyer for her car, her upstaird neighbor, whose car broke down. Mom thinks she is handling everything herself, but she can't remember what she talks about with someone from one day to the next. Geez, this is the main part of my life.

Also, the producter, Wolfram W., contacted me again, telling me how much he had to do and why he didn't get back to me earlier, and he had *TWO MORE projects of his for me to look into and give him feedback to make them better so that he can submit dem to Netflix*. Jesus! I did already huge unpaid work for him on one of his projects. What an arrogant prick! I did look at the script and the concept, though, both so bad, contentwise, that I invested just an hour for both, giving my feedback right away … and then *I **asked him to give me the reference to Netflix** so that I can submit and pitch my own stuff!*
Ha – curious what he answered! I have not looked yet. I need a very good moment for this, I can't get upset more these days: But I swear – no more taking advantage of me by fucking anyfuckingone!

*(**Note**: Writing this on June 25; Now, I have been reading books from the phone booth libraries, but I am putting the images into the text flow weeks later after photographing quotes from the books – and it happened that I did not name the title of the book with the quote. So here are quotes that could absolutely describe Bob and his experiences … just baffling:)*



Er riss die Augen auf. Er wusste: Wenn er nicht einschlafen wollte, dann musste er aufstehen, jetzt gleich. Er dachte an die Mühe, die es kostete, sich zur Kante des Bettes zu drehen, einen Fuß auf den Boden zu setzen, dann den zweiten, den Körper langsam nach oben zu drücken, den Oberkörper vor, dann die Hüften –

die Flasche an. Und obwohl er sollte es Schritte zweier Men-

stellte er die Flasche auf den Tresen, zog zwei Scheine aus der Hosentasche und warf sie daneben hin.

Du bleibst gefälligst hier, sagte sie leise.

Ich möchte nicht darüber reden, sagte er kühl und ging, in dem Wissen, etwas Falsches zu tun, und doch unfähig, anders zu reagieren, zur Garderobe, wo sein Mantel hing.

The left hand text desribes the hardship of being barely able to move, the way Bob described it to me, how it had been when he was so desperately sick … so much effort to get the thoughts right and the will to move, then only to move to the edge of the bed, then to put a foot on the floor, the second one, then slowly press the torso up … oh poor puppy. The most horrible aspect of this: I have been experiencing something very similar in many nights in the last months: My center seemed to be paralyzed, my pelvis area; and there was that horrible pain in the right lower back, but it came with the inability to move my pelvis, so I had always to resort to very very cautiously move my legs and arms and kid of upper torso to move the pelvis along with it … wow, I barely made it out of bed some nights … and mornings. Finding this description in the book felt like „I know Dani, I am right there when you are going through this." But what is the point?

The second text brings me right back to the very hard times with Bob, when he would always walk out on me after breaking lose some serious fight, when he got pissed off at me for nothing – or for something so „horrible“ like asking him to take a break from work to enjoy the lovely day and go for a shor swim with me. I have suppressed a lot of those memories … it is like finding stuff like this in the books is supposed to put things straight in my mind. Okay, then. Yes, it was hard and not fair and sometimes even violent. And it was not my fault. I would be the first to admit to have done stuff to piss of Bob. But ***I did only one thing that he hated – I loved him.***

June 2, 2023 – **Just Clouds?**

It's the time of year for grand cloud formations, with the rainstorms and all … just the lovely **shark-cloud** struck me, and the one where two clouds played „**puzzle**“ … Oh Maui days, sitting with Bob and marveling at the sky sharks …

Of course, a rainbow appeared … And yesterday, that cloud above the mountain mimicking that very dumpling-shaped summit that then disappeared in the clouds …

June 4, Sunday – **The Dog**

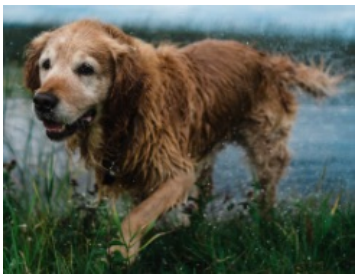
Wild wild **dream** about a *tidal wave that threatened to crush me on the shore*. As I escaped and was met by various people on the shore, or some pier (?), I was told that a dog had drowned. As I looked into the deep water, I saw the head of a ***large Golden Retriever dog***, kind of lying sideways, really nowhere, just there, and I saw his nostrils move, so he was not dead*! I pretty much only saw his large head sideways with* ***a brown moving muzzle***.

I immediately told everyone that it would be certainly possible to save that dog … and I think it was done, the soaking wet limp body was pulled out of the water …

The whole scenario was kind of odd, there was something else I did there, like some kind of large shopping center was right there at the shore, and I had to go up somewhere …

But the strange thing about this:

Today I took Jacqui alone to lake Saissersee for a quiet walk, just the two of us … Tino had to rest a bit, being so wired … and just as we entered the forest, I saw a man and a woman hide behind trees, and I knew they were expecting their dog to come back, maybe he had run off without permission, and they wanted to give him a lesson … and sure enough, there he came running: **A soaking wet large Golden Retriever dog!**



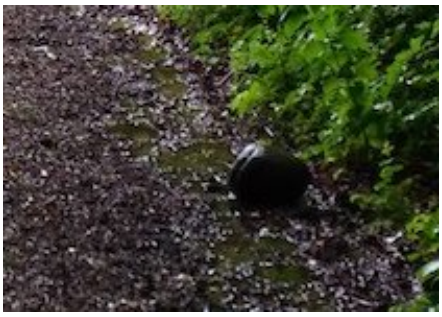
Talk about dream manifestation!

Now that I am writing this I realize that it was a Golden Retriever dog that Bob had told me about – a lie! – as a reason for him to have gone to the hospital, because „the dog had run him over" … old story. But Bob and I did see together, in real life, at our last visit at that Ohukai beach on Maui a huge Golden Retriever dog run along the beach a little ways north from where we were. And I remember Bob saying that the animal had a lot of power, and he better now come closer, as he was afraid it would run him over. It never did. But Bob used that story later to explain to me why he had gone to the hospital. Maybe he mixed it up, and he didn't mean to lie. Still, he lied.

It is so very painful just thinking about it.

June 5, 2023

I have been seeing that stone several times … from afar it looks like a butt. A stone arse.



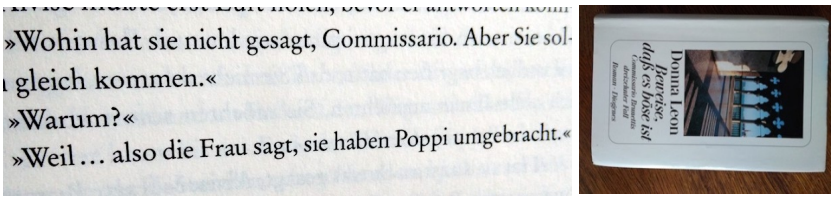
Also saw a weird sculpture at Villach … photographed it. So here.

June 6, 2023 – **The Golden Retriever in the book!**

Oh wow! I took a random book from a free-books-display, another „Donna Leon"-crime-novel, with Commissario *„Brunetti"* … it just feels so good right now to treat my poor brain to some simple entertainment. I could read all day … in fact, read a very silly story about a woman killing horrible men with poisoning their food. So dumb. So easy to read. So relaxing.

So I read that crime novel yesterday (and even finished it tonight!) – and I was stunned shitless, when a **Golden Retriever dog, „Poppi"**, showed up in the plot, the pet of a female lawyer. Apart from the fact, that the story was about an evil old woman who was finally killed by a man who she blackmailed because of sheer greed … it was about greed in old folks, and I could see my father in front of my very eyes the whole time, and how he is reckless and hated by so many and so cruel like that woman in the novel … but how stunned was I, when I read in the (ludicrous) plot – that **the Retriever dog Poppi had died, was poisoned!** This story line had nothing to do with solving the crime, it was just there randomly! And I had dreamed about that Golden Retriever dog who had supposedly died in a flood, but then I saw that his muzzle was moving and that he could be possibly rescued! I only saw his head … and in the novel, the **beauty** of especially that Golden Retriever's ***head*** was mentioned several times!

keinen Grund gibt, eifersüchtig zu sein.« Sie langte unter den Tisch, beugte sich noch tiefer und lehnte sich dann wieder in ihrem Stuhl zurück. Langsam tauchte erst der Kopf und dann der Rumpf des wohl schönsten Hundes auf, den Brunetti je gesehen hatte. Poppi war ein Golden Retriever, und obwohl der Commissario wußte, daß dies die derzeit gängige Moderasse war, tat das seiner Bewunderung keinen Abbruch. Die Hündin, die mit hechelnder Zunge dastand,

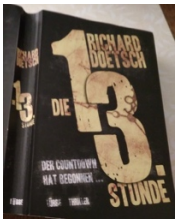

»Wohin hat sie nicht gesagt, Commissario. Aber Sie sol-
gleich kommen.«
»Warum?«
»Weil … also die Frau sagt, sie haben Poppi umgebracht.«
Donna Leon
Beweise, daß es böse ist

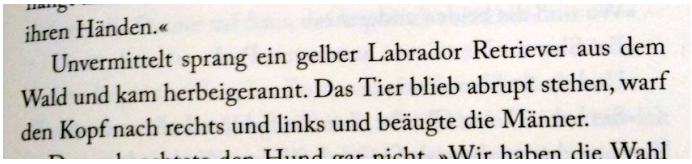
What are the odds? No odds, that's it.

June 10, 2023 – **The Golden Retriever & MEI 222 KI**

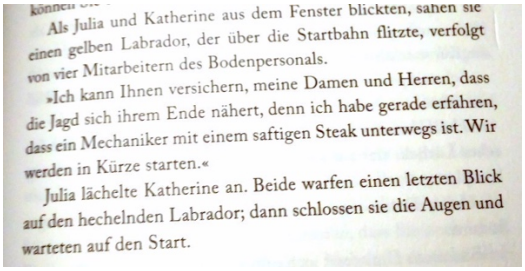
Jesus Christ – I have been reading a weird ***time travel crime novel,*** „Die 13. Stunde", *„The 13th Hour"*, something I usually hate, but it was enticing. It's about the effect of true love on one's thougths, intentions and actions and their impact on many other people not only the loved one … Yesterday, reading the final chapters, I did figure out the secret of it all. Sadly, the author wove a great story, but it was obvious, that he lost his mojo in terms of making a great arch from the last quarter of the book to the very ending.

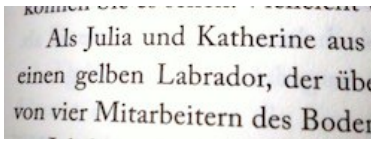
And in the very end … it all depended on – ***a Golden Retriever*** that was killed by the bad guy which caused the even worse guy to solve everyone's problem by killing the bad guy.




ihren Händen.«
Unvermittelt sprang ein gelber Labrador Retriever aus dem Wald und kam herbeigerannt. Das Tier blieb abrupt stehen, warf den Kopf nach rechts und links und beäugte die Männer.

The dog is called „gelber Labrador", „yellow Labrador", which is another term for „Golden Retriever".


Als Julia und Katherine aus dem Fenster blickten, sahen sie einen gelben Labrador, der über die Startbahn flitzte, verfolgt von vier Mitarbeitern des Bodenpersonals.
»Ich kann Ihnen versichern, meine Damen und Herren, dass die Jagd sich ihrem Ende nähert, denn ich habe gerade erfahren, dass ein Mechaniker mit einem saftigen Steak unterwegs ist. Wir werden in Kürze starten.«
Julia lächelte Katherine an. Beide warfen einen letzten Blick auf den hechelnden Labrador; dann schlossen sie die Augen und warteten auf den Start.



As I read that passage – I literally held my breath for a moment.

Later last night I went with mom to the lake to watch an outdoors screening of a very bad movie that was shot 30 years ago at that very spot in front of the Castle Schloss Velden. And as I was sitting next to her at the lake – an amazing **rainbow** showed up, spanning the entire bay!

And the: as I was thinking about the Golden Retriever mystery – sitting on a bench with my mom, and I turned to my left towards her – ***a large Golden Retriever marched righty by me!*** Next to me knees, within arm's reach! Figure that! I scrambled to get my cell phone out, but only could photograph the animal from behind.

Later, sitting under some kind of tent roof and watching a film so horrible that I could see Bob rolling his eyes, I remembered, that the last time I watched a movie outdoors was at Wailea Beach with Bob, the movie by Mike Myers about Shep Gordon, and I did recall so closely sitting next to him … it was in 2014. Oh shit. Bob is dead.

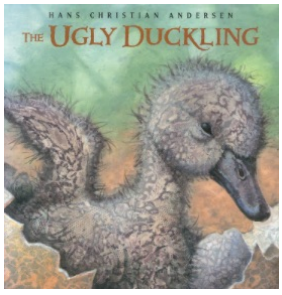
Today, driving home from visiting mom and eating chicken with her – it was heartbreaking how lost she was last night, and yet in some ways so sharp and clear, but yet also clearly „off" – a car with the license plate number „**250 DU**" came towards me. It felt so trange and poignant, not sure, why. ***(Note: I'll get a clue next day!)***

And now that I wrote that, I remember, that I saw a very weird license plate number yesterday and the day before yesterday nearly on the same spot: **„MEI 222 KI"**. A red-gold-brow car.

When I ignore the spelling, I would interpret this as „My power is humor". Because „222" was „the house of laughter", named by Bob, and „KI" is the Hawaiian word for „energetic force". And „MEI" is so close to „MEA", Bob's license plate number, and it can also be „MY", so mine …

I was baffled each time when I saw that strange combination of letters and numbers.

I went for a quick swim after visiting mom, and as I swam in the turquoise lake Wörthersee, a huge cloud swan appeared right up in the North. It was such an amazing view, the perfect swan head with the long neck ***and the exact shape of a swan's body with a curled tail feather***! It was so amazing, that I looked around, hopingthat the other two women who also swam close to me and they banana eating skinny guy on the shore would see it again.



It was amazing. Such a distinct image I have not seen in a long time. Immediately I thought of the story of the „ugly gray duck turning into a beautiful swan".

So when I watched that horrible film about a hotel last night, and I saw Michael Kraiger, the boss of Lisa Film who put me in contact with Wolfram Winkler, who has been a huge disappointment – he did send me something, but I could not open it! A simple text file as attachment, but he did not bother to write to me or give me any polite communication about me efforts to edit his stuff! – I did

realize that I am a „gem“ of sorts in terms of what I know and could do among all those people who at so full of themselves.

Why again did Bob have to die? Why did we never get to make our films together? I need a partner for filmmaking. Right. Away.

Being out with Jacqui and Tino always distracts me … that's their roles, right? The Here-and-Now-Guards. They are there, when I see those clouds … that still speak to me, like this one, a „puzzle“ … two pieces fitting together.

June 11, 2023, Sunday – **The Orange! The Green Beans!**

Oh geez, I so much totally must finalize this c. d. and send it to people who will want to learn about my communications with Bob!

This morning, out and about with the two boys, I asked Bob directly, like I had done in the years in Griffen, to let me know whether or not he is here and can see an hear me.

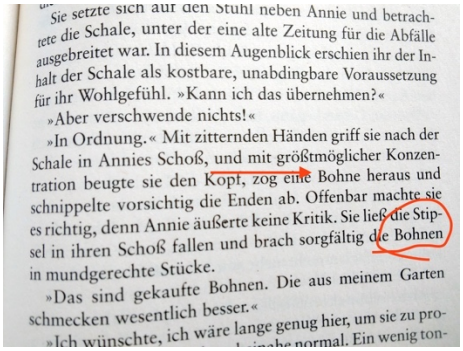
I have been contemplating about the message that I am supposedly really in the right place, given that everything falls into place perfectly, as seen at the Golden Retriever situation.

So I held out my hand – and *something long and **green** with kind of bulbs appeared*, but it was so strange, that I rejected it, I could not even recognize or name what I saw.

I held my hand out further and asked again, for „something clearer“, and immediately, an ***orange*** appeared. „Okay, an orange“, I said, great, had that before.

So I was wondering how in the world I should get in touch with an orange … I have been reading a love story since yesterday, a huge big fat novel, but it was so poignant with so many aspects that related to my relationship with Bob … him being hostile to me, secretly accusing me of having to do with the unhappiness in his life, and so many other things … and this afternoon, after visiting my mother and bringing her some chicken salad and apricot compote – and leaving her, to tired to try and persuade her to take a walk on the nice afternoon with me – I lay down to finalize that book.

And lo and behold, first – a scene of the main person, Jane, doing something that held some mystery to me, since my grandmother Maria had told me how to do it: cutting and breaking green beans!


Sie setzte sich auf den Stuhl neben Annie und betrachtete die Schale, unter der eine alte Zeitung für die Abfälle ausgebreitet war. In diesem Augenblick erschien ihr der Inhalt der Schale als kostbare, unabdingbare Voraussetzung für ihr Wohlgefühl. »Kann ich das übernehmen?«

»Aber verschwende nichts!«

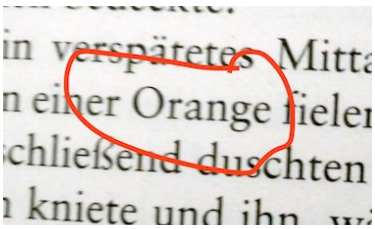
»In Ordnung.« Mit zitternden Händen griff sie nach der Schale in Annies Schoß, und mit größtmöglicher Konzentration beugte sie den Kopf, zog eine Bohne heraus und schnippelte vorsichtig die Enden ab. Offenbar machte sie es richtig, denn Annie äußerte keine Kritik. Sie ließ die Stipsel in ihren Schoß fallen und brach sorgfältig die Bohnen in mundgerechte Stücke.

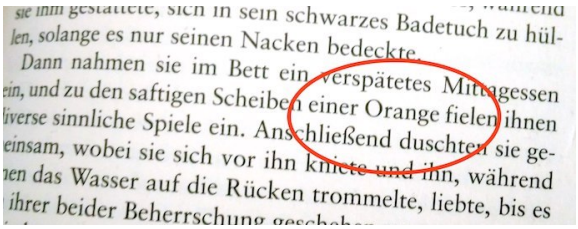
»Das sind gekaufte Bohnen. Die aus meinem Garten schmecken wesentlich besser.«

»Ich wünschte, ich wäre lange genug hier, um sie zu pro-

Of course, I thought about the ***strange green bulby stuff*** I had seen: **The green beans!**

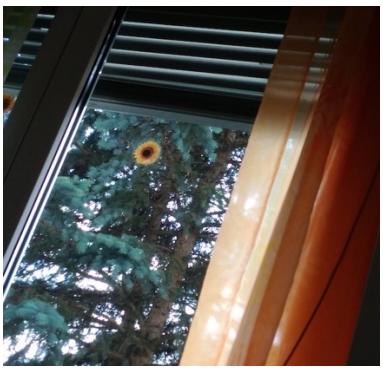
But then … in the course of the plot, there was a fruit mentioned, the only one in the entire book, and it was at the pinnacle of the lovers making up, in bed, while peeling and playing with – an **orange**.

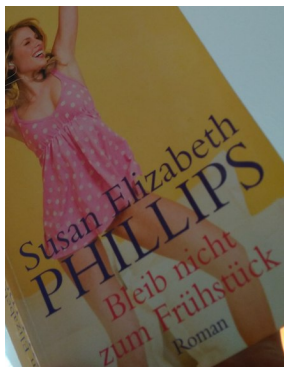

in verspätetes Mitta
n einer Orange fielen
chließend duschten
kniete und ihn


sie ihm gestattete, sich in sein schwarzes Badetuch zu hüllen, solange es nur seinen Nacken bedeckte.

Dann nahmen sie im Bett ein verspätetes Mittagessen ein, und zu den saftigen Scheiben einer Orange fielen ihnen diverse sinnliche Spiele ein. Anschließend duschten sie geeinsam, wobei sie sich vor ihn kniete und ihn, während en das Wasser auf die Rücken trommelte, liebte, bis es ihrer beider Beherrschung

I don't think I must explain how baffled I was. I looked up, literally stunned shitless, and I gazed at the ***orange curtains*** and the sunflower on my window … it was silent around me, it was just magical.





So yes. It works. Bob is here. And it breaks my heart every time again while at the SAME time I feel some comfort, that he is dead. I keep saying it out loud. I don't know what to do with it.

The orange was a clear and intense and loud message, that he and I are still in the most wonderful connection immaginable.

I also realized that what I have been admiring in the last weeks a lot, the amazing long grass, is reflected in a book that I got from one of the free displays the other day, when a light on my car

went out and I had to go to the car shop to have the bulb replaced, and there it was, **„The Grass Dancers", or „Dancers in the Grass"**, about Native Americans. Bob had some small part Native American in his ancestry, and so had his first wife.

I wake up often and can't believe he isn't there on Maui anymore. I long so much to be there, be with him, make those films.

I dread the time I still have to live here, without him. I dread what is coming, seeing my mom fade, mentally. It was heartwrenching watching her while strolling through Velden, her confused look, her weird clothes … she wears the came clothes in her home too, including a vest that definitely is for colder days outdoors … and when I say something, she would tell me that she feels good in that stuff and that I should give her a break. *(Note: And there are days where she is clear and sharp, entirely.)*

Oh I really should. Is her mortal story winding down? Is mine?

The **orange Bob gave me into my hand** appeared just a few hours later in an intense section of a novel where two people who had a hard time getting together found each other in love and were closer than ever. That says it all.

I feel that I must find the courage to „imua", to really move forward to make the most of my remaining mortal time. I must make „Regents of Clouds": And I must step on the path towards it. I must be courageous and self-confident, the swan, developing from the ugly gray duckling … and I have been feeling like the latter. But with every time I swim in the lake, I feel younger and stronger and better. I must make films. I must tell the story I have to tell. After „Regents of Clouds", the story will consist of all my „contact diary" experiences along with the characters of „ROC". Before that … well, time will show. Soon.

I am in the right place. The Golden Retriever told me so. I am in connection with Bob in the beyong. The orange was such a clear and direct and spontaneous message today.

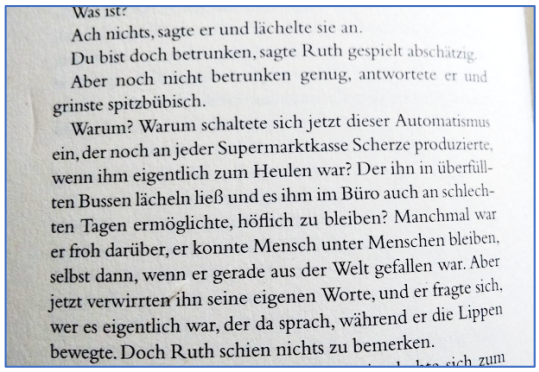
Okay. I'll do my best. My aggressiveness is subsiding. Pluto is moving from Aquarius into Capricorn today after it entered Aquarius on March 23 this year, after 250 years for the first time. **OH! I SEE THE „250" OF BOB'S PHONE-NUMBER HERE! I saw „250 DU" yesterday,** *and I am an Aquarius!*

Well … It's a good preparation for 2024. The year of my victory. I suppose. Pluto in Capricorn strenghtens strategic and long-term thinking, much based on intuition, and it supports the focus on ones true and most important goals! Growth and transformation are the main topics there, and inner power and resilience are enforced. Good. I can use that. The transformation of structures is a major aspect of Pluto in Capricorn … and when Pluto returns into Aquarius next year, I shall be on top of everything. **That's why I found the silver 24 hearts** on the grassy hill, ***in the grass***, in the outskirts of Vienna, on Schafberg, sheep mountain, with Jacqui by my side, right before I traveled to Bob in 2018, right?

The inner fire is supposed to be kindled and used well. Good. Fire I still have, I can feel that.

Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana. Let the story be told.

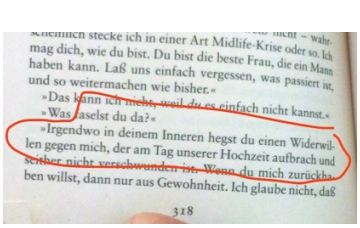
Talking about story … (Note: I am putting the images into this text ten days after I read the books …) In the book where the „Orange" and all appeared, entitled „Don't stay for breakfast", I also found stuff that reminded me totally of Bob and his behavior towards me … his resentment that developed after a while, pure jealousy of my abilities I thought … then his tendency to ridicule pretty much every subject, so that no serious talking was possible for most of the time …



Was ist?
Ach nichts, sagte er und lächelte sie an.
Du bist doch betrunken, sagte Ruth gespielt abschätzig.
Aber noch nicht betrunken genug, antwortete er und grinste spitzbübisch.
Warum? Warum schaltete sich jetzt dieser Automatismus ein, der noch an jeder Supermarktkasse Scherze produzierte, wenn ihm eigentlich zum Heulen war? Der ihn in überfüllten Bussen lächeln ließ und es ihm im Büro auch an schlechten Tagen ermöglichte, höflich zu bleiben? Manchmal war er froh darüber, er konnte Mensch unter Menschen bleiben, selbst dann, wenn er gerade aus der Welt gefallen war. Aber jetzt verwirrten ihn seine eigenen Worte, und er fragte sich, wer es eigentlich war, der da sprach, während er die Lippen bewegte. Doch Ruth schien nichts zu bemerken.

(Quote: „Why? Why did that automatism switch itself on, the one that produced jokes at every supermarket cash register while he really felt like crying? That made him smile in crowded busses and enabled him to be polite in the office even on bad days? Sometimes he was glad about this, he could stay human among humans, even when he had just fallen out of the world. But right now his own words confused him, and he asked himself who it actually was who was talking, while he moved the lips. But Ruth didn't seem to notice anything." So … was it like this for Bob? Is this it, what I am supposed to get from this book?)

Later I understood the depth of his emotional problems, also after getting to know his family. There was politness they held as the highest moral code, as it seemed, and not care for each other or honesty. And yes, that's what Bob said too. They saw how sick he was and didn't mention it out of politness. So me with my honesty and directness and trust in our relationship must have upset Bob to no end. And that's why he withdrew and treated me angrily.)



mag dich, wie du bist. Du bist die beste Frau, die ein Mann haben kann. Laß uns einfach vergessen, was passiert ist, und so weitermachen wie bisher.«
»Das kann ich nicht, weil du es einfach nicht kannst.«
»Was faselst du da?«
»Irgendwo in deinem Inneren hegst du einen Widerwillen gegen mich, der am Tag unserer Hochzeit aufbrach und seither nicht verschwunden ist. Wenn du mich zurückhaben willst, dann nur aus Gewohnheit. Ich glaube nicht, daß
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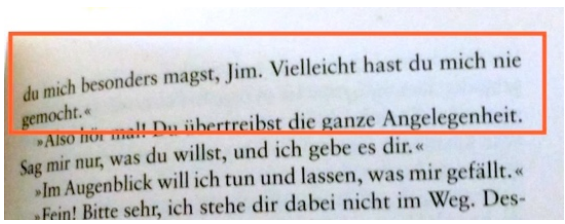
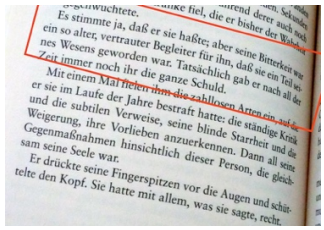


du mich besonders magst, Jim. Vielleicht hast du mich nie gemocht.«
»Also hör mal! Du übertreibst die ganze Angelegenheit.
Sag mir nur, was du willst, und ich gebe es dir.«
»Im Augenblick will ich tun und lassen, was mir gefällt.«
»Fein! Bitte sehr, ich stehe dir dabei nicht im Weg. Des-



Es stimmte ja, daß er sie haßte; aber seine Bitterkeit war ein so alter, vertrauter Begleiter für ihn, daß sie ein Teil seines Wesens geworden war. Tatsächlich gab er nach all der Zeit immer noch ihr die ganze Schuld.
Mit einem Mal hielten ihm die zahllosen Arten ein, auf die er sie im Laufe der Jahre bestraft hatte; die ständige Kritik und die subtilen Verweise, seine blinde Starrheit und die Weigerung, ihre Vorlieben anzuerkennen. Dann all seine Gegenmaßnahmen hinsichtlich dieser Person, die gleichsam seine Seele war.
Er drückte seine Fingerspitzen vor die Augen und schüttelte den Kopf. Sie hatte mit allem, was sie sagte, recht

Text 1: *„You are upholding some resentment against me somewhere inside of you, and it broke out on the day of our wedding …"; **Text 2:** „Maybe you never liked me."; **Text 3:** „Yes, it was true that he hated her, but his bitterness had become such a familiar, old companion to him, that it had become a part of his personality. In fact, after all this time he still blamed her for everything."*

Wow, reading this it really feels like I am still getting answers.

I love you, Stoneman, and I will miss you every day as an inca and can't wait to join you again in a place where I can actually meet you consciously.

Aloha.

And the deer is back, too.

June 13, 2023

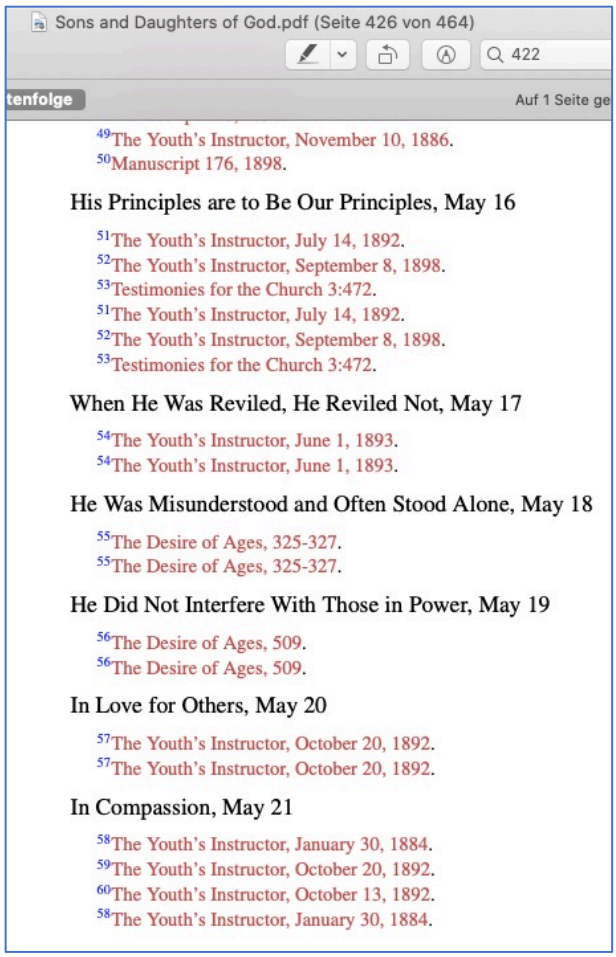
I have been very sad lately. **The beauty and ingeniousness of nature barely comforts me …** but look at the rain and dew drops on the corn **… it's all magically designed to support human life to give our souls a playground.** And yet, mankind is focused on all the wrong things. And it is very very frustration.

June 14, 2023

A car with the **license plate number „250 DA"** parked right in front of the house where I live. SERIOUSLY!

And I saw „**422 BX**" coming towards me when I drove to my mother – Bob is hugging me and encouraging me to make films, ***as „422" is our „code" for „video production",*** due to the color density parameter that Bob told me so often about and even wrote about it in our time together. The mortal time. I miss him and being with him so much, that I could break out crying right away and feel nauseous and so lost that I could lie down and die.

*(**Note**: I spontaneously looked for „422" on my computer, thinking that I might find an email that Bob sent me with the number. Instead, the search showed a work by Ellen White, and as I opened it on page 422, this is what showed up:)*


Sons and Daughters of God.pdf (Seite 426 von 464)

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tenfolge

Auf 1 Seite ge

[49]The Youth's Instructor, November 10, 1886.
[50]Manuscript 176, 1898.

His Principles are to Be Our Principles, May 16

[51]The Youth's Instructor, July 14, 1892.
[52]The Youth's Instructor, September 8, 1898.
[53]Testimonies for the Church 3:472.
[51]The Youth's Instructor, July 14, 1892.
[52]The Youth's Instructor, September 8, 1898.
[53]Testimonies for the Church 3:472.

When He Was Reviled, He Reviled Not, May 17

[54]The Youth's Instructor, June 1, 1893.
[54]The Youth's Instructor, June 1, 1893.

He Was Misunderstood and Often Stood Alone, May 18

[55]The Desire of Ages, 325-327.
[55]The Desire of Ages, 325-327.

He Did Not Interfere With Those in Power, May 19

[56]The Desire of Ages, 509.
[56]The Desire of Ages, 509.

In Love for Others, May 20

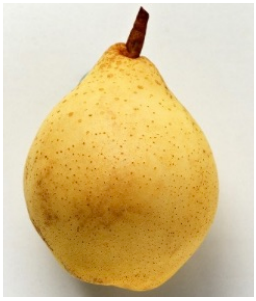
[57]The Youth's Instructor, October 20, 1892.
[57]The Youth's Instructor, October 20, 1892.

In Compassion, May 21

[58]The Youth's Instructor, January 30, 1884.
[59]The Youth's Instructor, October 20, 1892.
[60]The Youth's Instructor, October 13, 1892.
[58]The Youth's Instructor, January 30, 1884.

He did stand alone and feel alone so much. I had to just think of Joyce telling me that he found books in Bob's home about the topic „*How not to be lonely"*. But then, a person with beginning dementia – and I know Bob had it, frontal lobe, will always withdraw without realizing it and then feel alone and suffer. And then dive off and be „gone", even from himself. Until he returns and wonders about what had happened in life … like Bob said that one day he found himself in the shower and saw the tumor …

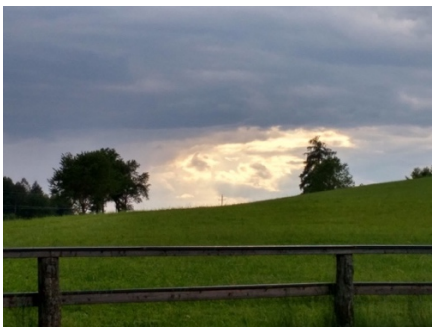
Asked him to „put something into my hand" … just to know that he is around. *And a golden-brown pear appeared* … hahahaha, „**apPEARed**"! That is so Bob!



Also, whenever I walk away from the lake Wörthersee where I try to swim as often as possible, and it's just grand, the water, the freedom, I say ***„See you later!"*** And I always hear Bob's cackling because of the play on words, because the German word for „**lake**" is – „**See**"! (The second picture IS actually the actual place where I go swimming, found it online!)

June 16, 2023

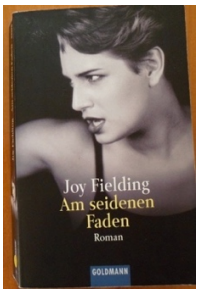
Took a walk with CH to the Lotos flower pond ... an amazing sky shark showed up, but I was too slow to photograph it …

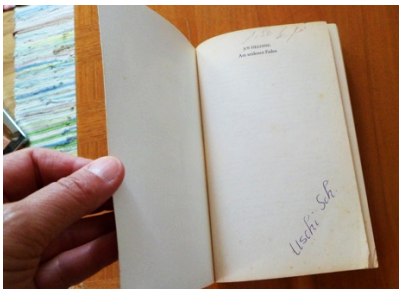
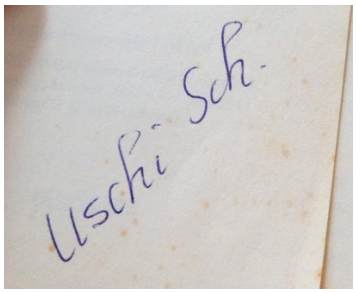


June 17, 2023 – **Dead Uschi, the Book and the Red Lid**

It's ***comfort*** I'm receiving. From ***Uschi***, the dead wife of the neighbor. The one he had fed and artificially kept breathing for 15 years. She died a month ago or so.

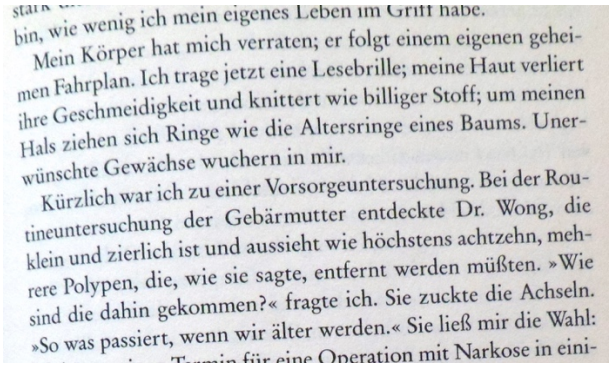
I opened another one of the random books from a phone booth library the day before yesterday – and there was a handwritten **„Uschi Sch.“** on the first page. The neighbor's last name was *Ursula „Uschi“ Schimitz*. Shit, I was baffled.



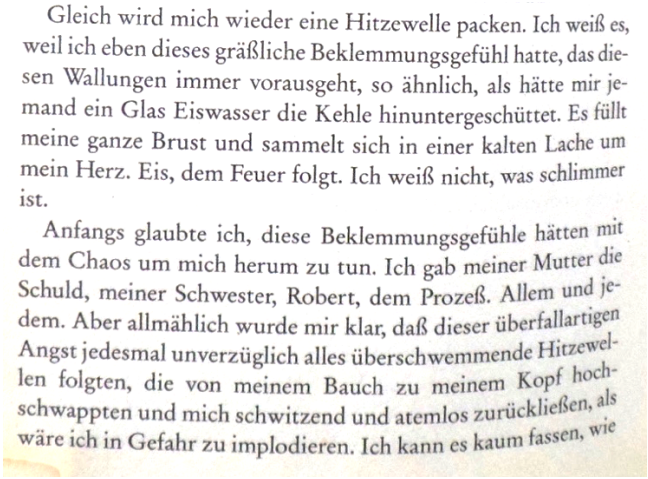



And then: The book's title is ***„Am seidenen Faden“***, „On the silk thread / string“, literally, translated „Hanging by a Thread“.

And it's like reading about myself! From the physical problems like panick attacks to heat waves and joint pains through meeting a man after decades who the main character, Kate, had been connected with at the age of 17, just like me and Walter, but the book's character's name is Robert – duh! …


bin, wie wenig ich mein eigenes Leben im Griff habe.
Mein Körper hat mich verraten; er folgt einem eigenen geheimen Fahrplan. Ich trage jetzt eine Lesebrille; meine Haut verliert ihre Geschmeidigkeit und knittert wie billiger Stoff; um meinen Hals ziehen sich Ringe wie die Altersringe eines Baums. Unerwünschte Gewächse wuchern in mir.
Kürzlich war ich zu einer Vorsorgeuntersuchung. Bei der Routineuntersuchung der Gebärmutter entdeckte Dr. Wong, die klein und zierlich ist und aussieht wie höchstens achtzehn, mehrere Polypen, die, wie sie sagte, entfernt werden müßten. »Wie sind die dahin gekommen?« fragte ich. Sie zuckte die Achseln. »So was passiert, wenn wir älter werden.« Sie ließ mir die Wahl:

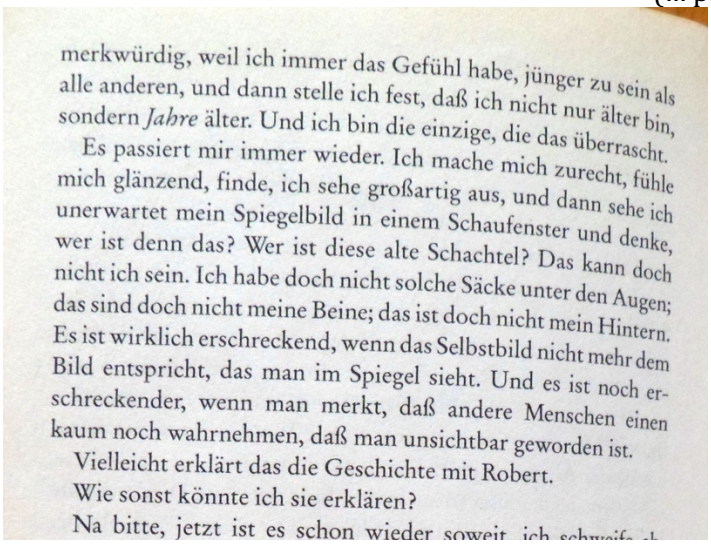
(The agony of aging while feeling young)



Gleich wird mich wieder eine Hitzewelle packen. Ich weiß es, weil ich eben dieses gräßliche Beklemmungsgefühl hatte, das diesen Wallungen immer vorausgeht, so ähnlich, als hätte mir jemand ein Glas Eiswasser die Kehle hinuntergeschüttet. Es füllt meine ganze Brust und sammelt sich in einer kalten Lache um mein Herz. Eis, dem Feuer folgt. Ich weiß nicht, was schlimmer ist.

Anfangs glaubte ich, diese Beklemmungsgefühle hätten mit dem Chaos um mich herum zu tun. Ich gab meiner Mutter die Schuld, meiner Schwester, Robert, dem Prozeß. Allem und jedem. Aber allmählich wurde mir klar, daß dieser überfallartigen Angst jedesmal unverzüglich alles überschwemmende Hitzewellen folgten, die von meinem Bauch zu meinem Kopf hochschwappten und mich schwitzend und atemlos zurückließen, als wäre ich in Gefahr zu implodieren. Ich kann es kaum fassen, wie

(… panic attacks, hot flashes …)



merkwürdig, weil ich immer das Gefühl habe, jünger zu sein als alle anderen, und dann stelle ich fest, daß ich nicht nur älter bin, sondern *Jahre* älter. Und ich bin die einzige, die das überrascht.

Es passiert mir immer wieder. Ich mache mich zurecht, fühle mich glänzend, finde, ich sehe großartig aus, und dann sehe ich unerwartet mein Spiegelbild in einem Schaufenster und denke, wer ist denn das? Wer ist diese alte Schachtel? Das kann doch nicht ich sein. Ich habe doch nicht solche Säcke unter den Augen; das sind doch nicht meine Beine; das ist doch nicht mein Hintern. Es ist wirklich erschreckend, wenn das Selbstbild nicht mehr dem Bild entspricht, das man im Spiegel sieht. Und es ist noch erschreckender, wenn man merkt, daß andere Menschen einen kaum noch wahrnehmen, daß man unsichtbar geworden ist.

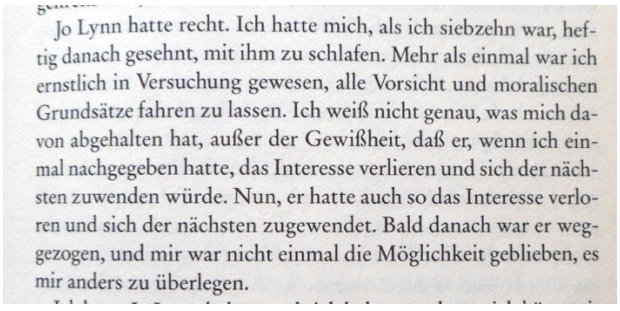
Vielleicht erklärt das die Geschichte mit Robert.

Wie sonst könnte ich sie erklären?

Na bitte, jetzt ist es schon wieder soweit, ich schweife ab

(Looking into the mirror, not seeing „me“;

Not „my“ face, my ass, my legs, and people don’t notice you anymore … well, I don’t have that, but I do think I am an „old hag“, an „alte Schachtel“ in German, literally „an old box“.)

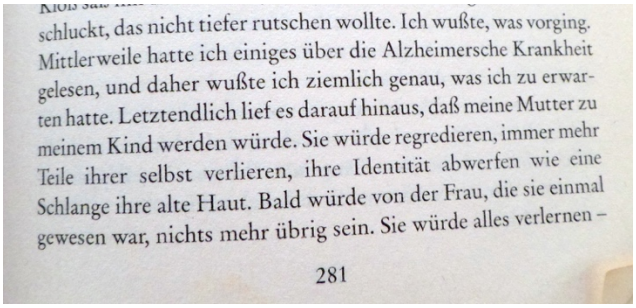


Jo Lynn hatte recht. Ich hatte mich, als ich siebzehn war, heftig danach gesehnt, mit ihm zu schlafen. Mehr als einmal war ich ernstlich in Versuchung gewesen, alle Vorsicht und moralischen Grundsätze fahren zu lassen. Ich weiß nicht genau, was mich davon abgehalten hat, außer der Gewißheit, daß er, wenn ich einmal nachgegeben hatte, das Interesse verlieren und sich der nächsten zuwenden würde. Nun, er hatte auch so das Interesse verloren und sich der nächsten zugewendet. Bald danach war er weggezogen, und mir war nicht einmal die Möglichkeit geblieben, es mir anders zu überlegen.

(The relationship at the age of 17!

Very interestingly, just like me, as much as Kate felt attracted to that guy who she met decades after they had last parted ways and after having experienced heartache because of him, but they never had sex, or a relationship, when did have to admit to herself, that back then she did not truly „like“ the guy, inspite of having felt attracted to him, and neither did she present day! Just like me!)

And the story all the way to Kate experiencing the ***developing dementia in her mother*** … the first signs, the agony of realizing what it is, the fight for keeping mom „mom“ …


schluckt, das nicht tiefer rutschen wollte. Ich wußte, was vorging. Mittlerweile hatte ich einiges über die Alzheimersche Krankheit gelesen, und daher wußte ich ziemlich genau, was ich zu erwarten hatte. Letztendlich lief es darauf hinaus, daß meine Mutter zu meinem Kind werden würde. Sie würde regredieren, immer mehr Teile ihrer selbst verlieren, ihre Identität abwerfen wie eine Schlange ihre alte Haut. Bald würde von der Frau, die sie einmal gewesen war, nichts mehr übrig sein. Sie würde alles verlernen –

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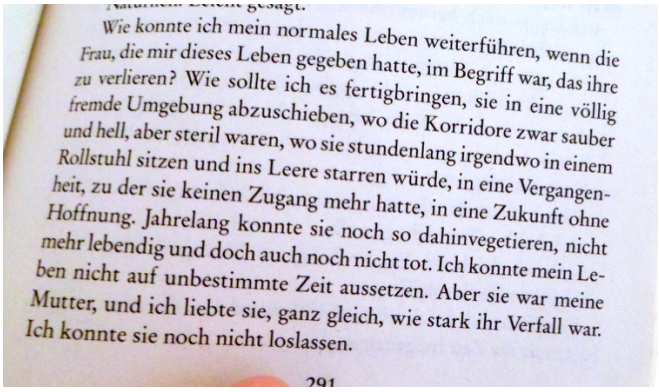
(… gonna shed her identity …)


Wie konnte ich mein normales Leben weiterführen, wenn die Frau, die mir dieses Leben gegeben hatte, im Begriff war, das ihre zu verlieren? Wie sollte ich es fertigbringen, sie in eine völlig fremde Umgebung abzuschieben, wo die Korridore zwar sauber und hell, aber steril waren, wo sie stundenlang irgendwo in einem Rollstuhl sitzen und ins Leere starren würde, in eine Vergangenheit, zu der sie keinen Zugang mehr hatte, in eine Zukunft ohne Hoffnung. Jahrelang konnte sie noch so dahinvegetieren, nicht mehr lebendig und doch auch noch nicht tot. Ich konnte mein Leben nicht auf unbestimmte Zeit aussetzen. Aber sie war meine Mutter, und ich liebte sie, ganz gleich, wie stark ihr Verfall war. Ich konnte sie noch nicht loslassen.

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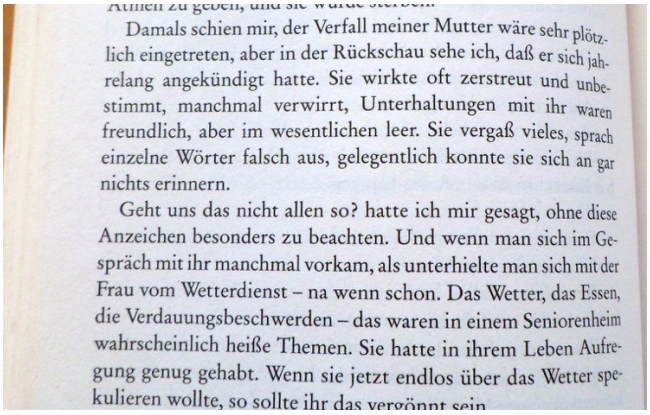
(… can't live on life normally when mom is losing her life … oh I can so relate.)


Damals schien mir, der Verfall meiner Mutter wäre sehr plötzlich eingetreten, aber in der Rückschau sehe ich, daß er sich jahrelang angekündigt hatte. Sie wirkte oft zerstreut und unbestimmt, manchmal verwirrt, Unterhaltungen mit ihr waren freundlich, aber im wesentlichen leer. Sie vergaß vieles, sprach einzelne Wörter falsch aus, gelegentlich konnte sie sich an gar nichts erinnern.

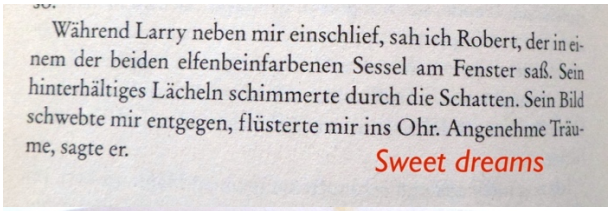
Geht uns das nicht allen so? hatte ich mir gesagt, ohne diese Anzeichen besonders zu beachten. Und wenn man sich im Gespräch mit ihr manchmal vorkam, als unterhielte man sich mit der Frau vom Wetterdienst – na wenn schon. Das Wetter, das Essen, die Verdauungsbeschwerden – das waren in einem Seniorenheim wahrscheinlich heiße Themen. Sie hatte in ihrem Leben Aufregung genug gehabt. Wenn sie jetzt endlos über das Wetter spekulieren wollte, so sollte ihr das vergönnt sein

(… learn to read the signs of dementia.)

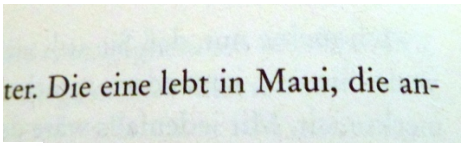
I got to say that my mom has alcohol-abuse related dementia, and that is the reason why she has been able to improve or recover a lot, only her short-term memory is also age-related declining a bit, but that is coming for all of us. I think nature meant to make dying easier for the ones who got to live to old age.

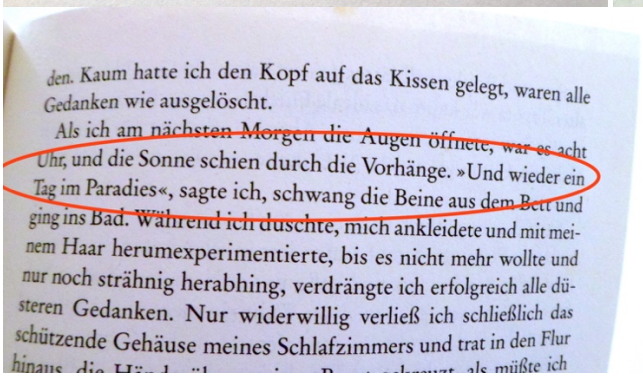
And the story is about how hard it is to get through to someone who is so opinionated and even crazy, like Kate's sister … like my real life Bob was … (Sadly but also very satisfyingly, the dumb sister got what was coming for her, and things were put into perspective in terms of the assholes having to realize that they had been assholes, …)

I can hear Bob's voice saying ***„Sweet dreams, Dani"*** to me so many times, as he left to withdraw to his bedroom while I went to bed in the general room, behind the kitchen, where all the gear was. And also ***„Another beautiful day in paradise"***, he used to say, and even that appeared in the book – WITH the mentioning of „***Maui***"! And of course the **sunflower kernels** … *that I have been feeding the birds on my balcony with in the last weeks.*

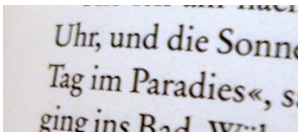

Während Larry neben mir einschlief, sah ich Robert, der in einem der beiden elfenbeinfarbenen Sessel am Fenster saß. Sein hinterhältiges Lächeln schimmerte durch die Schatten. Sein Bild schwebte mir entgegen, flüsterte mir ins Ohr. Angenehme Träume, sagte er.

Sweet dreams

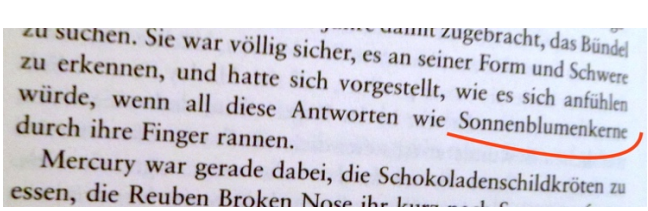

ter. Die eine lebt in Maui, die an-


den. Kaum hatte ich den Kopf auf das Kissen gelegt, waren alle Gedanken wie ausgelöscht.

Als ich am nächsten Morgen die Augen öffnete, war es acht Uhr, und die Sonne schien durch die Vorhänge. »Und wieder ein Tag im Paradies«, sagte ich, schwang die Beine aus dem Bett und ging ins Bad. Während ich duschte, mich ankleidete und mit meinem Haar herumexperimentierte, bis es nicht mehr wollte und nur noch strähnig herabhing, verdrängte ich erfolgreich alle düsteren Gedanken. Nur widerwillig verließ ich schließlich das schützende Gehäuse meines Schlafzimmers und trat in den Flur hinaus, die Hände [illegible] als müßte ich


Uhr, und die Sonn
Tag im Paradies«, s
ging ins Bad

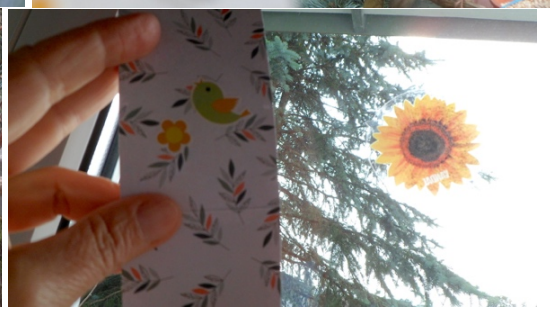
(„And another day in paradise“, said I …)


zu suchen. Sie war völlig sicher, es an seiner Form und Schwere zu erkennen, und hatte sich vorgestellt, wie es sich anfühlen würde, wenn all diese Antworten wie Sonnenblumenkerne durch ihre Finger rannen.

Mercury war gerade dabei, die Schokoladenschildkröten zu essen, die Reuben Broken Nose ihr

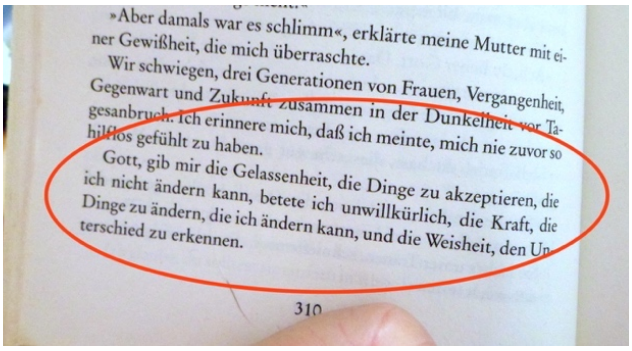
(„… she … had imagined how it would feel when all those answers would run like sunflower kernels through her fingers.“)

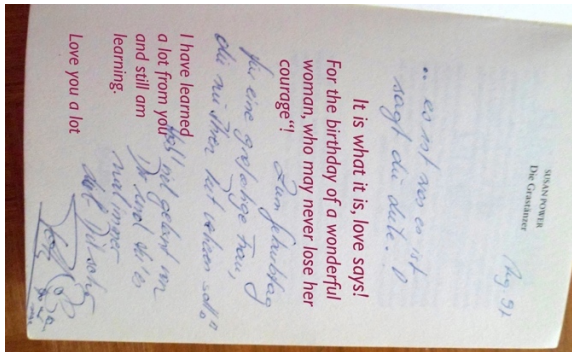
… and just now, as I thought about what I had just read, I realized that I am getting comfort. Strangely, I met two ***Jehova's Witnesses ladies*** on a meadow, and they handed me a tiny leaflet – and as I opened it, I again saw that scenario: ***Sunflower and Bird!***



The comfort of a message telling me that Uschi is here and knows and uses my way of communication that I have practiced with Bob to connect with me …

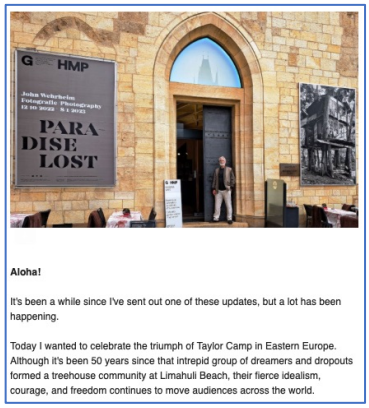
There is a definite word of wisdom, too … as***king God to help change what can be changed and leave a lone what can't, and recognizing the difference in those cases.*** Geez, how fitting.

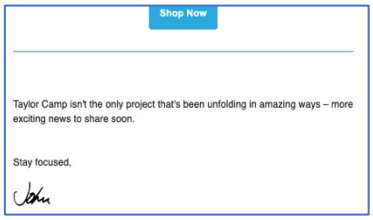

»Aber damals war es schlimm«, erklärte meine Mutter mit einer Gewißheit, die mich überraschte.
Wir schwiegen, drei Generationen von Frauen, Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft zusammen in der Dunkelheit vor Tagesanbruch. Ich erinnere mich, daß ich meinte, mich nie zuvor so hilflos gefühlt zu haben.
Gott, gib mir die Gelassenheit, die Dinge zu akzeptieren, die ich nicht ändern kann, betete ich unwillkürlich, die Kraft, die Dinge zu ändern, die ich ändern kann, und die Weisheit, den Unterschied zu erkennen.
310

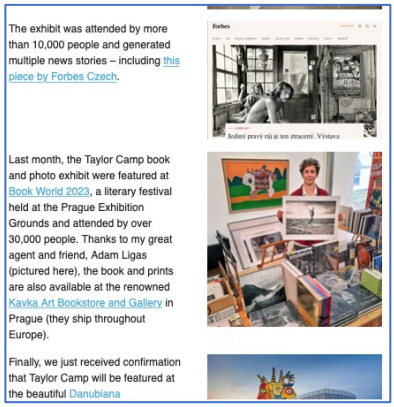

It is what it is, love says!
For the birthday of a wonderful woman who may never lose her courage"!
I have learned a lot from you and still am learning.
Love you a lot

Also, here is the personal dedication in the book!

And yesterday, I saw in my email-inbox a newsletter message by John Wehrheim exclaiming that „Taylor Camp", the film that ruined Bob's life and that was Bob's work, was having big success in Eastern Europe, and I was so in shock.


HMP
PARA
DISE
LOST
Aloha!
It's been a while since I've sent out one of these updates, but a lot has been happening.
Today I wanted to celebrate the triumph of Taylor Camp in Eastern Europe. Although it's been 50 years since that intrepid group of dreamers and dropouts formed a treehouse community at Limahuli Beach, their fierce idealism, courage, and freedom continues to move audiences across the world.


Shop Now
Taylor Camp isn't the only project that's been unfolding in amazing ways – more exciting news to share soon.
Stay focused,


The exhibit was attended by more than 10,000 people and generated multiple news stories – including this piece by Forbes Czech.
Last month, the Taylor Camp book and photo exhibit were featured at Book World 2023, a literary festival held at the Prague Exhibition Grounds and attended by over 30,000 people. Thanks to my great agent and friend, Adam Ligas (pictured here), the book and prints are also available at the renowned Kavka Art Bookstore and Gallery in Prague (they ship throughout Europe).
Finally, we just received confirmation that Taylor Camp will be featured at the beautiful Danubiana

Bob should be there, celebrating while working on our film with me … it was like getting buried under a collapsing building, when I read that. I was back on Maui, back in the despair …

And I decided that I have to contact John and ask him to help me make the films that Bob and I wanted to do first. And I shall.

And this noon, after dishwashing I talked out loud to myself that maybe I should not ask for a distinct amount of money like 50000 dollars, but leave the amount open …

and in that moment, the ***lid popped from the nut-can*** where my beloved peanuts were, now empty, but everytime I had taken nuts out of that can I had said what Bob had said to me in real life so many times, „Care for a few nuts?" And the red lid popped off that can and fell in front of my feet just when I asked myself and Bob if I should leave the amount open.

There are no such coincidenced or odds.

Aside from the **amazing license plates** I have been seeing in the last days, like again „**250 DW**“, „**222 BX**“, like Bob hugging me, to „**910**“ and „**911**“ in lots of variations … and several „422“, the symbol for video production, one of them: „**422 BX**“.

I am getting along with CH again. Strange, didn't see that coming. Mom went for her day trip to Slovenia by bus, she loved it, but is almost forgetting it again … I can't write details about her roller coaster mental condition anymore, it exhausts me. I will do my best for her, always.

Seeing the handwritten „Uschi Sch.“ of all things on that book made my inside very quiet for a moment. And the the content of that book … tailored to me.

I have been reading those blogs about dementia caretakers and the hardships, and now I have a story right there, where a woman has to realize that her mom is fading in front of her very eyes … it is like me writing this.

Bob knows. Edith does, Peter does, Uschi does … they all do.

I must „imua“; I must.

And something else … yesterday, at the height of my upsetness about the *„Taylor Camp“ … „taking Eastern European countries by storm“* at the screenings, I got a surprise late night job, and there it was: Bob's other name, „**Ananda**“ and an expression he used to use: He kept saying that I „had a **knack for** finding stuff“ among other things … and there it was!“

It was like Bob talking to me directly. He said to Joyce that I had a knack for finding things. Oh Bob. Shit.

[Include testimonial/client quote]

"We sought a partner that not only appreciated our goals but had the know-how to guide us in the right direction. valantic was the perfect partner for this, as their knowledge of monitoring and knack for creating optimal user experiences is second to none." – Anand Nair, MGM Global Head, Digital & Customer Technology

June 18, 2023, Sunday

Today is Carinthia Ironman Marathon … so weird to see those human body-machines push their bodies to the limits … why are they doing it? Who benefits?

I finished reading the novel last night … and it was weirdly satisfying. Those who misbehaved, got their punishment, and the demented mom saved the day – when she returned to her normal self for just long enough.

Very strange, everything. I am close to crying today, about Bob and my Maui life and what could have been. It feels, though, like I am reminded that I must „imua" with what Bob and I had planned. That is weird in itself.

Why am I plunging back into this mourning so strongly, recently? Is it the summer? Reminding me how it was in 2018 when I left Jacqui at the asshole of a caretaker and flew to Bob to meet a dying man? I don't know. Life feels very hard right now.

(Last night CH and I were supposed to go to a dance event. Of course she „fell asleep" and couldn't communicate in the evening when we were supposed to discuss the evening. Well, fine with me, I was tired. But I would have gone. But I didn't really expect her to follow up anyway. She wants to start a new life. Good for her. But I must have strong people around me now. Clear and strong people.)

I just had the thought that with all my grief **I probably will have to allow myself to totally immerse in the mediumship** **subject** … and as I imagined being in a room with people and supposed to „see" something that relates to them to prove I am „in contact", the image of a **„garden dwarf"** appeared spontaneously. Now I'm curious.

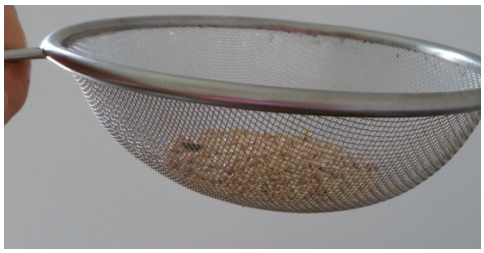
(Later)

Oh shit, I sent a letter to John, as planned, asking him to support Bob's and my projects (yeah, right), and I sent him two pics of dying Bob. But I came across other pics, too … and here are a few, including „Bob and Jo and the moon" from 2010!

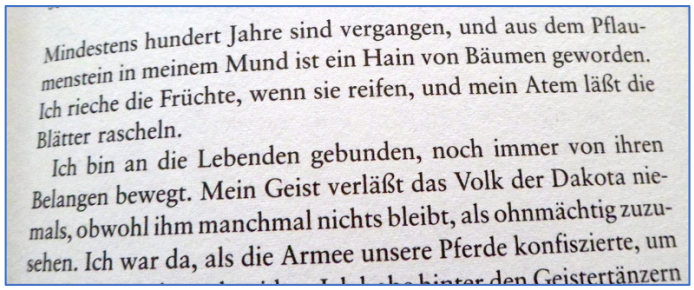
Yeah, Bob with the Taylor Camp T-shirt and with a cherry pie.

June 19, 2023 – **The Grass Dancers**

Believe it or not: I bought *bird food* today, and I put it into a sieve and shook it and held it to my ear thinking ***„Wow, this sounds like a rattle snake!“***



And sure enough: An hour later I read a new story in the book **„The Grass Dancers“** about native American Indian people, and there it is: A magician or „medicine woman“ talks about ***hearing the sound of rattle snakes and: Her breath smells like plum, and not ripe ones are mentioned too.*** Now, I have tasted my ***own plum liquor*** yesterday and thought how lovely it tastes, and just this morning I looked at the immature plums on the tree next to my apartment and thought that they look like my little dog Tino's balls …



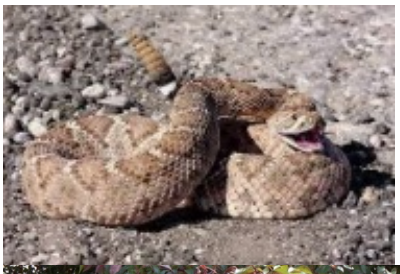
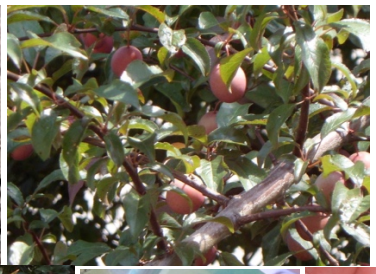
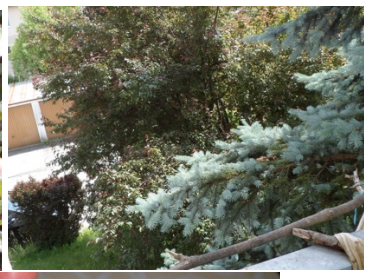
Mindestens hundert Jahre sind vergangen, und aus dem Pflaumenstein in meinem Mund ist ein Hain von Bäumen geworden. Ich rieche die Früchte, wenn sie reifen, und mein Atem läßt die Blätter rascheln.

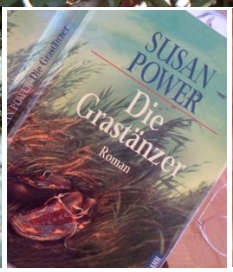
Ich bin an die Lebenden gebunden, noch immer von ihren Belangen bewegt. Mein Geist verläßt das Volk der Dakota niemals, obwohl ihm manchmal nichts bleibt, als ohnmächtig zuzusehen. Ich war da, als die Armee unsere Pferde konfiszierte, um

„At least a hundred years have passed, and from the plum pit in my mouth has sprung a forest of trees. I smell the fruits when they are ripening, and my breath lets the leaves rustle.
I am tied to the living, still moved by their desires. My consciousness never leaves the People of the Dakota, even though at times she can't do anything but watch helplessly. (…)“

This is about her loved one, Ghost Horse, kept her among the living when she died. So is it the other way around with Bob and me, my „Horsie“ (in Chinese Astrology), who died, and I kept him – or am keeping him? – among the living?

Feels like some big message is about to come in that book … I do not particularly care to read it, but I am sort of hooked. There are single stories about people in each new chapter, all have to do with native American Indian traditions and with mysterious magic of the kind that has to do with manipulating people and with revenge. Oh geez. Love the topic, though.



Took mom for a short walk to lake Saissersee around noon, with Jacqui only, to get her some exercise and air. It is scorching hot. Everyone is complaining. I don't understand why. It is summer for God's sake.

(Later)

I found a ***thick string*** on the floor of the shop where my mom and I went today, almost a thin ***rope*** – never found anything like this before in a store. *(Note: And just a little later I would read about it in the book again, … it's about magic and women influencing other people.)*

June 21, 2023

Clouds are speaking to me … making sky sharks.

June 22, 2023 – **The Messages in the Book & The Parcel-Box**

Oh wow. Finished ***„The Grass Dancers“***. It consists of chapter-stories about people who are related to each other, in different generations and decades, and all are connected by the story of a native American ***Sioux woman named „Red Dress“*** who was supposedly a witch and not a nice one at that. In the end, the story of Red Dress was told too … so she was a young woman, and a man named ***Ghost Horse*** admired her, but there was never anything between them. He pretended to be crazy, and she noticed him but did not love him. A Catholic priest tried his best to convert the Sioux, and he gave Red Dress (after an image of a ***shield*** pained by Ghost Horse for her) the name „Esther“, and she learned English and to read or to write, but she never really converted, also didn't translate what the priest said truthfully. She went on to use the magic of **two stones** she had found …

… and I have recently found ***two strange stones in a creek and kept them, they were red*** …

»Das sind Zwillingsschwestern«, sagte meine Mutter, als ich
sie ihr zeigte. »Es war dir bestimmt, sie zu finden.« Ich bemalte
die Steine rot, mit der Farbe des Lebens, und wickelte sie in
weiches Wildleder.
Die Steine bewegen sich mit einer bestimmten Absicht, sagte
ich in Gedanken zu Pater La Frambois, wiewohl die Absicht mir
ein Rätsel war.
Das nächste Z
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(Quote from the text behind the stones: „The stones move with a certain intention … You were meant to find them.“)

… and that she **painted red** (!) to make soldiers at Fort Laramie kill themselves. The priest there realized her doing and shot her and her dog dead.

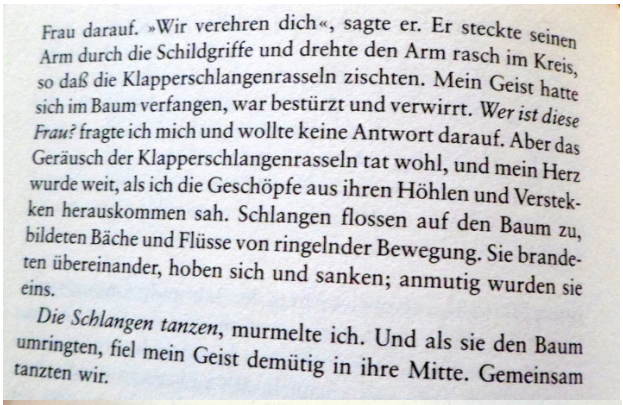
All the magic occurrences have directly to do with her life and the love of Ghost Horse for her, for example, as a farewell gift he made her a shield and painted a woman in a red dress with some sort of lightning arrow for her, and adorned it with 21 rattle snake rattles … Later, the plum would also have relevance … also from his side.

Involved in the story was a **rope** …

Her brother brought her body back to her tribe, and in a very amazing and touching turn, **Ghost Horse married Red Dress's spirit** so that he could mourn her like her actual husband. *He put the kernel of a plum into her dead mouth,* and in the future, the **taste of plum** in a woman's mouth became a topic in the stories told. So strange … that ***I have been marvelling about the „taste of plum“ in my mouth*** all winter, whenever I took a sip from the sweet plum liquor I had made from the plums from the tree next to the house where I live now!

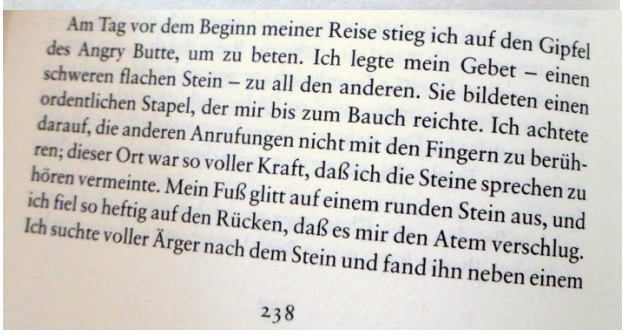
How can that be? I know: It's synchronicity at its best.

The story of *Red Dress is told by Red Dress in the „I"-form – from the spirit world*, and she very touchingly describes **how she was, after her mortal death, with Ghost Horse in her spirit all the time** (!) – until he died. And then – the big surprise – she expected him to see her or be with her, once he had transitioned, too – **BUT**: Because there was nobody who held his spirit in the world of the living, like he had held her spirit (who would not ever be able to leave! And that's why all the influence by Red Dress into the current day!), he disappeared and moved on to a higher realm right away! And she had to stay and mingle in the affairs of the living! Because he had caused her to be „stuck" there. (Although – this part of the plot is not entirely clear to me … the type of storytelling didn't always resonate with me, and some things I simply didn't graps.)



Frau darauf. »Wir verehren dich«, sagte er. Er steckte seinen Arm durch die Schildgriffe und drehte den Arm rasch im Kreis, so daß die Klapperschlangenrasseln zischten. Mein Geist hatte sich im Baum verfangen, war bestürzt und verwirrt. *Wer ist diese Frau?* fragte ich mich und wollte keine Antwort darauf. Aber das Geräusch der Klapperschlangenrasseln tat wohl, und mein Herz wurde weit, als ich die Geschöpfe aus ihren Höhlen und Verstekken herauskommen sah. Schlangen flossen auf den Baum zu, bildeten Bäche und Flüsse von ringelnder Bewegung. Sie brandeten übereinander, hoben sich und sanken; anmutig wurden sie eins.

Die Schlangen tanzen, murmelte ich. Und als sie den Baum umringten, fiel mein Geist demütig in ihre Mitte. Gemeinsam tanzten wir.



Am Tag vor dem Beginn meiner Reise stieg ich auf den Gipfel des Angry Butte, um zu beten. Ich legte mein Gebet – einen schweren flachen Stein – zu all den anderen. Sie bildeten einen ordentlichen Stapel, der mir bis zum Bauch reichte. Ich achtete darauf, die anderen Anrufungen nicht mit den Fingern zu berühren; dieser Ort war so voller Kraft, daß ich die Steine sprechen zu hören vermeinte. Mein Fuß glitt auf einem runden Stein aus, und ich fiel so heftig auf den Rücken, daß es mir den Atem verschlug. Ich suchte voller Ärger nach dem Stein und fand ihn neben einem

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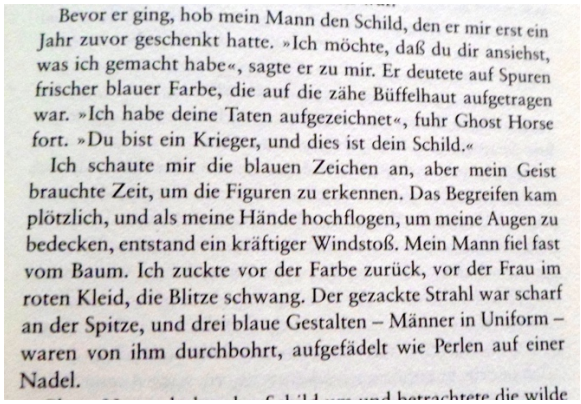
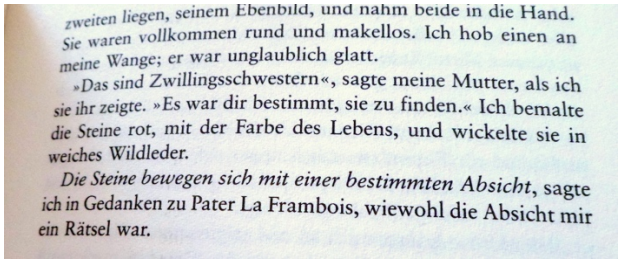


Bevor er ging, hob mein Mann den Schild, den er mir erst ein Jahr zuvor geschenkt hatte. »Ich möchte, daß du dir ansiehst, was ich gemacht habe«, sagte er zu mir. Er deutete auf Spuren frischer blauer Farbe, die auf die zähe Büffelhaut aufgetragen war. »Ich habe deine Taten aufgezeichnet«, fuhr Ghost Horse fort. »Du bist ein Krieger, und dies ist dein Schild.«

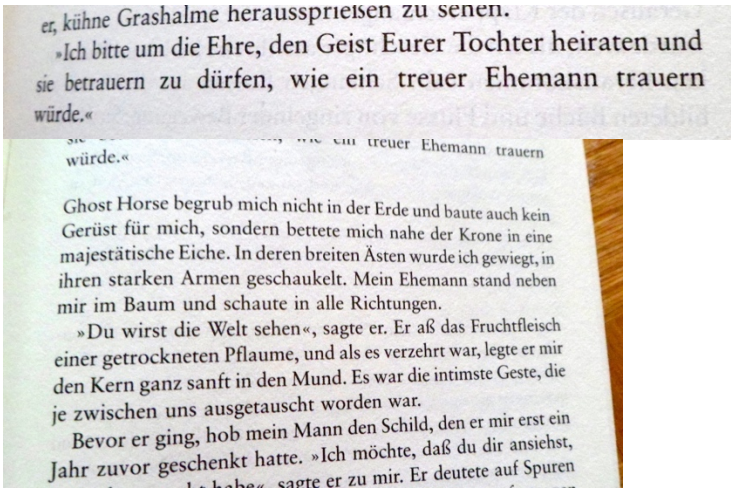
Ich schaute mir die blauen Zeichen an, aber mein Geist brauchte Zeit, um die Figuren zu erkennen. Das Begreifen kam plötzlich, und als meine Hände hochflogen, um meine Augen zu bedecken, entstand ein kräftiger Windstoß. Mein Mann fiel fast vom Baum. Ich zuckte vor der Farbe zurück, vor der Frau im roten Kleid, die Blitze schwang. Der gezackte Strahl war scharf an der Spitze, und drei blaue Gestalten – Männer in Uniform – waren von ihm durchbohrt, aufgefädelt wie Perlen auf einer Nadel.



zweiten liegen, seinem Ebenbild, und nahm beide in die Hand. Sie waren vollkommen rund und makellos. Ich hob einen an meine Wange; er war unglaublich glatt.

»Das sind Zwillingsschwestern«, sagte meine Mutter, als ich sie ihr zeigte. »Es war dir bestimmt, sie zu finden.« Ich bemalte die Steine rot, mit der Farbe des Lebens, und wickelte sie in weiches Wildleder.

Die Steine bewegen sich mit einer bestimmten Absicht, sagte ich in Gedanken zu Pater La Frambois, wiewohl die Absicht mir ein Rätsel war.



er, kühne Grashalme herausspriessen zu sehen.

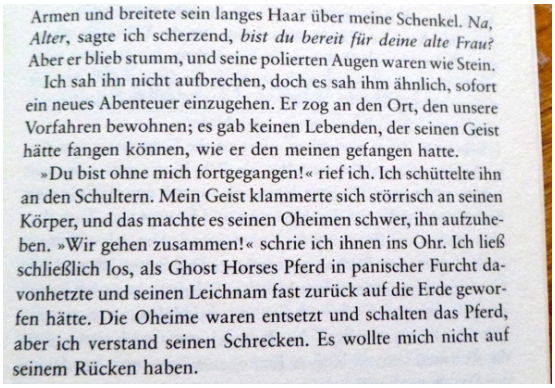
»Ich bitte um die Ehre, den Geist Eurer Tochter heiraten und sie betrauern zu dürfen, wie ein treuer Ehemann trauern würde.«

würde.«

Ghost Horse begrub mich nicht in der Erde und baute auch kein Gerüst für mich, sondern bettete mich nahe der Krone in eine majestätische Eiche. In deren breiten Ästen wurde ich gewiegt, in ihren starken Armen geschaukelt. Mein Ehemann stand neben mir im Baum und schaute in alle Richtungen.

»Du wirst die Welt sehen«, sagte er. Er aß das Fruchtfleisch einer getrockneten Pflaume, und als es verzehrt war, legte er mir den Kern ganz sanft in den Mund. Es war die intimste Geste, die je zwischen uns ausgetauscht worden war.

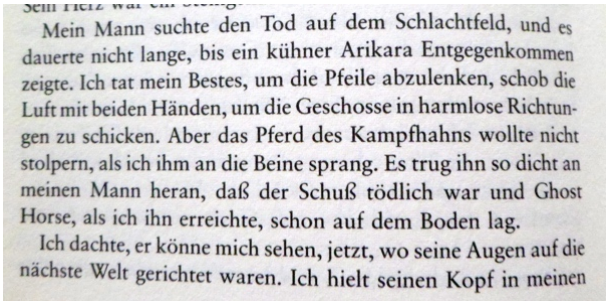
Bevor er ging, hob mein Mann den Schild, den er mir erst ein Jahr zuvor geschenkt hatte. »Ich möchte, daß du dir ansiehst,



Armen und breitete sein langes Haar über meine Schenkel. *Na, Alter*, sagte ich scherzend, *bist du bereit für deine alte Frau?* Aber er blieb stumm, und seine polierten Augen waren wie Stein.

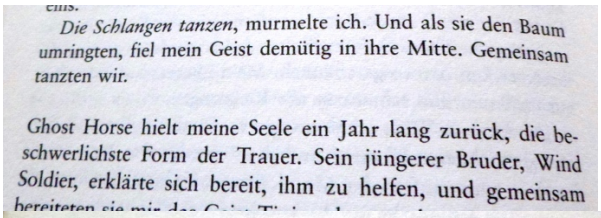
Ich sah ihn nicht aufbrechen, doch es sah ihm ähnlich, sofort ein neues Abenteuer einzugehen. Er zog an den Ort, den unsere Vorfahren bewohnen; es gab keinen Lebenden, der seinen Geist hätte fangen können, wie er den meinen gefangen hatte.

»Du bist ohne mich fortgegangen!« rief ich. Ich schüttelte ihn an den Schultern. Mein Geist klammerte sich störrisch an seinen Körper, und das machte es seinen Oheimen schwer, ihn aufzuheben. »Wir gehen zusammen!« schrie ich ihnen ins Ohr. Ich ließ schließlich los, als Ghost Horses Pferd in panischer Furcht davonhetzte und seinen Leichnam fast zurück auf die Erde geworfen hätte. Die Oheime waren entsetzt und schalten das Pferd, aber ich verstand seinen Schrecken. Es wollte mich nicht auf seinem Rücken haben.



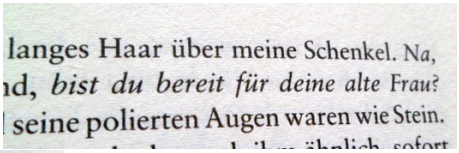
Mein Mann suchte den Tod auf dem Schlachtfeld, und es dauerte nicht lange, bis ein kühner Arikara Entgegenkommen zeigte. Ich tat mein Bestes, um die Pfeile abzulenken, schob die Luft mit beiden Händen, um die Geschosse in harmlose Richtungen zu schicken. Aber das Pferd des Kampfhahns wollte nicht stolpern, als ich ihm an die Beine sprang. Es trug ihn so dicht an meinen Mann heran, daß der Schuß tödlich war und Ghost Horse, als ich ihn erreichte, schon auf dem Boden lag.

Ich dachte, er könne mich sehen, jetzt, wo seine Augen auf die nächste Welt gerichtet waren. Ich hielt seinen Kopf in meinen

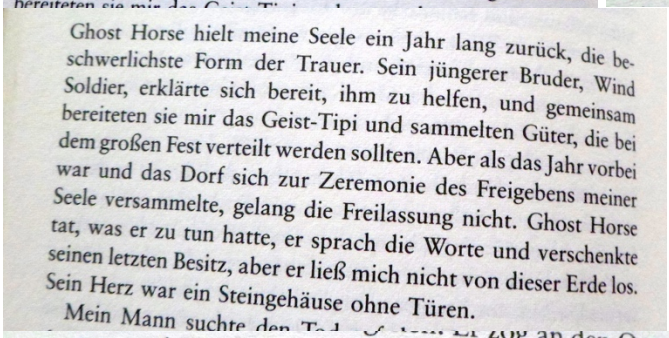


Die Schlangen tanzen, murmelte ich. Und als sie den Baum umringten, fiel mein Geist demütig in ihre Mitte. Gemeinsam tanzten wir.

Ghost Horse hielt meine Seele ein Jahr lang zurück, die beschwerlichste Form der Trauer. Sein jüngerer Bruder, Wind Soldier, erklärte sich bereit, ihm zu helfen, und gemeinsam



langes Haar über meine Schenkel. Na,
ıd, *bist du bereit für deine alte Frau?*
seine polierten Augen waren wie Stein.



Ghost Horse hielt meine Seele ein Jahr lang zurück, die beschwerlichste Form der Trauer. Sein jüngerer Bruder, Wind Soldier, erklärte sich bereit, ihm zu helfen, und gemeinsam bereiteten sie mir das Geist-Tipi und sammelten Güter, die bei dem großen Fest verteilt werden sollten. Aber als das Jahr vorbei war und das Dorf sich zur Zeremonie des Freigebens meiner Seele versammelte, gelang die Freilassung nicht. Ghost Horse tat, was er zu tun hatte, er sprach die Worte und verschenkte seinen letzten Besitz, aber er ließ mich nicht von dieser Erde los. Sein Herz war ein Steingehäuse ohne Türen.

Mein Mann suchte den Tod auf dem Schlachtfeld, und es dauerte nicht lange, bis ein kühner Arikara Entgegenkommen zeigte. Ich tat mein Bestes, um die Pfeile abzulenken, schob die Luft mit beiden Händen, um die Geschosse in harmlose Richtungen zu schicken. Aber das Pferd des Kampfhahns wollte nicht stolpern, als ich ihm an die Beine sprang. Es trug ihn so dicht an meinen Mann heran, daß der Schuß tödlich war und Ghost Horse, als ich ihn erreichte, schon auf dem Boden lag.

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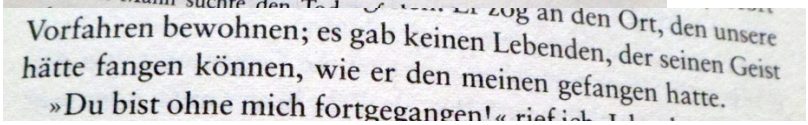
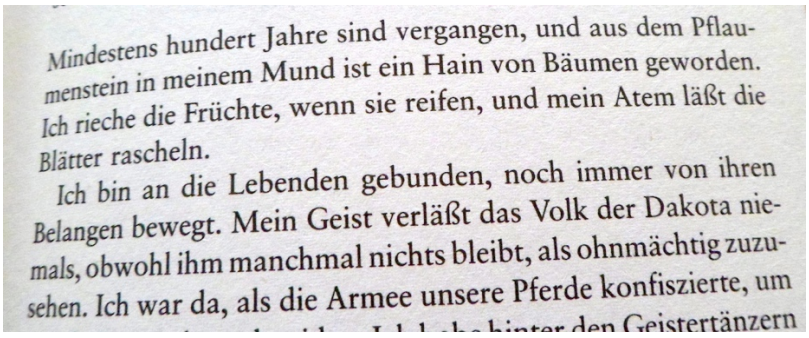


Vorfahren bewohnen; es gab keinen Lebenden, der seinen Geist
hätte fangen können, wie er den meinen gefangen hatte.
»Du bist ohne mich fortgegangen!« rief



Mindestens hundert Jahre sind vergangen, und aus dem Pflaumenstein in meinem Mund ist ein Hain von Bäumen geworden. Ich rieche die Früchte, wenn sie reifen, und mein Atem läßt die Blätter rascheln.

Ich bin an die Lebenden gebunden, noch immer von ihren Belangen bewegt. Mein Geist verläßt das Volk der Dakota niemals, obwohl ihm manchmal nichts bleibt, als ohnmächtig zuzusehen. Ich war da, als die Armee unsere Pferde konfiszierte, um

I take the story as a very very clear hint at what it means to „free“ a spirit. I have to free Bob, I think. Don‘t I?

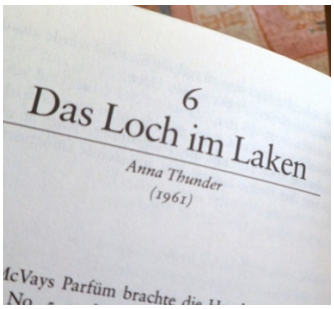
Asking Bob right now to put something into my hand – ***if I must free him.*** What appeared?

--- A ***gray-white box like a parcel,*** not wrapped, but maybe covered by something or tied (?) appeared right away of about these dimensions: (I am writing this down a second after I put out my hands …)

It was such a touching experience to read this chapter about a woman named ***„Red Dress“*** … I was stunned. I could not make myself to read the rest, just one more chapter … and it seemed that Ghost Horse did appear in spirit to a young man named Harvey Wind Soldier, after all – but I must admit, that much of the writing I did not really understand. It was a German translation from original Englisch, so if the translator had never dealt with those subjects, I think that is the reason why some of the writing appeared confusing and not understandable to me. And I am smart.

Needless to say that I am aware that I am in the **high grass** every day these days … *„The Grass Dancers“* of some kind are really supposed to make a spot flat so that others can dance on the ground.

So I have the feeling that I „got“ what I was supposed to get. And here are some excerpts:

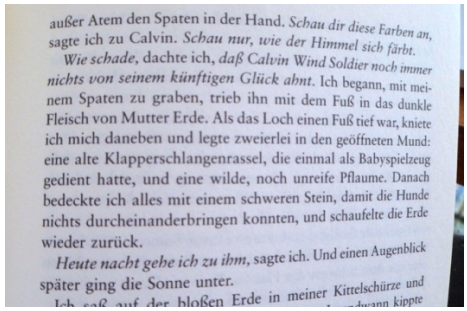

6

Das Loch im Laken

Anna Thunder

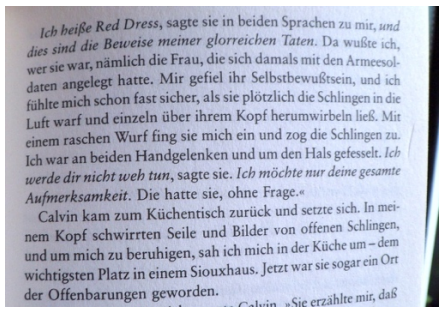
(1961)

cVays Parfüm brachte die


außer Atem den Spaten in der Hand. *Schau dir diese Farben an,* sagte ich zu Calvin. *Schau nur, wie der Himmel sich färbt.*

Wie schade, dachte ich, *daß Calvin Wind Soldier noch immer nichts von seinem künftigen Glück ahnt.* Ich begann, mit meinem Spaten zu graben, trieb ihn mit dem Fuß in das dunkle Fleisch von Mutter Erde. Als das Loch einen Fuß tief war, kniete ich mich daneben und legte zweierlei in den geöffneten Mund: eine alte Klapperschlangenrassel, die einmal als Babyspielzeug gedient hatte, und eine wilde, noch unreife Pflaume. Danach bedeckte ich alles mit einem schweren Stein, damit die Hunde nichts durcheinanderbringen konnten, und schaufelte die Erde wieder zurück.

Heute nacht gehe ich zu ihm, sagte ich. Und einen Augenblick später ging die Sonne unter.


Ich heiße Red Dress, sagte sie in beiden Sprachen zu mir, *und dies sind die Beweise meiner glorreichen Taten.* Da wußte ich, wer sie war, nämlich die Frau, die sich damals mit den Armeesoldaten angelegt hatte. Mir gefiel ihr Selbstbewußtsein, und ich fühlte mich schon fast sicher, als sie plötzlich die Schlingen in die Luft warf und einzeln über ihrem Kopf herumwirbeln ließ. Mit einem raschen Wurf fing sie mich ein und zog die Schlingen zu. Ich war an beiden Handgelenken und um den Hals gefesselt. *Ich werde dir nicht weh tun,* sagte sie. *Ich möchte nur deine gesamte Aufmerksamkeit.* Die hatte sie, ohne Frage.«

Calvin kam zum Küchentisch zurück und setzte sich. In meinem Kopf schwirrten Seile und Bilder von offenen Schlingen, und um mich zu beruhigen, sah ich mich in der Küche um – dem wichtigsten Platz in einem Siouxhaus. Jetzt war sie sogar ein Ort der Offenbarungen geworden.

1) *The hole in the sheet, 2) Rattlesnake-Tail Baby Rattle and wild, not ripe Plum, 3) slings of rope*

(rope I found and unripe plus, with my plum-liquor)

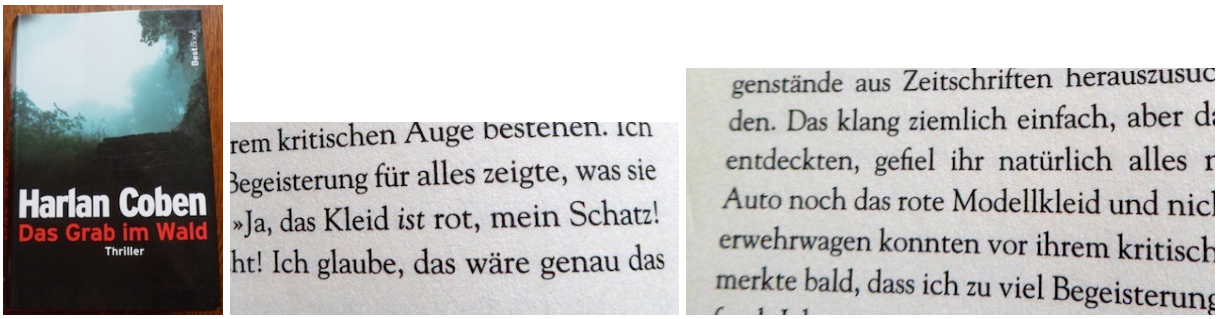
Amazing ***sky shark*** last night … right before a huge thunderstorm. I wasn't fast enough photographing.

Also … took CH for a swim with me … and as we were in the water, a huge huge shark turning south appeared above us, the most amazing shark cloud ever, with the mouth distinctly discernable, the big fin, the tail … just amazing. Of course no way to photograph, as I was swimming, in awe.

June 23, 2023 – **Big „MAGIC", the Shield, Red Dress & „808 EX"**

Wow, what a day.

First, last night, reading a new book, a random thriller **– the „Red Dress"** appeared in the book! And I was baffled shitless.

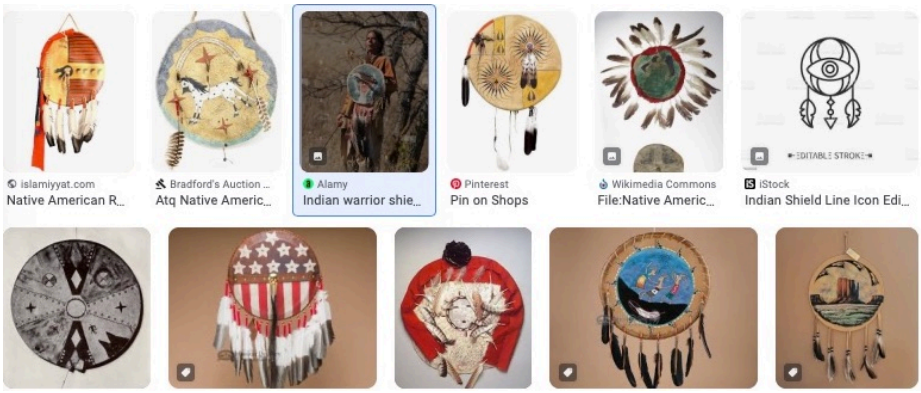

Harlan Coben
Das Grab im Wald
Thriller
rem kritischen Auge bestehen. Ich
Begeisterung für alles zeigte, was sie
»Ja, das Kleid ist rot, mein Schatz!
ht! Ich glaube, das wäre genau das
genstände aus Zeitschriften herauszusuc
den. Das klang ziemlich einfach, aber d
entdeckten, gefiel ihr natürlich alles
Auto noch das rote Modellkleid und nic
erwehrwagen konnten vor ihrem kritisch
merkte bald, dass ich zu viel Begeisterun

1) Yes, the dress is red, my darling!", 2) … „the red Haute Couture dress"

The neighbor, whose wife had did, asked me this morning, if it would be okay for him to „ring" my bell eventually. „You know what about", he said. Sure, I said. I guess he needs help? I left him my phonenumber.

Then, this noon, shopping with mom, a car with the license plate number „**808 EX**" came towards me, right after I had marveled at „**222 CI**", with a very handsome driver.

Then I brought mom home, and I drove up the hill – when a speeding car came towards me on my lane! The driver turned just in the last moment and barely made it by the „island" in the street to divert a frontal crash. Well, I had renewed my ***„invisible shield around my car"*** several times in the last days. **Just right now writing this I recall the shield that „Ghost Horse" had made for „Red Dress"!** Wow.



So as I drove on, a few meters later, thinking that this was a very close call, a car with the license plate number „**MAGIC 1**“ came towards me and passed by. Wow! NO SHIT!

So then, I drove swimming in the pre-thunderstorm-lake. Lovely.

Back home, the ***storm*** broke loose – and I had parked the car NOT in the spot where it usually parks, but behind another car, I thought, well, some shelter.

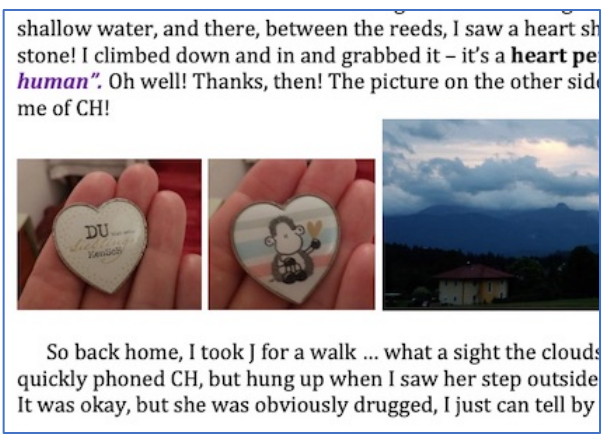
So I was working on some editing and got up to look out of the window – when I saw the heavy *garbage bin was being driven by the storm across the driveway* and towards that car that was the „*shield*“ in front of mine! Wow! The shield again! So I ran outside in the storm and pulled and shoved that huge garbage bin back onto its spot and secured it. Many inhabitants must have watched, nobody came to help.

Then I received a text from CH … and I only want to say, I saw and realized how f*cked up she really is during a forest walk yesterday, and there is no way to make her understand anything. She is a pills and drug addict, but I do see that she really wants to change this. Yet, it's so deceiving … she can't function without popping pills in the morning, at noon and at night … because she said she is „so afraid that things might be so awful when I experience them sober“.

I remember the day in June in 2019, June 3rd, when I was almost run over by a tramway train in Vienna because I jumped in front of it, with Jacqui, accidentially. I looked up the equivalent days in 2019 in this contact diary, and it's all about snakes and horses – I even found a toy horse wheren I lived, and I dreamed of a horse … just like in the book „The Grass Dancers“ …! ***The snakes of „Red Dress“, she attracted snakes, and „Ghost Horse“, who made her a shield adorned with rattles from rattle snakes …***

And I used to ***draw a tiny winding snake*** on my wrist for many years, back in the last years of the 1900s.

Last year to the day, *June 23, 2022*, I went for a swim on the other shore of the lake, and I found a pendant in the water, reading „You are my favorite human“.



shallow water, and there, between the reeds, I saw a heart sh
stone! I climbed down and in and grabbed it – it's a **heart pe**
human". Oh well! Thanks, then! The picture on the other sid
me of CH!

So back home, I took J for a walk … what a sight the clouds
quickly phoned CH, but hung up when I saw her step outside
It was okay, but she was obviously drugged, I just can tell by

(Later)
Took a **walk** with Jacqui through the forest along the beaver creek and back by the **big stone** behind the electrical fence. I felt so close to Bob, like many times in the last days, or rather, it felt like he was right with us … and there was a very strange **double cloud** formation in the sky … with a "**curl**" on the right side. I noticed the curl right away … and I even said out loud *"Yes, Stoneman, interesting clouds, but I'd rather have you with me than looking up and seeing stuff in the sky all the time … just clouds …"*
So we walked on, but the ***two clouds with the curl were hovering*** … And eventually I stopped to take a picture, but the very sharp and clear image of "two figures next to each other with the right one holding something round", and right then I realized:
It was me walking with Bob and Jacqui, and I was holding the leash rolled up in my right hand! The clouds were depicting what was happening "in my life" right that moment … plus "Bob next to me"? And wasn't that Jacqui – the third cloud under our feet?

… and I think Bob wanted me to see it, maybe kept prodding me … to remind me that I'm involved in a very very important project, "The Bridge".
In fact

And in the year before, *June 23, 2021*, I was in Griffen, and I took a walk with Jacqui along those fields and by that big Stone, that to me was „Bob", and I had the impression of „Bob and me in the sky" …

I thought I saw a „snake" in my bathroom … of course it only was a little plastic thingie …

June 24, 2023 **– Stone 4 You! & THE INSIGHT**

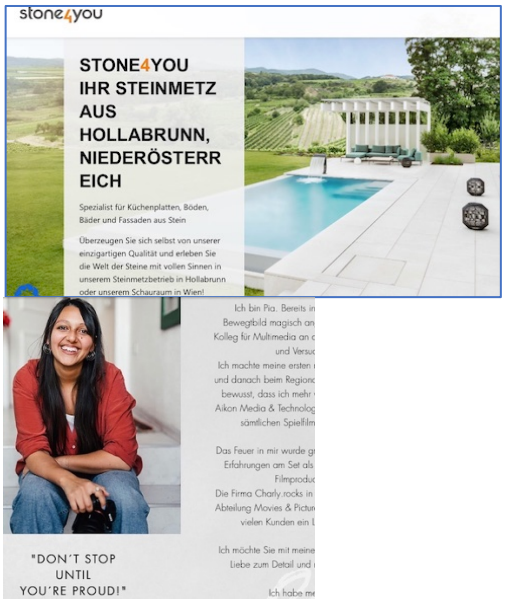
Oh geez.

It has happened again. I drove on the highway today, alone, for some shopping in Villach. And I switched on the radio – and of course, promptly, there was a sad pop song relating to a lost relationship, and I broke out in tears. I imagined Bob groving to the song and sitting next to me, and I thought, that it was really unbearable knowing that he wasn't with my anymore in this realm, and that my spirit is seriously broke.

And RIGHT THEN, that very second, a car passed by me, with the license plate number „**STOA 1**", which is dialect for „STEIN 1" meaning „STONE 1", and the car had a sticker all across it's back, reading „**STONE 4 YOU**".

Serious.

„STONE FOR YOU". Just when I was crying and thinking of about Bob and that I lost him. Bob Stone. Stone for me. Always. Right?

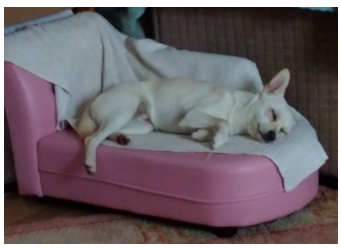


A little later I went for gas, and as I was waiting in front of the gas pump for the previous user to pay in the shop, I saw the sticker on his car: ***„Pia Steiner Videoproduction“***, and again … Stein meaning Stone, and Videoproduction. Go figure.
Of course I google both, here … the young Pia has a cool motto: „Don't stop until you're proud.“

(Later)
THE INSIGHT

I was sitting at the kitchen table eating sweets after a late afternoon snack, at about 5.45 pm. I ate a „Mozart Kugel“, a typical Austrian praline, named after the famous musician and composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart … and I was reading in a new book, a thriller set in the world of cancer research. I tried a brief *„sharing of the praline“* with Bob, and I went through several images of him, scenes that I had experienced with him. And I settled with the one of **our last kiss in 2014 at the airport of Kahului, Maui**. I remember it very, very well, how I went on my tiptoes to reach his mouth, as he was standing straight-up, and I gave him a soft and intense closed-lips kiss, and he kissed me back the same way, and then he looked at me with an expression of wonder, while we embraces. I remember smiling at him confidently … and soon we parted, to never see each other again … because when I saw Bob next in 2018, he was a dying body, and not „Bob“ anymore.

So I recalled that image and presence of Bob from the airport-kiss-scene and „shared“ the praline with him … „thought“ the experience of tasting the chocolate and feeling it in my mouth and then swallowing it „into Bob“. That's how it is done.
Just to use the space …. An image of Tino on his little sofa, that I rescued from a garbage place, a kids' sofa. Sweets to sweets. My master-sweetness Jacqui likes Tino too.



And suddenly ***I heard my own voice in my head***, but totally out of context, pretty much out of the blue, and „I“ said:

„To reach them you can use any memory of you and them.“ And right away I became aware of the thought, and I consciously „answered“ or rather continued the thought, **„Because they have that same scene in them.“** And I continued the thought realizing that as energetic people they

„are“ in some way their memories, and that is why **whenever we, the mortals, or incarnates, call up memories of a „dead person“ and ourself, we actually connect with that dead person.**

And I was very baffled about this insight, because it says it all. **It is the basic of the connection between a mortal and a discarnate human:** If you have memories of them where they were consciously dealing with you and you with them, then these experiences, the energetic imprints of the mortal-realm-experiences, are the bridges between the realms. **You can always connect with a dead person through a shared memory. Even more than that: You can't help but connect.** It is the nature of things. **So if you keep recalling negative memories, you activate them in the discarnate being too.** Of course, I do believe that the discarnates have ways to prevent to be affected or affected too much, but still, this is the mechanism of connectedness.

And here it comes:

It must work the other way around too. So whenever a very strong memory of a „dead person“ suddenly appears in our thinking or mind, **chances are good that this is that very person trying to get in contact with us.**

So what to do in such a case? Well –

Everything that I have explained in this contact diary.

Wow. This is so simple. So profound. So true. **This is it.**

I have never thought this consciously, clearly. Until this „stray“ moment while eating a praline.

But this is the basis of „The Bridge“ and how it works.

I guess this was my cue: „Finalize this contact diary, Dani“, says Bob. „You must now share it.“

I will.

Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana.

June 25, 2023

Today I found a ***flower*** that I haven't seen since I was a child, spending my holidays at my grandmother Maria's house at Klein St. Veit … and I was small, very small, and I was told that Centaurium (Tausendgüldenkraut) was a very precious herb with healing properties and very rare. So I saw it when I took J and T for a walk, and I thought I'd photograph it on the way back. But I could not find it anymore! And I was so angry! I lashed out on Tino who would just pull like a crazy guy … but why am I getting so angry? I don't feel this coming, it's like me getting from zero to 200 in an instant.

It was strange to remember a little bit of my own „self“ from when I was so small. And inbetween then and now … my life. Strangely, saw the „Jesus Stone“ again that I encountered in the area already some time before: „I'll stay with you until the end of the world.“

June 26, 2023
Strange sky triangle appeared today …

Epilog:

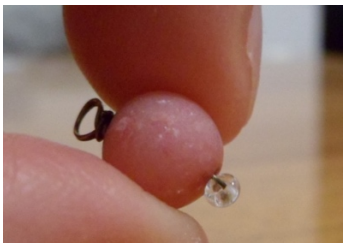
June 29, 2023 – **My Brother Peter's 57th body-birthday would have been today & „Hello from the other side!"**

„I'm not gay …!"
„Well, good we got this straight."
Yes, that's Bob in my head when I suddenly begin to make up movie-scenes … I can really hear and see him smirk and smile, being so tall and warm and real …
Makes me cry.

ADD: I decided to work on putting some images into this contact diary and looked through the folder; I picked „treasure chest" because it sounded interesting, and it belongs to May 27, … when I stumbled across a little report about a person who had believed so much in the afterlife, that she had made a picture of herself with the greeting ***„Hello from the other side"!***
That counts as a greeting from Peter, who I tried to connect with today, ***and I had such very strong flashbacks to our time together as kids and teenagers, as if he was right here …!***

May 27, 2023 – Hello from the Other Side!
Googling the passing of Tina Turner, I came across some other news about someone who had lived of cancer – and it was amazing: This person has believed so intensely in the afterlife, that she made pics of her showing her after her death! Look!
Plus, the actor Ray Stevenson died – I LOVED him in „Dexter"! This makes me sad and weird, thinking that he is with Bob now.
Also, I „received" a treasure chest on my hand, maybe yesterday, when I asked Bob for communication … but I can't remember what it was about, but I think it was about my very bad health with swellings and all …
(Note: Huh, that is funny! I am putting these images of the treasure chest in today, June 29, and just earlier I went for a swim in the evening, and I found a tiny red „pearl" between the rubble on the ground … something that would belong in a treasure chest (if it was real.)

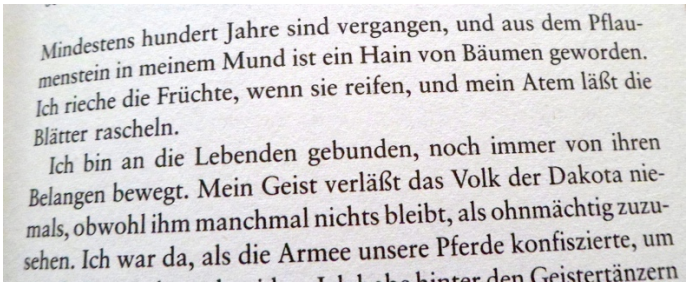
And of course, just earlier, swimming in the evening at the spot at Auen, I found a ***tiny little red pearl*** in the coarse sand or what to call that … something that truly would belong in a treasure chest.



It all comes full circle.
I pitched to Pantaleon Films today. Wanna make movies. Asking Bob to stand true to his word and work on our films with me. I miss him so much I couldn't possibly explain or express.

That's the problem with all the inter-realm communication and the after-death contact:
It keeps the person „alive" in your mind, of course, and you know that they exist in the other realm … but you also keep your own real-life memories of them alive – and this make you lose them everytime you realize that they will never again be with you in the mortal realm. And that is very hard to bear.
Let them go … the souls … may be a good advice if you are losing yourself or your mind in the process of being with them as an inter-realm team.
It is hard and painful. It's an experience of never-ending longing for the mortal person they once were, and it is a never-ending row of mornings waking up and realizing that in spite of all the euphoria about life after physical death, they still are „dead" to you as the person with bodies and mortal stories they once were.
You will never hold them again. And knowing this can be hell.

Her is another excerpt from „The Grass Dancers" … a quote from „Red Dress", the spirit who cannot leave the realm of the living:


Mindestens hundert Jahre sind vergangen, und aus dem Pflaumenstein in meinem Mund ist ein Hain von Bäumen geworden. Ich rieche die Früchte, wenn sie reifen, und mein Atem läßt die Blätter rascheln.
Ich bin an die Lebenden gebunden, noch immer von ihren Belangen bewegt. Mein Geist verläßt das Volk der Dakota niemals, obwohl ihm manchmal nichts bleibt, als ohnmächtig zuzusehen. Ich war da, als die Armee unsere Pferde konfiszierte, um

„At least a hundred years have passed, and from the plum pit in my mouth has sprung a forest of trees. I smell the fruits when they are ripening, and my breath lets the leaves rustle.
I am tied to the living, still moved by their desires. My consciousness never leaves the People of the Dakota, even though at times she can't do anything but watch helplessly. (…)"

<u>July 3, 2023</u>
Thunderstorm coming … that's what it looked like. Never came, though.

July 4, 2023

Amazing display of the material identity of planet earth and her clouds, our playgound for individualizing our soul … Yes, epic summer thunder storm.

July 5, 2023
More amazing views … making me feel … well, small. Insignifikant. Weird.

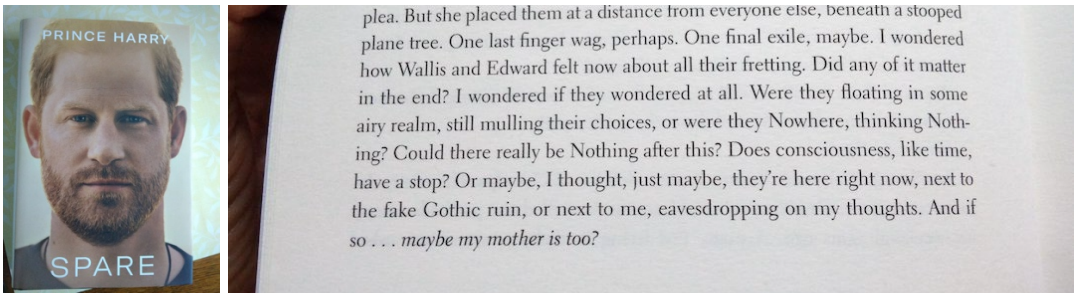
July 6, 2023 – **Prince Harry & the Disca**

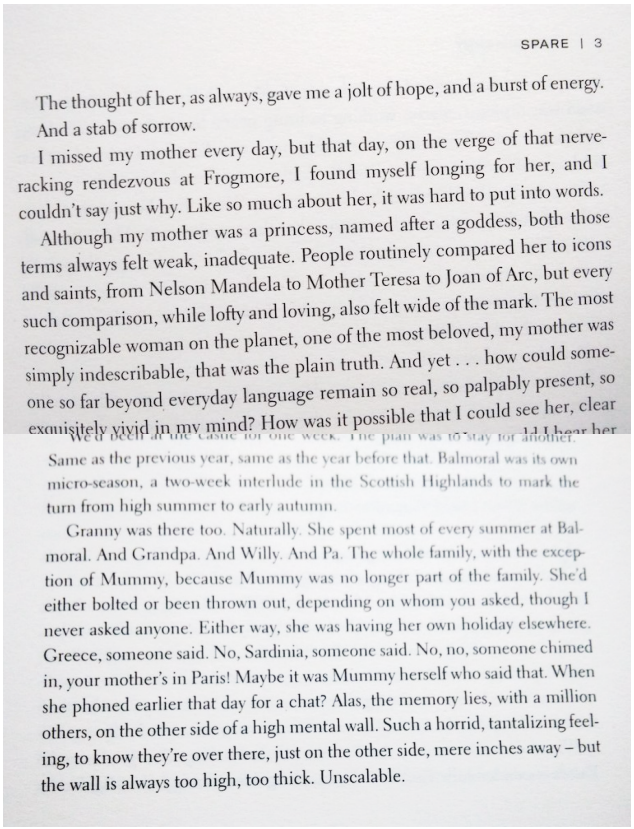
A **shoe** on the street. Like I used to find lots of shoes along the roads of Maui … and Bob would get a kick out of this.

Amazing license plate numbers, but I just can't get around to writing them down.

And:

I managed to read another page of the book „**Spare**" by Prince Harry, and there it was: ***He talks about the possibility that consciousness lives on, and that the „deceased" are in the same realm as we are, just in another dimension.***


PRINCE HARRY
SPARE
plea. But she placed them at a distance from everyone else, beneath a stooped plane tree. One last finger wag, perhaps. One final exile, maybe. I wondered how Wallis and Edward felt now about all their fretting. Did any of it matter in the end? I wondered if they wondered at all. Were they floating in some airy realm, still mulling their choices, or were they Nowhere, thinking Nothing? Could there really be Nothing after this? Does consciousness, like time, have a stop? Or maybe, I thought, just maybe, they're here right now, next to the fake Gothic ruin, or next to me, eavesdropping on my thoughts. And if so . . . maybe my mother is too?



SPARE | 3

The thought of her, as always, gave me a jolt of hope, and a burst of energy. And a stab of sorrow.

I missed my mother every day, but that day, on the verge of that nerve-racking rendezvous at Frogmore, I found myself longing for her, and I couldn't say just why. Like so much about her, it was hard to put into words.

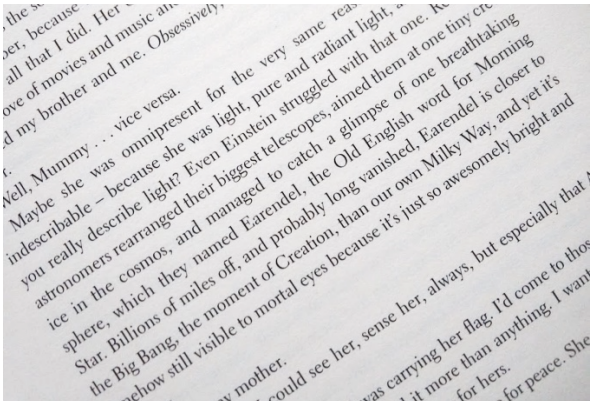
Although my mother was a princess, named after a goddess, both those terms always felt weak, inadequate. People routinely compared her to icons and saints, from Nelson Mandela to Mother Teresa to Joan of Arc, but every such comparison, while lofty and loving, also felt wide of the mark. The most recognizable woman on the planet, one of the most beloved, my mother was simply indescribable, that was the plain truth. And yet . . . how could someone so far beyond everyday language remain so real, so palpably present, so exquisitely vivid in my mind? How was it possible that I could see her, clear

We'd been in the castle for one week. The plan was to stay for another. I'd hear her

Same as the previous year, same as the year before that. Balmoral was its own micro-season, a two-week interlude in the Scottish Highlands to mark the turn from high summer to early autumn.

Granny was there too. Naturally. She spent most of every summer at Balmoral. And Grandpa. And Willy. And Pa. The whole family, with the exception of Mummy, because Mummy was no longer part of the family. She'd either bolted or been thrown out, depending on whom you asked, though I never asked anyone. Either way, she was having her own holiday elsewhere. Greece, someone said. No, Sardinia, someone said. No, no, someone chimed in, your mother's in Paris! Maybe it was Mummy herself who said that. When she phoned earlier that day for a chat? Alas, the memory lies, with a million others, on the other side of a high mental wall. Such a horrid, tantalizing feeling, to know they're over there, just on the other side, mere inches away – but the wall is always too high, too thick. Unscalable.

Funny, even the term „***Morning Star***" is right there, and I have been bingewatching „*Lucifer*", whose last name is „***Morningstar***".

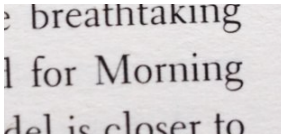


all that I did. Her
ove of movies and music an
d my brother and me. Obsessively,

Well, Mummy . . . vice versa.

Maybe she was omnipresent for the very same rea
indescribable – because she was light, pure and radiant light,
you really describe light? Even Einstein struggled with that one.
astronomers rearranged their biggest telescopes, aimed them at one tiny
ice in the cosmos, and managed to catch a glimpse of one breathtaking
sphere, which they named Earendel, the Old English word for Morning
Star. Billions of miles off, and probably long vanished, Earendel is closer to
the Big Bang, the moment of Creation, than our own Milky Way, and yet it's
somehow still visible to mortal eyes because it's just so awesomely bright and

y mother.
could see her, sense her, always, but especially that
was carrying her flag. I'd come to thos
it more than anything. I want
for hers.
for peace. She



breathtaking
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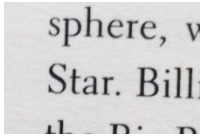


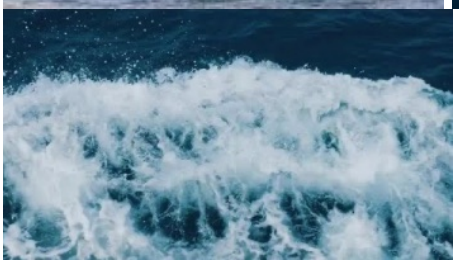
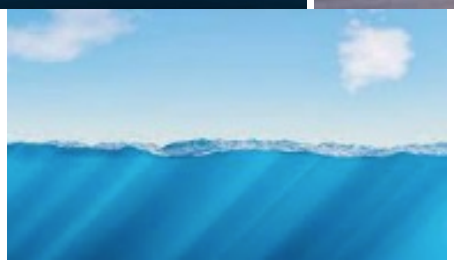
sphere, v
Star. Bill

Well. I did not see that coming. I was already pissed because the book starts out with him complaining about being cold as he had not thought of taking a coat or jacket in spring. Geez! What a child, I thought, but then … I was taken by surprise about the „disca"-mentioning right at the beginning. Really, that is what he is believing? I should send him my contact diary then.

And I saw a very **strange two-lines appearance in the sky** today when I was with Jacqui and Tino at the Aich lotos flower pond.

(Later)
Very strange:
While doing my editing work, and it's past midnight … I suddenly driften into memories of Hawaii … and ***Charles Ka'upu*** appeared in my mind. And my heart literally jumped. I had the thought that he was watching me and thought that „finally" I had „thought of him" or „connected with him", he has been dead for a long time, maybe died around 2012 … and he is one of the most important speakers in my Hawaii-documentary. Reminds me – ***I really must share it.*** It's immensely precious, all the knowledge about Hawaii of old in it.
I shall bring it to the guy who gives Ukulele-classes here in Velden.
I must.

July 7, 2023 – **Dream of Bob**
Read a bit more in „Spare" … it feels so oddly fake, that I have a very hard time reading it … but there were more references about Harry thinking that the dead are always right here … and that was odd, too.
Bob in a **dream** … wonderful dream, made me cry just now.
He was there, with me, at a ***tropical place with an ocean shore*** where **huge waves** were coming in. I was about to do something that had to do with the ocean, I want to say I had to search for somebody or something and it included getting in the water. Bob watched or rather observed me, and as I was sitting in a small room looking at the ocean through a small window, he stepped behind me and began to brush my hair! Even while dreaming I thought „Wow, Bob is brushing my hair, what a dream" … and there was something else happening, but I can't remember, something unpleasant … and it had to do with Bob handing something to me or I to him … maybe?
Then he and I drove West along some ocean shore, and the waves we saw *the gushing water „from the side" like a* ***„cut-through" slice*** *… odd*. The waves were like cut off, as if they were rubbing against glass, but there was only a wire fence, and I thought „How can this be, that the waves are just high and then gone, and the shore is only North?"

I woke up because of the dogs were moving … but I wish I wish so much I could have stayed with Bob more and longer. That walkway by the ocean was strangely familiar … kind of shady, with cyprus style trees, a living fence, as I was walking East, I thought, even in my dream, that this felt kind of familiar … Bob was there, somehow, but walking along the „cut off" ocean I didn't really see him.

I miss him to no end.

I realize just as I am writing this, that being with Bob and the prospect of being with him and doing our things together, that was ME. That was MY LIFE. That was what I loved and needed and wanted. That which is now … I don't even know what to think about it. I love my dogs. But even that seems to be a pale, a very weak kind of … compromise.

What is mortal life without mortal Bob and our home? A mistake?

(Later)

Oh REALLY?

I just came from a swim after walking and shopping with mom, and I decided to treat myself to a lovely comedy movie with Sandra Bullock, oh yeah. Chose „**The Lost City**" …

Wait, before that … driving on the highway towards the lake, I switched on the radio, while trying to talk to Bob, because I had realized that I have NOFUCKINGBODY to talk with! About my stuff! Films! The beyond, the world … and Bob's voice in my head said „But Dani, you still have me!" So I thought I'd talk to Bob, but switched the radio on – and I NEVER listen to the radio! – and JUST then, just then, that moment, a song was on and a line in the lyrics ***included „was made of stone"!*** I said something like „Fuck you!" and switched it off. Yes … „MADE OF STONE"-STONEMAN, I am so lonely. I am so angry.

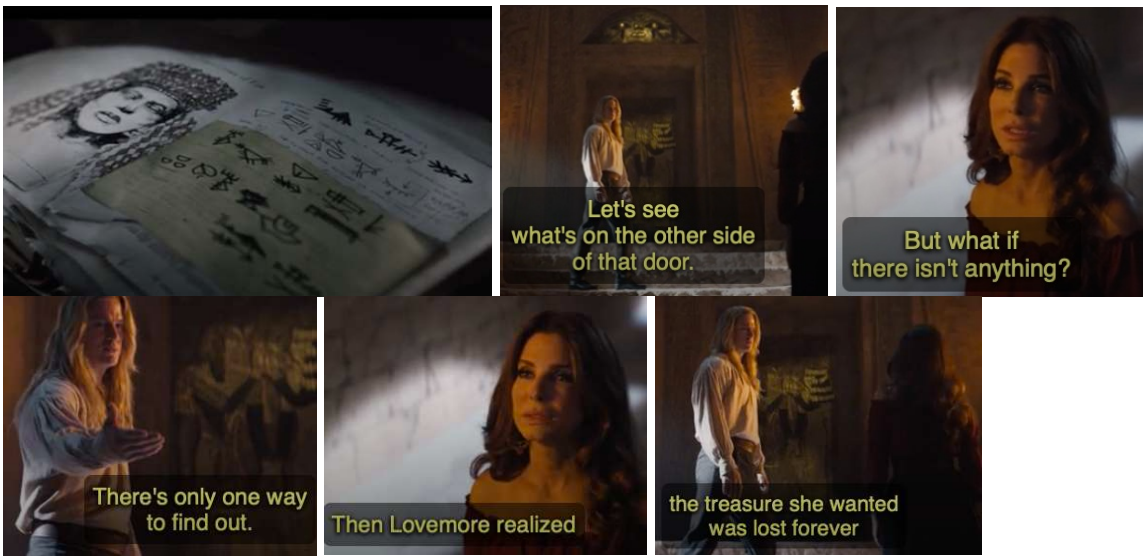
So here I am, watching the movie „The Lost City"; but I paused to write this down, because just now, at the beginning, at minute 2.47, the agent of the main character, a writer (!), says on the phone, **„I know that these past five years have been hard after John's passing …"!**

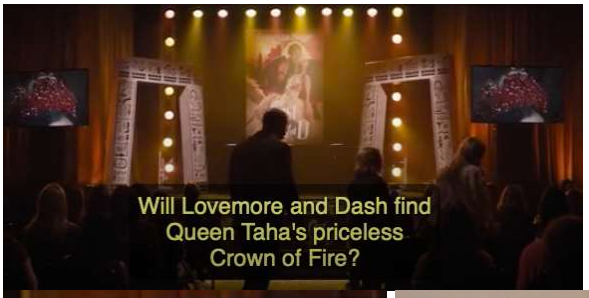
Listen, I know these last five years have been hard after John's passing,
But, girl, there is a great big world waiting for you
Having to face your future without the person that you planned it with.
Must be scary.

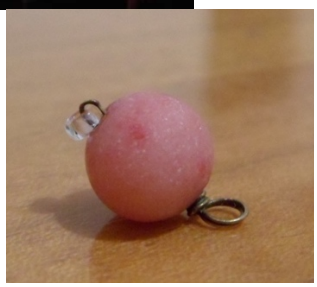
So then, comes the truth … as depicted. Living one's life without the person you planned to with …

FUCK! Those ***where fucking hard five fucking years after BOB's passing!***
BOB IS DEAD! I am so watching this fucking movie!

Oh fuck! „Queen Taha's Crown of Fire" consists of **tiny red pearls**! Remember – ***I found a tiny red pearl*** the other day at the spot where I swim sometimes in the evening?







Oh, great, Bob, you knew that I was about to get real internet and would be watching this movie! How about getting me a lottery win, then, so that I can make movies, too and get a home for myself? A real one, garden and all? Oh geez, this is just like in Griffen, when I was watching movies and series all the time, and the most amazing messages occurred! Great!

Really?

There is even one of the fun plays on words that Bob and I engaged in all the time …

(Later)

Oh, shit – there is even the **tiny blue car** *I told CH about the just a few days ago, that a* ***TSA-guy*** *I met on Xmatch.com on Maui and with who I met up at a Kahului cafe, was driving!* It was so ridiculous, I felt so put off, back then … and here it is, in the movie, driven by Brad Pitt playing a sexy Guru. Back in the day, after Bob having ignored and pushed aside for years, I had thought that I should put my great body to „use *(I discovered great nude pics of me just today!),* and that I should have sex. So I met several guys on Maui … but never had sex with any of them. One was that TSA-man … with the tiny blue car. It's so amazing. Pretty much nobody knows about this. Bob did not. But now … he does.

So you are listening, Bob, aren't you, fucking dead fucker!?

Oh even my work is in that movie … when character „Dash“ says that character „Loretta“ looks like a „human mummy“. That would be truly part of my job, stuff I do all the time, in this case it would be letting the writer or speaker know, that „***mummies are human***“. Geez!

You're so afraid
of life hurting you again
that you've stopped living.
Okay. You want to know who else
is stuck in the past? You are.
You're like a human mummy.
Mummies are human.

Oh mother of fuck! Even the **ketogenic diet** is in that film that Bob tried to save himself!

I will always remember how he called me on the phone and told me about it and also asked me to look into it and tell him what I thought about it. I did … but all I could think that it was so disheartening that Bob tried yet another „physical“ stuff, after so many supplements, while his problems were mental and emotional ones. It was in 2017, I think. I did not know that he had already serious health troubles back then … not being able to sleep … but also, he had kept turning back to his „friends“ and worked on „Taylor Camp“ and on the „Cambodia Filmfestival“ … with John and Tom who had never really cared about him and never supported him. So I remember feeling my heart sink when he told me about doing a ketogenic diet. He did not tell me that there was a growth on his body that he could not get rid of, and that this was his hope. He had begun to lose weight, he knew he was very sick. But then with the keto diet he lost even more weight. When I saw him in August 2018 and thought about all of it, I felt so desolate … the image with the „mission“ text … **Bob said „I'm on a mission, Dani.“** He did. He was. Is he still? Am I?

So there is that peace of paper in the movie, and the volcano …

All these sequences in that one random movie I chose „on a whim“ … are messages. I feel it. He is with me. He is right here. My hurting stomach and heart, my fading physical stamina … I am aging. I am approaching my own transition. If I only knew what exactly I should invest my energy in … this contact diary, yes. I shall finish this chapter and then send it off to people who should see it.

And then?

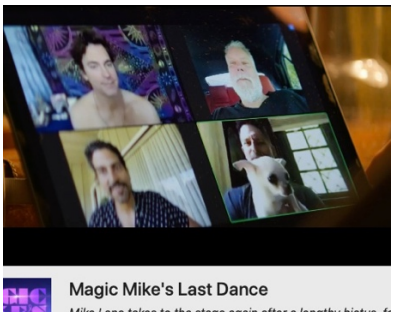
(Later)

Oh – and the **red dress!** And they end up in a cave where a queen named „Taha“ mourned for her fallen lover. She just wanted to be alone.

And also a reminder of tonight's dream … with the **gushing ocean water!**

(Later)

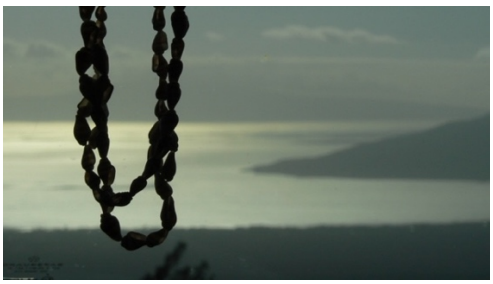
Watched „*Magic Mike's Last Dance*“ … and there was a little white Chihuahua …. „Tino“ Look“!



<u>July 8, 2023</u>– **Jo Stone and Danimal & the Sea Shells**

So now: **The Sea Shells on the movie „The Lost City“!**

The story about the Red Jewel Crown that the movie „***The Lost City***“ circles around – is actually just made of **sea shells.** As soon as I saw this in the movie, I remembered the picture of sea shells I once took on Maui … vaguely and barely.



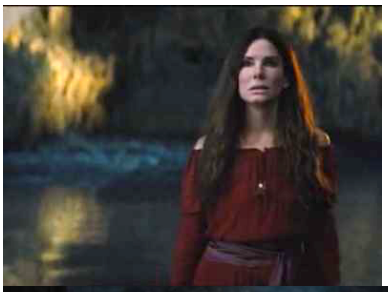
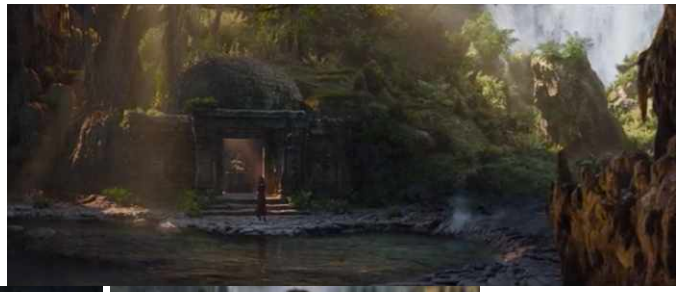
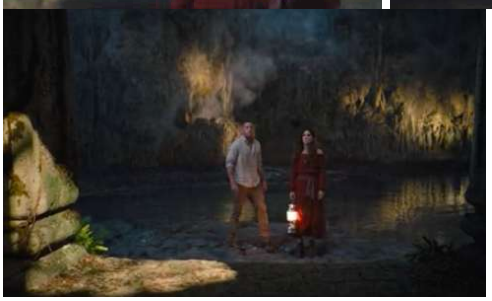
(August 21, 2010; eight years later, I would be there, again, with dying Bob.)

Rare red seashells.
To prove his love,
he gave her one shell
every day for a year
and made them into a crown,
bright red like
the flame of their love,
until the day came
where she accepted his proposal.
Kalaman and Taha's riches
weren't material.
It was their love.

And today, when I activated my old laptop MacBook that Bob gifted me many years ag**o *(not the one with the broken screen, the previous one …)*** I ended up looking through folders with pictures … and wow, did I find stuff! I can now look at pictures of Bob and of Maui and of housie … as I don't know how I am feeling about it.

So there it was, suddenly – that „vague" image of sea shells! That I had to think about yesterday! Not the same, but similar, and the fact of „sea shells" … that I have nothing to do with. Except twice directly in connection.

Wowzer. The „**Red Dress**“ appeared to in the movie. Seriously! And … more!

The ocean foam was just like in my dream! The image of it! The impression – *as I saw the gushing water „from the side“ like a „cut-through“ slice! And here it is!*

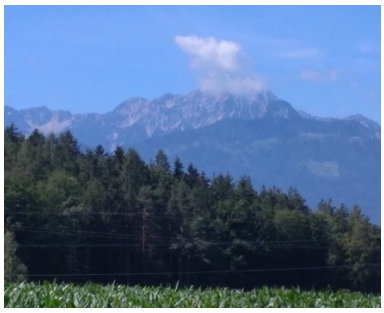
And oh shit … BOB AND ME ON AN ISLAND! Looking at these images … screenshots … it feels like Bob is sending me a greeting … saying ***„In the beyond, Dani, we can have our island life in every way we want.“***

Right. Mahalo for reminding me. But I am a mortal, still. And you, babe, are dead.

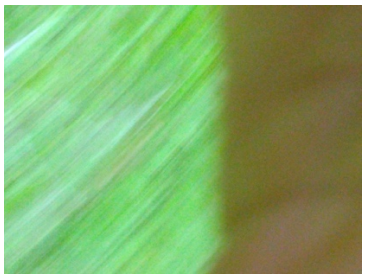
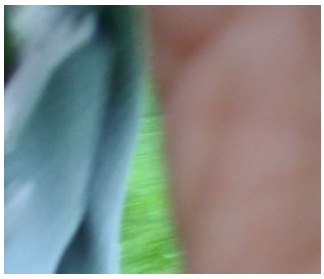
Watching Season 5 of „*Lucifer*“, and in episode 5, God tells Lucifer under tears, that he thinks he is losing his powers. Oh geez. And yes, I am watching movies and Lucifer instead of … I don't know, working on scripts and finalizing this contact diary. I just have to.

I am watching ***Lucifer***, Season 5, Episode 12, and the detectiv Dan is called „***Danimal***“ by a bad guy – and **I AM CALLING MYSELF „DANIMAL“!** – while his cover name **is JO STONE**!
GEEEEEZZZAZ!

Plus … took a walk, and there was the Mittagskogel, the mountain right where I live, „doing“ the volcano in the movie „The Lost City“ … the city of Pukalani, lost for me …

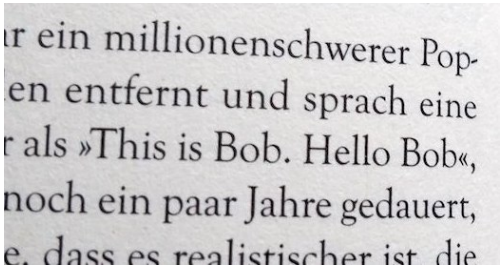


And there are again, some very curious synchronicities … like I have been using the image of „**Green**“, imagining a green liquid flooding my body healing it … like I had done it with Jacqui back in 2018, when he was about to die having no red blood platters left … and I used the image intensely, and now, when something is ailing, I again use „Green“, also saying it out loud … and I say and think it with the strongest conviction possible … and suddenly, I get a bag of Japanese **Matcha** instant tea from CH, and I had never seen that before or used or drunk it, so I used hot water on it – and the first thing I could think or say, was, atht this is the ***actual image of – „green“!***

*A*nd when I looked though the images on my phone, there were two ***„bursts“ – and they depicted „green“***, too …

So, last, but not least … I am reading a nice life-help book about women aging and wondering if they have made the right decisions in their lives … very funny and smart. And on one spot the author shares that she was in love with an American popstar, but the only English she could speak was:
„This is Bob.“ – „Hello Bob.“


ır ein millionenschwerer Pop-
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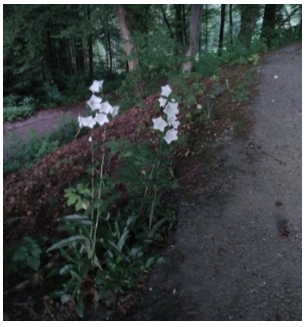
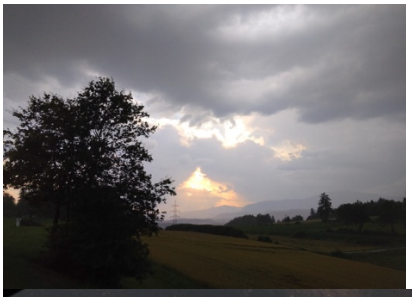
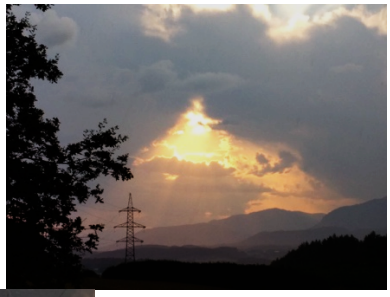
noch ein paar Jahre gedauert,
e, dass es realistischer ist, die

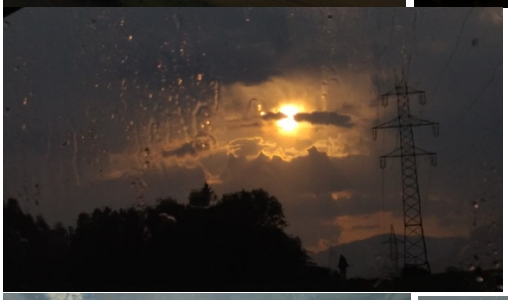
And, for what it's worth … one of the drastic cases on „*Lucifer*" was about a seemingly nice guy turning out to be a brutal serial killer … with his big secret being a nursery of ***white flowers*** … and the other day, June 21, I photographed the only white flower … well, anywhere, around. Coincidence?

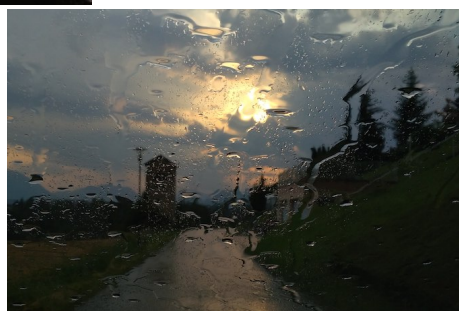


July 10, 2023 **– Fire Pyramid in the Sky**
Amazing light pyramid „puka" in the West sky at Aich … like **fire** in the sky.









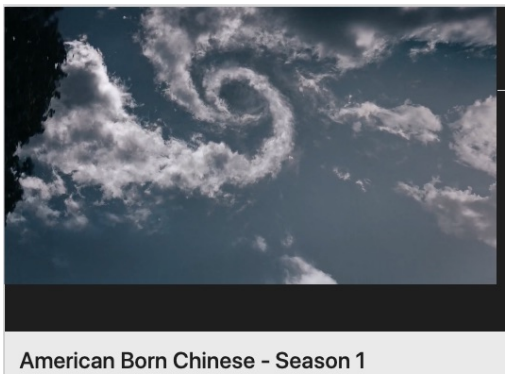
July 11, 2023

My mind feels scattered … and I struggle between working, tending to my mom – it kills me that she has nothing to do, nothing at all, except watching tv, but she claims she is never bored, just that I know that her mind and brain could be so much better if she did stuff! I must get her a crocheting kit! – and finding time for, well, my stuff.

So this evening, after taking a nap after walking the dogs in scorching heat before a supposed thunder-storm that never came, I got around to clean up my kitchen and toss old stuff, and there was a very old Mozzarella cheese that I took out of its package and threw it outside for the cats. Then I sat down to read up on a few TV-shows, like „Mary Kills People“ and „Dexter: New Blood“, and right then, a pop-up advertising kept showing me – ***Mozzarella cheese***!

How can they know? How is this possible? I have never seen Mozzarella cheese ads, *except just minutes after I dealt with Mozzarella cheese!?* Cheesus!

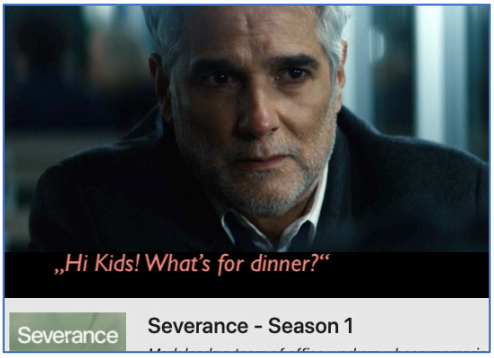
And I watched the first episode of a Sci-Fi-Comedy – and the clouds formation … wow, I have seen spiral clouds like these … but I just couldn't photograph them … because I either was in the car or did not have my phone with me to photograph … and here I got it, the perfect cloud spiral.



July 13, 2023 – **„Hi Kids! What's for dinner?“**

Oh geezaz.

I have been saying this so often in the last day, in Bud the Birdman's voice, he would come to our house on Maui, show up in the garden when we sat on the lanai eating, and he'd say in his special, long-drawn-way **„Hi kids!“** And sometimes even: ***„What's for dinner?“*** And I chose a random (!!!!) series today to watch the first episode, and I chose „***Severance***“! And that's the sentence that is a code! A CODE! The expression that I have been saying out loud so many times in the last weeks … torturing myself with the memories …



And here it was, just now. Said by movie characters.

Wow. Also I looked at the Ouija Board yesterday, and I said out loud, looking at the sun and the moon, what Bob had sung to me: „You're the sun, and I'm the moon, you're the words, and I'm the tune" … and my glance was wandering across the letters … yes, the „words" can be made with those letters, and suddenly, I got it, and I said *„And tune means …* ***frequency. You are the frequency."***

Can this be?

Must I try to work the Ouija Board? I thought about it when I watched the stuff on my mom's *washing machine* wander across the surface, ***driven by those tiny and immensely fast vibrations.***

And then, a few weeks ago, I stood there, stunned, and thought „That ist how a Ouija Board works, how they talk to us through it … through the frequency of the vibrations."

That seems to go together … „HI KIDS!" And „you're the words, and I'm the tune … PLAY ME."

PLAY ME.

?

Today I caught myself saying to me „I know exactly what I have to do", and I was surprised. But I had edited another astrology newsletter by my client D. earlier, and there were amazing details about what is coming and possible due to the astrological constellation.

I must imua.

I must calm down. Shed my aggressions, expectations, wrong hopes and feelings. I must do what I am here to do.

And this is – working with what I have learned through Bob, before and after his passing.

When I heard the first actor say „Hi Kids!" in that office in the pilot episode of „Severance", I was baffled. But then, the other actor said it purposefully as a code word … and now I am sure that this is no coincidence.

I have been mimicking Bud's ways of saying „Hi Kids!" so many times, even today … and here it is reflected back at me.

Wow.

<u>July 14, 2023</u>

The lovely true trees next to he pond were gone – pushed over by the storm of a few days ago.

A lot of storm damage in the woods everywhere. So strange to think that a tree grows for such a long time, such an intricate creature … and then, one heavy storm, and it unroots or breaks … but then, maybe that is just how nature takes care of … well, creating new soil. When nobody cleans out the mess, then the trunks and branches and leaves and stuff will rot over time and connect with the soil … and bring in new nutrients.

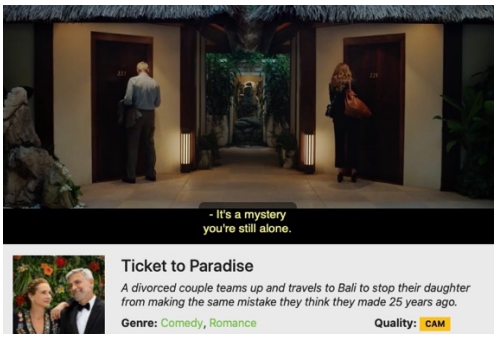
Still I keep touching the tree trunks, sad about all those … corpses.

July 15, 2023 – **222, the island and the dancing & Aloha Hawaii**

Hurting myself by watching a romantic comedy set on Bali …

And in all the romance I thought about how Bob had once put down his camera when we had prepared for filming an event at the MACC and the band was rehearsing, and in front of all the people already seated on the lawn, we had danced … alone …

And of course the two numbers of the rooms of the protagonists – a divorced couple – played by Julia Roberts and George Clooney, where „222“ and „221“! What are the odds? And George Clooney standing in the door in a blue shirt just like Bob when I saw him for the first time …


- It's a mystery
you're still alone.
Ticket to Paradise
A divorced couple teams up and travels to Bali to stop their daughter from making the same mistake they think they made 25 years ago.
Genre: Comedy, Romance
Quality: CAM

And in the very end, the daughter asks her father in front of the sunset, *„Will you dance with me?“* … so that the dance memories are reflected right back at me.

I took a selfie of Jacqui and me today as I was lying on the sofa, with a brutal headache … and I saw how old I am already.

I miss Bob. Thinking of him hurts so much, I cannot even describe it.

The car license plates numbers I have been encountering recently were just outstanding … from „**250 DU**“ thru „**222 EC**“ to „**250 IX**“ …

And out of the blue I can get so aggressive and lash out on my dogs … I don't know where it comes from.

Mom displayed some bad cases of confabulation … it makes me so sad and frustrated … and many times I just don't know what and how to think. Then she seems so normal …

Life is very hard right now.

BUT … several times, my mom asked questions about MY wellbeing … and she expressed worries when I talked about going for a swim while the storm clouds were coming in … „Are you really going for a swim now?“ … and „So what are you doing when you have such a bad headache?“ Breaks my heart. In a good way.

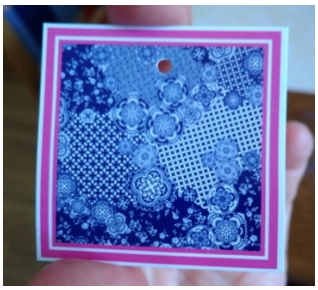
Oh, right, almost forgot …

I lay down for a minute in the afternoon, trying to get rid of my headache (did, with the help o cell salts Nr. 3 and Magnesium popsicle), and I grabbed one of the magazines that I keep taking from my mom after she „read“ them … and I really turned every page, which is unusual for me …

I turned the last page, and there it was: **„Aloha“ and „Hawaii“-reference.**

Hit me right in the stomach. A magazine-backpage telling me **„Bring Aloha into your Life“.** Aloha was in my life a lot, back in the day. With Bob.

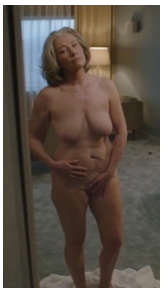
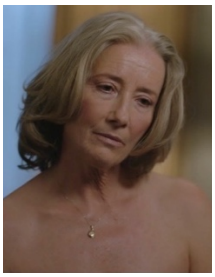
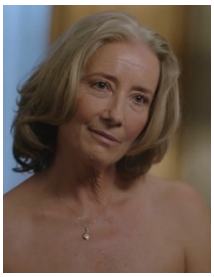
Found this strange flower-pattern card on the street, just had to take a pic, not sure what it means.



Okay, I found those pics, and I don't remember exactly what it was about – but I think that I received **pastries** from the neighbor just like the ones that showed up in Bob's favorite show NCIS – with a new boss played by Gary Cole, who he would have just loved!

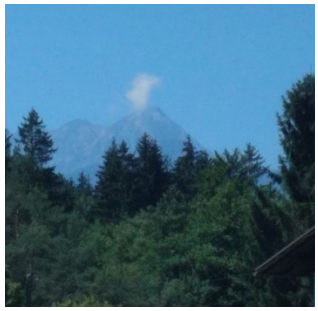
July 16, 2023

Alright. Skipped through the movie ***„Good luck to you, Leo Grande",*** about a teacher played by Emma Thompson, who had never had an orgasm in her life and booked a Sexworker, Leo, to help her achieve one. It felt like a tedious thing to watch the whole endlos talking , so I kept skipping forward, and in the end, they enjoyed sex a lot, but she still had never climaxed, … but finally, after some good fucking, she lay on the bed and touched herself – and came. And then she stood in front of the mirror and looked at her aging body. Wow, that reflected back ME so much … it's just fucking fascinating how my own doings are reflected by random movie choices. I just discovered nude pics of me (as I mentioned)!?

So here … she even has the hairstyle that I planned to give myself, just I realize now that I do not have enough hair for this.

By the way … a blue VW van appeared in a trailer … and I had just seen one just like that today, when I was out and about with my mother …



Cooked veggies and a compote for my mom, visited her … to find er aloof as always. I keep hoping she would „get normal“, and that is the crazy part of everything.

July 17, 2023 **– The Blue-Blouse-Lady & Bob-T-Shirt**

Oh fun – **Google** has a front image today that shows – **me and my new bright blue blouse!** Me, ***reading the book „Spare“*** by Prince Harry sitting at the kitchen table with my hair up. Of course I don't have brown hair anymore, but it is simply striking … I went to a KIK store with mom looking for a blouse, and I found a bright blue one and bought it …! Blue!

Neu
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED TRY DOING WHAT BOB TOLD YOU TO DO THE FIRST TIME
Herren T Shirt Graphic Buchstabe Rundhalsausschnitt...
USD $22.09 $33.77

Plus: I stumbled across an interesing ad for **US-T-Shirts** – and one with **„Bob“** on it! Quoting**: „If at first you don't succeed, try doing what BOB told you to do the first time!“**

Wow!

So what is it that Bob said that I am still supposed to do? I actuall thought about this the last days. And I keep coming up with my memory of Bob saying „You are my writer“ … „my writer“ … „my writer“ … even other people told me that he said that about me, that „Dani, my writer, is going to come back to Maui“.

So the writing? Yes? That is my thing? I must pursue – and I don't „only“ mean this contact diary?

Making films directly … well, I feel so exhausted an weak in the mornings that I can barely pull myself together, no fucking way I would be able to shoot a film. But then …

Anyway …

This stuff really gets me thinking.

Besides … the folks who wrote on that T-Shirt weren't good at English, it's probably supposed to say **„… in the first place!“**

July 18, 2023

Took mom to MRT – she was so normal and nice and brave, and then she was happy she did it. Curious about the diagnose.

On the way, I met „**480 BU**“ and right after that „**910 EF**“ … the 480 being code for „sound“ our „audio“, meaning „Bob says“ … and of course, then came two „**808**“, but I can't remember the letters.

July 19, 2023 **– The Boat & 222 CC & Firestarters**

Another huge thunderstorm this afternoon, right after I was driving back from a nice walk at lake Saissersee with the boys … and as I got home, again water INSIDE my apartment in front of the „tightly“ closed balcony door. I am so so so so so fucking tired of this shit.

Also, I have an idea for a movie … a theme that burns inside my soul, so to speak. It will be called „Playing with Fire“ or „Fire starter“, „Zündlerinnen“ in German … and it will be a drastic depiction of how wrong the so-called „experts“ in term of psychiatry and counseling are, how careless and how much harm and damage they can cause, and yes, my own story fictionalized. Because according of what psych-„doctors“ and –„experts“ have said about my mother … she would have been either dead or in closed care for years … and I trusted those fuckers. I have been thinking how many thousands of people are wrongly treated because of what those „experts“ tell the relatives and due to all the wrong laws … and oh I want to write a movie that would make a drastic point … I got great ideas in the forest today, must write them down.

The two main fucker in my life who gave me all the wrong „advice“ together with a seemingly demented person in a basement without food or anything, and they depend on that person to tell them how to get out … but she is „demented“. And slowly they figure out that they „know“ this person and that she has something to do with counsel they gave years ago to his daughter … oh my, have I got a story in me …

As I was thinking about what to do and whether or not make certain decisions, also about writing and maybe making this film, channelling all my anger through it, the license plate number „**222 CC**“ came ritht at me! The house of laughter, „Haulani Street 222“, and the „CC“ can mean „copy it“, „make it happen again“, „do it like we did it there“ meaning – **MAKING FILMS AND HAVING FUN AND SATISFACTION but also CREATE IMPORTANT MANA'O.** That is what Bob told me … right after swimming with me this morning. How do I know he was there?

Like the magazine-backpage the other day, telling me **„Bring Aloha into your Life … and discover our water-resistant jewelry inspired by Hawaii“.**

BRINGE ALOHA IN DEIN LEBEN
und entdecke unsere wasserfesten Schmuckstücke
inspiriert von Hawaii. Perfekt für Layering Styles!
Sichere Dir 20 % Rabatt auf

This actually has **special meaning**, now that I think about it: The very first commercial that Bob and I did together, back was about ***„Jessica's Gems“, a jewelry store***, and Jessica said in the commercial, in a very slang-y delivery: „Even though the sentiment begins today, you know that it will last forever.“

Bob and I have always quoted it over and over and over for fun … and in the last days and months, ***I have been saying it too, several times.*** Out loud. And there it is: **JEWELRY in connection with HAWAII. On a magazine in Austria.** Talk about a message.

I drove down to the swimming spot at Auen after having taken the dogs into the forest for a morning round. They had to wait in the car right next to the beach, and I went for a skinny dip.

As I went into the water, it was just like and I mean just like at Baldwin Beach during one of our early morning swims … the feeling of the water, the air, it is even the same geographic direction … and I **flashed back to Maui and being with Bob so hard …**

I swam with my eyes closed and did the „Play me“-Spiel intensely, so I had the strong feeling I could actually share some of my swimming bliss with Bob, but also with Edith and with my brother Peter. Then, as I was swimming backwards with my eyes closed! … I put my hand out and asked Bob to put something in it … and I got a ***„small black and white boat with something geometrical white“***, and as my mind immediately interluded thinking „well there are sailing boards nearby, so …?“ I „saw“ a ***matchbox***.

That boat-impression was very fleeting, and it was strangely flat, and the geometrical triangular white impression was not really a sail, and I didn't „see“ what it was … so I kept swimming backwards with my eyes closed for a bit, in bliss, but suddenly I stopped and looked up – right at a **silent electro boat with a black and white hull!** It presented its ***triangular*** shape to me, ***and it***

was only a few meters away from me – and I had to swim out of the way quickly, because the woman who drove the boat didn't seem to notice me in the water, and I was swimming very far out, actually.

SO BOB HAS SHOWN ME THE BOAT THAT ALREADY WAS APPROACHING, while I was swimming backwards with my eyes closed!

Oh wow, it just works every time.

And the matchbox? Just right now as I was writing this down, I realized that only earlier I had come up, while walking in the forest, with the first raindrops already falling, and the thunder grumbling, with the title of that crazy project: „Firestarters", **in German „Zündler", and this means somebody who plays with <u>matches</u> to set something on fire.**

(not exactly the boat, but a bit similar)

I swear I had no thoughts of this in the morning or yesterday or anytime before … so the „**matchbox**" in my hand signified the title of a project that I would come up with hours later.

There.

We are „working together" … kinda, aren't we?

This inner communication – it always works, giving me „mortal realm" stuff to prove it. I got to share this. As we know, Bob, right: *„Even though the sentiment began long ago, we do know that it will last forever."*

RIGHT? Does the T-Shirt mean anything in this context? Of course, written by a person with poor knowledge of English, as it should say **„… what Bob told you to do in the first place?"**

So what did Bob say in the first place … he would talk a lot about winning in the lottery, and that he knew that I would do it … no, there is something else. And what he had ***„told me in the first place"*** was, that **I was what he had been praying for …**

And when he sang to me when we had just met, he „told me":

PLAY ME.

So now I could „play him" … the filmmaker? Is that is? Is that the encouragement?

I watched a strange movie online last night, „The unbearable weight or massive Talent" about and with Nicolas Cage. It was actually kind of good.

„Dany, you are the most talented person I have ever met." Bob said to me. Often. All the time. Must I use my mojo, my talents – with verve, focused, with full intention, make up my mind finally?

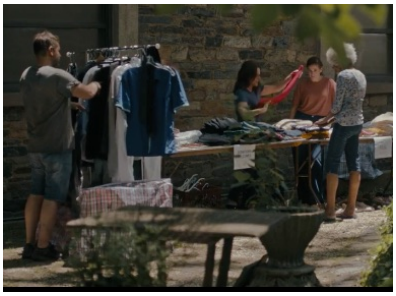
Probably.

I just feel so lonely and weak a lot of times. I miss life with Bob so much. I have said it so often, I try to „get over it", but I can not.

(Later) **The 25 years older sister!**

Oh wow, something just fucking struck me:

On a whim, I waved my neighbor Maria and asked her if she'd join the dogs and me for a short walk up at Aich. And she agreed, so we went together. I learned some details about her rather complicated situation with her husband and son … and she is my age, only 14 days older. She said we should celebrate out 60the birthday together – and I recoiled, because no way in fuckheaven will I be even talking about that birthday. So we chatted about our families, and at some point I said ***„So your sister is 25 years older?"*** She said yes. And now … I chose a random movie, „*You hurt my feelings*" about a novelist, I had no idea that this film even exists … and right at the beginning, a woman is asked if the other woman next to her at a yard sale is her twin … and she says: „**No, she is my 25 years older sister."**



I kid you not. What are the odds? Wait – none!

July 20, 2023 – **The Balloon, 910 DX, 222 BD and PLSX 1!**

Oh my. This morning, I walked into the forest with the two boys, and I had been thinking a bit about the chat with Maria last night … and that I really really don't want to celebrate my 60th birthday in February, and that I must tell her that. And as we entered the forest, there it was: A **white birthday-balloon** with the number „**60**" on it.

I need not explain how that felt, must I?

So then, driving to the lake from my mom's place after walking, shopping and eating with her, I thought so intensely about Bob, and the license plate number „910 DX" came towards me! That was an unusual one! And it struck me very emotionally, and I had not even begun to think about what it could mean, when „222 BD" came towards me! Bob and Dani in the house of laughter, Haulani Street 222. Wow, I thought, this kind of goes together … ***Does „DX" mean that you would like to give me a hug, Bob,*** I thought? and right then I had to give way to a car with the license plate number "**PLSX 1**"! So „***PLEASE ONE HUG***" as „X" is international for „hug"? Or what? That thing reflected EXACTLY what I was thinking that moment! There are no odds. No fucking odds.

This is communication.

It is.

(Later)

I somehow ended up watching „**Edge of Tomorrow**", and I have no idea how that came. But the story touches something in me … how a mastermind, the „***Omega***", can reset a day … about a giant nervous system spreading to overpower mankind … I am supposed to learn something … but what?

July 21, 2023 **– Green Peas**

Horrible show-down with my mom who spilled so much long held-back hatred over me … it was disheartening. Especially after I caught her about to push my dog Jacqui in the back with her foot, the shoes was already lifted over his butt, and he was standing next to a steep shore area at river Drau. My mother is crazy. And that after we received the MRI results, no plaques, nothing to suggest Alzheimer's. My mom is simply crazy. At the same time she can't remember stuff from the day before … but she called me „the same murderer" like a distant relative of ours was. She was so hateful, it made the blood in my veins „freeze". Done. Done forever. This is not my mother. My efforts are over.

Small comfort … took a walk with CH and her lovely brother K, and K and I talked about how good ***green peas*** taste and that they can be eating together with the pod … and I chose to watch „***Jungle Cruise***" online, and in one of the early scenes, the bad guy eats – **green peas**!

Plus the number „61" appeared, after the „60" yesterday.

The movie „Junge Cruise" is full of word-jokes, by the way, just of the kind Bob would have loved!

And, the story is about „***The Tears of the Moon***", all-healing ***petals*** from a magical tree.

I did ask Bob if he was sad to not be with me in my realm anymore, too. And then I watched the movie about the „***tears of the moon***“. And Bob is „the moon“, from the song, in which I am – „the sun“.

Plus, I drove shopping with mom, and as we got out of the car, a truck pulled in right in front of up – presenting a ***dragon***! I felt so assured, as I am a Dragon too, in Chinese Astrology.

July 22, 2023 – **The Dog Trainer, the Medium & JROCK 1**

Oh wow – I am stunned beyond grasp.

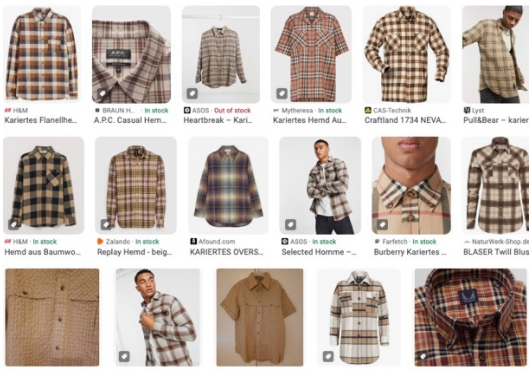
Took a walk with the dogs in the forest, after sleeping in totally, but it's Saturday, and then I drove myself to the lake for a lovely swim. Very few people around – the rain made the lake cooler, so wonderful, but maybe „cold“ for all the ignorants out there.

So I walked towards the lake access, when someone honked behind me – and it took me a while to realize that it was ***Andrea, the dog trainer*** from the dog school Tino had attended earlier this year, who parked and left the car to chat with me.

First it was all about the dogs and about relatives and even my mother – Andrea is a great listener, and then, kind of out of the blue – **she told me that the „dead“ are alive and around, and about a medium (I kid you not) and amazing evidential-experiences,** Paul Meek and another one somewhere in „Liesertal, Striednig or so“, and that she had attended sessions with her sister and had been in close contact with her father and other discarnates.

I did not see that coming. No fucking way.

I did remember right away that I have been „seeing“, in some kind of uncalled vision, **a man with a soft brown-and-beige checkered Flanell shirt** … maybe this relates to her?



<u>But it has been a topic on my mind that I want to get in touch with likeminded people</u>. I had thought about that a lot. Oh wow.

And I did.

It worked. A minute earlier or later and we wouldn't have met.

So she knows the things I know … and she is involved with people who do too. The dog trainer.

The DOG TRAINER. She is a lovely lady.

There are no coincidences.

The communication works. I must „Imua". I was very close to telling her that I also can do what that *Paul Meek* can do … but then, as we were standing there very long, the sun came out, and I got close to fainting, it was about 11 am, and I had not had breakfast and felt very weak. So we had to stop … and I was kind of sorry to have been so short, but I nearly broke down.

And yet …

This is THE meeting that I have been waiting for. The touchpoint that I needed. It came through the most unlikely person … the dog trainer.

I had made a thank-you-card for her in Tino's name after the course … here:

Something funny happened at the beginning of the drive, too:

First, I saw two amazing „222" license plate numbers, one was „**222 FF**", like „continue the house of laughter" … or something. Then, out of the blue, ***I sang a line of a rock-song-lyrics*** … but for the life of my, I can't recall, what it was. I usually don't do this … but I did, and I was surprised myself …

and RIGHT THEN, right then, a car drove by me, with the license plate number „**JROCK 1**“, I kid you not.

So this shut me up right away, that for my mortal apprehension this was intense, even for me. I was so baffled. And then … just a few minutes later, I would talk about how the dead are alive and would learn about a medium I had never known of.

Lastly, yesterday, driving with mom after our huge fight, I encountered „**80808 BX**“ as a license plate … and it struck me as such an intense „BOB“ reference.

July 24, 2023

Doing my best to help mom – but she can barely hold her hatred against me in. It is unbearable.

That said … just now, as I was editing a text about a fancy computer company, I had to think how weird it was that such a IT-genius like my brother Peter had to go that soon … back in the day all IT was at the beginning, and Peter was one of the best. To die at the age of 26.

And I imagined him and tried to „share“ a bit of my lettuce with warm potatoes with him … when I suddenly „plunged“ into a feeling of what his marriage to B. must have been like for a brilliant man like him, and an English sentence formed by itself:

„She brought you down.“

And I repeated it. And I realized suddenly what it means that the greatest minds can be brought down by mean and „small“ people … if the great ones aren't emotionally stable. My brother Peter was an emotional wreck, having had to grow up in the toxic environment that our family was. I have a different „cosmic“ make-up, but Peter … he was soft and sweet and suffered. And died.

He would have been so successful in that field that I am editing texts about …

Oh Pedro Programmo. Oh what a shit life – for him and me and even my mom and dad ….

Keep thinking of that *„Man with the brown-beige-checkered Shirt“* … this kind of inner image keeps coming up, somehow. But not related to asking for it, it just comes.

July 25, 2023

License plate numbers all over the place – relating to Bob's and my story, but barely ever can I photograph one, and the memorizing is a bit hard right now, too …

At some point I looked out of my kitchen window – and saw – BOB. It was a worker with the turquoise trunks Bob would wear so often and about his body type. Oh my. I was startled.

And then: An evening walk to Aich – and the hugest ***thunder clouds*** seemed to greet me from the beyond.

July 27, 2023

A „puka“, a „door“, opened when mom and I took a walk at Rosegg with Jacqui and Tino.

July 28, 2023 – **The Foot-Touching, „Lei“ and the Luck in the Forest**

Oh wow, what a day.

After deep troubles with my mother's growing viciousness, trying to kick and beat Jacqui with her stick, I keep going back to feeling for her … take her for walks, like today to lake Saissersee.

I noticed four (!) cars with license numbers including „**911**“ and three (!) „**910**“ today alone … and one had my initials, and there were others, like „**JO 59**“ (my name and my age)„ and lots of „**222**“ and even more, at least six (!) „**480**“ yesterday and today, and that gave me creepy feelings in the last days … because „911“ and „910“ have to do with drama and death.

This morning, when I took the two dogs for the early walk, I flashed as few times to a big dog coming running and mauling Tino, and I was so horrified, that I weirdly decided to ignore it.

So mom stayed at my place for a snack and waited for me to get some work done while she did some riddles – and then she asked to come with me to the lake. So I swam, she watched, and it was heartbreaking to see her sit there … and while I was in the water, I remembered how often she and I had been at that spot, swimming …

And in the water I was wondering if Bob was closeby … and suddenly, IN THE WATER, ***something touched my foot!***

And as described in previous entries – it was the „running gag“ in the weeks that I was with Bob in summer 2018, that I went swimming and always, every time something touched my foot. And I told Bob every time.

And nothing has ever touched my foot in lake Wörthersee, so I was genuinely surprised shitless, and I said immediately „Something touched my foot!“ – to Bob.

So this evening, I was considering driving up to Aich to walk the dogs, but then I stopped at the little parking spot where I go in the mornings … and I took the straight path. I was relaxed and we were playing, when a couple came with a ***huge white dog***, like a Golden Retriever mixed with a white Swiss Shepherd dog, but much bigger and white, and as we walked by, he freaked out in a very aggressive manner … and the tiny owner, a younger woman, couldn't really hold him and was pulled around. Her young partner just seemed to stand around, not helping her. Tino had been so quiet, but when the other dog got all aggressive, rising and gnarling, of course Tino wanted to reciprocate, but he obeyed pretty well, and we went on – on our round-trail.

Sure enough, just after the highest spot as we turned towards the car again, I saw the couple with the dog coming towards us again at some distance. I decided to step aside a little ways into the brush with Jacqui and Tino, to let them pass. Then I realized, that the dog was free, and they had some trouble getting him on the leash. So I took my dogs a little deeper in the forest, and we stayed quiet, as I was able to keep Tino from barking.

We waited for them to walk by – and just as they did, the dog did some heavy pulling – and got free and ran off, gnarling in a highly aggressive and dangerous manner! Jesus Christ, he did not look to the side – but followed his nose and Tino's tracks! He ran off with such force and the two owners helplessly ran after him – that I was horrified.

If that dog had turned around on the tracks – he would have torn apart Tino and Jacqui and mabye me, too. So we remained motionless for a few moments, then Tino got free – ready to take on that huge dog. Luckily he obeyed when I ordered him to stop. So then – the question was, what to do. Since the dog was following the tracks on the round-trail, we would inevitably meet again – if his owners couldn't catch him. He did not obey at all – so I thought that this dog would be tracking Tino at full speed and end up right there where we were heading. So we could not just wait …

… and my dogs and I ran for our lives towards our car, and I could only hope that the dog would not turn around or be so fast that he would come towards us soon. I threw some treats behind us to slow him down if he should come after us and sprayed the trail with pepper spray. And we did reach the car … and I was so so relieved. The dogs were so obedient and stayed right with me – otherwise we could not have been so fast. I grabbed a big stick too and imagined how I would defend us in case. I could not let Tino from the leash if I was going to try and hit that other dog in the face … oh what shit thoughts.

Oh what a true vision in the morning.

And we made it out of it … unharmed. This was a dangerous, crazy dog – and his owners could NOT FUCKING HOLD HIM AT ALL, and he did NOT OBEY. This can not remain unanswered. But I certainly am afraid to go around the area now. As soon as I'll see them again, I will tell them that the dog must wear a muzzle.

What this experience taught me, though, is, if some experience is meant for you – exactly your attempt to detour might lead you exactly to the fulfillment of that vision of that experience. This happened. I deviated from my intended evening-walk route – and THERE we met that crazy fuck dog.

We were so lucky … I am not even sure why we got away.

But we did.

(Funny, just as I am writing this, I am watching Bob's favorite show „Justified" with Timothy Olyphant, a new season, and two characters just talked about the Egyptian God Ra … and something about „fuck him", an evil person, that is, in the „immortal realm".)

Something else: Going shopping with mom, I came across a car with the license plate number „**LEI 1**". It is actual Carinthian dialect, meaning „only / just one", in the sense of that Carinthia is unique, the whole phrase being „Karntn is lei ans". BUT: The car is not from Carinthia, recognizable by the „IL" for a town that is not in Carinthia!

But a „Lei" is also a flower wreath in Hawaii! And my Hawaiian name is „Kaleilauhoku", and Papa Kepelino told me long ago, that this might refer to the „Kupuna in Po", or rather, their „Aumakua", the ancestors, who are watching over me, the name meaning ***„Wreath of many Stars", and stars is synonymous with ancestors, in his Hawaii tradition.***

So ... fits to the total „good luck" in the forest today. Mahalo e na kupuna in ka Po a me na Aumakua.

July 29, 2023

Gave myself 1,5 hours at the lake this morning – it was pure bliss! The wind was strong, and the lake was not too warm – and had wild waves! With my eyes closed, I „was" in the Pacific on Maui … and the best thing: A man with exactly Bob's body type and height came, Bob's kind of tan, resembled Bob – and wore exactly the swim trunks Bob loves so much, the deep turquoise ones! When I closed my eyes a bit – it was Bob there! At the wild „ocean" … the wind … oh fuck.

The mountains looking like volcanoes were „smoking", too, so literally, that I had to laugh out loud in the water, distinct smoke stacks „emanating" from the volcano craters … and we have several summits in the Karawanken that do look like volcano summits.

Amazing license plate numbers, starting with „**910 FF**“ and „**910 EO**“ and then, seriously, right as I was so closely in thoughts about Bob: „BS 1“. Bob Stone the one! Oh yes.

I told my mother today that I feel that I do have a partner – he only has not a body anymore.

I baked a „Marmorkuchen“ today – and it turned out totally dry, but it was the first I ever made in my life.

Last night watching the series Bob liked so much, I fell so sad.

And in the middle of the night, when Tino came to my bed and gazed at me „I must out!“ and I took him outside, and he only sniffed around, no need to „go“ at all – I got so angry, that I had to take all my willpower to self-discipline and not do something to the little sucker. But I did drag him up the stairs so fast he could barely follow and threw him out on the balcony, to shit there. He did not. I put him into his dog bed, harshly, I must admit, and he did not dare to move the whole night.

So we slept until after eight! So suddenly no more „must go out“?

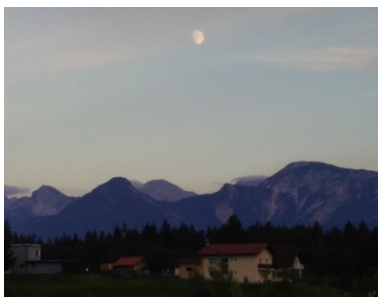
This morning I remembered how angry I had gotten again in the night against my good intentions and self-promises … and I decided I really must do something against that. It is not healthy. And the dogs don't deserve the stress. They are nothing but sweet.

I took them in the forest again at noon before I got mom to take a nice walk with her in Velden at the arts and crafts market. I bought myself a **ring**, spontaneously, he appealed to me from afar … symbolizing the ocean and the Hawaiian islands … And I got the pouches I have been wanting, and I also bought two wonderful natural handmade soaps, one with lavender, one something fruiting spicy.

Then I took mom for late lunch at a restaurant, but she was disappointed about the dish, and she insisted on paying. I had intended to pay. She was quite normal, we did not fight … she is very forgetful, that is clear. But well, she is going to be eighty.

We drove by my father's place … the garden is overgrown … so heartbreaking.

A walk at Aich brought me … **the moon.**



(Later)

Wondering what to watch online, I decided to start season 1 of ***„Mary Kills People“,*** a genius story about requested help to die … I want to call it that. So I realized that I do know the season, – and also that I mistakenly was watching episode 6, and I was about to switch it off, and just then, the main character said to a suicidal young girl: **„This life is a gift … and we must fight like hell for it – every day.“**

Okay. Got it.

(Later)
Watched some ***„Law & Order: Special Victim's Unit"*** … then thought, okay, something funny before bed, and I found John Mulaney, the comedian – RANDOMLY, I googled „John Standup Comedian"! – and picked a random video, and the first joke of a compilation was about – ***„Law and Order",*** his favorite show!
Wow. So a few minute into the compilation – he even talks about ***„Law & Order: Special Victim's Unit"!*** And what gross stuff is being said there, but not „fuck" as a curse!

<u>July 31, 2023</u> **– The Man with the brown-beige-checkered Shirt!**
Caught my mom sneaking a wine bottle among her shoppings … right after being her nasty self again during a walk … I can't do this anymore.
I took the dogs to a nice forest walk in the late afternoon – trying to clear my head, barely succeeding, … and as I drove down the hill back home, I was stunned shitless, as I saw the most unlikely and almost surreal, fairy-tale-like view:
In the middle of a golden corn-field that was lit by a late-afternoon-sun, came a man walking wearing THAT brown-beige-checkered Flanell-shirt that I had been seeing in those uncalled „visions" in the last week, along with a short leather pants and a gray Felt hat, and he was carrying a scythe and a rake over his shoulders. He was slowly walking up the hill, right towards the street – and looking directly at me.
I wasn't even sure if that was real … that is how strange it looked. Noone else around, only that man with the shirt I have been seeing on some man in my vision so many times! Wow!
So does this mean – death – in some way?

(Here is the real spot at Aich, Velden)

August 1, 2018 **– Hulihuli Moon!**

Oh my. I can't believe this shit.

Last night I made myself to open my film-works-related email-account – and I saw, that already on July 11 the big German filmproduction company who I had contacted pitching my works, had responded REQUESTING two of my Hawaii scripts, „Hulihuli Moon" and „Flippers"! Jesus Christ! What would they think that I didn't respond! Fuck it all.

Of course I sent them the materials … I just fucking can't believe it.

There were tons and tons of car license plates with „910", „911", „222", „808" and „480" – pretty much one after the other! Strangely, I did think of opening that email account (Lunawaifilms2021) several times – but did NOT!

Just today, came „**S 808 RV**" right at me as I drove for a swim … and „**222 FF**" I saw several times – „continue what you did in the house of laughter", this means, als „FF" stands in German for „fortfahrend", meaning „continuing".

Oh my.

Will this still bring what I desire the most?

„Hulihuli Moon" means time of searching. Well – no shit.

August 2, 2023

Walking with my two friends … every day, gives me a special kind of purpose.

August 3, 2023 – **Isidor, the Stone-Islands & the Spot-On!**

Oh wow.

Walk with J and T in the morning, thunderstorm atmosphere … and suddenly I felt compelled to stop walking, and I just stood quietly in the forest, looked around and asked out loud: ***„Am I supposed to communicate more?"*** I put out my hand, and something odd appeared, a mix of white and yellow and liquid, like flour and egg and sour cream … and the word „***Mehlsuppe***" came to my mind, and that was what it was: As a very very small child I had been brought into my great-grandfathers room, and I had to eat a few spoonfuls of „Mehlsuppe" with him, „flour soup"; I distinctly recall the taste … and I said out loud his name „Isidor Achatschitz" and „Mehlsuppe".

And just then, as I looked into the dark forst ground – right in front of my eyes, bright sun spots appeared on the foliage and the tree trunks, ***as if someone had switched a spot on***, like in movie-making.

This was so distinct, that I stood there with a big „Wow!“ on my lips. I photographed the sunspots right there, and because the went away right away again, I could photograph the „after“ that has to stand in for the „before“.

It was a magical moment.

It was. The response was so direct and fast and clear.

But then … I had the thoughts in my mind that itwas not about communicating with „them“ more, but about – trusting. „I must trust more?“ I asked Bob.

I guess.

But trust in what?

Last night, Jacqui was almost run over by a car – I don't want to describe it because I don't want to give power to that horrible event. Kimba was run over by a car on August 7, 2001.

I managed to save Jacqui – and it was not my fault, as the speeding car was likely an e-car, and there was no way to see it coming … but I could have parked the other way around and let the dogs get out of the car away from the street … but then, on this street, very few cars go at that time of day anyway. The driver must have been drunk.

Anyway.

I hope for the best.

The Spot-On seems to have to do with movie-making which is strongly on my mind.

That big German company, Pantaleon, to who I pitched in late June, had already answered on July 11 asking for „Hulihuli Moon“ and „Flippers“, and I only looked into that email three weeks later.

Oh fuck it. I hope I didn't destroy my chances.

It is a strange time.

My mom is so confused and seems to age rapidly --- but so do I.

I have a spot on my chest that is developing into something like a wart or a mole … and that is what Bob had and that became the tumor that killed him. I am treating it with Melissa extract. Antiviral.

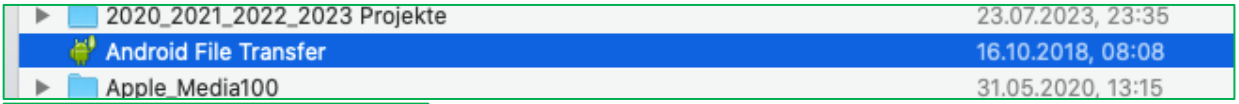
Swimming at my favorite place … a solitary ***unicorn*** is floating in my sight … Kind of comforting. Found a soft blue ball, weird.

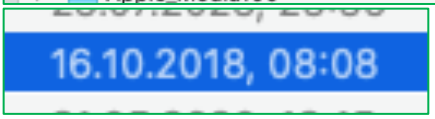
Found some flower-stars and a bead …

August 8, 2023 – **The „BOB“-date from 2018!**

Wow. Strange.

I got the app „**Android File Transfer**“ installed by my internet-laptop fixer … and when it appeared in the system folder, the creation date was „**October 16, 2018**“, at **8.08**, am or pm, don’t know. So wow … a few weeks before Bob’s death. But I got the phone that requires that app to download images only in 2020. So …?



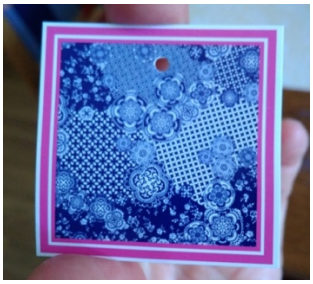


August 9, 2023 – **The Venus Rose from 2020 to 2028**

My client the astrologer sent me a text to edit today – about the **„Venus Rose!“** Wow, I had never heard of that before: *On her „way“ across the „sky“ Venus forms a pattern that exactly depicts the petals of a flower.* And this „**Rose**“ is completed after **eight** years. **The current one started in 2020 – when Edith died and everything changed for me with my mother and my father!** And I moved here, into this place**!** Wow! 2020! And that is the year another Venus Rose started! How amazing is that?

It's all about **love and connection and developing one's heart** and using its power … wow, no shit! So 2028 will be marking the ultimate change again – and I hope, in a good way!

Okay, and now it makes sense why I was attracted to that strange flower-pattern card on July 15:



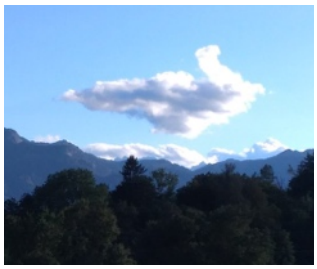
Found the little pendant in front of my mom's apartment. And wow – I saw a car with an image that I just had to photograph … stones on the water.

<u>August 10, 2023</u> **– The Duck and the Fires**

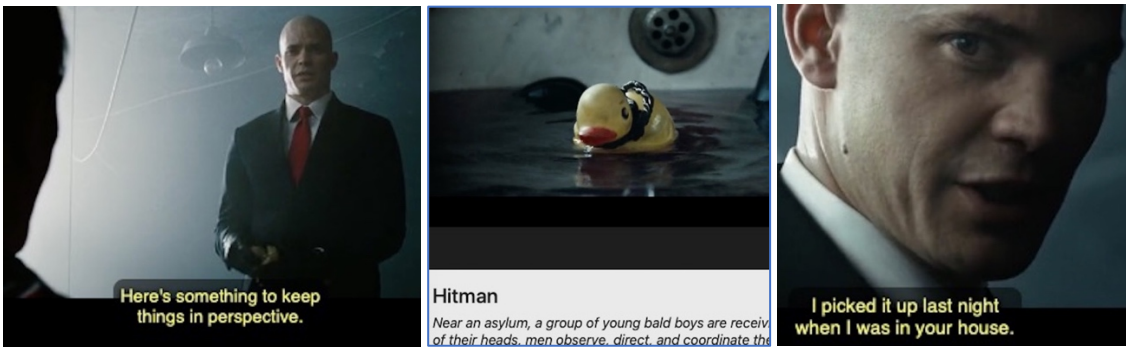
Oh so many telling car license plates – ALL Maui-related, today, for example, „480 BS" and „808 ES", like „Bob is talking" and „Bob is / this is Bob speaking" , and just so so so many in the last days, all „222" and „422" and „910"!

I have been so heartbroken … can't help but think back five years, when I arrived on Maui on August 7 to find Bob a dying man.

I had an amazing synchronicity with a **duck** that I had brought to Aich to play with for the dogs, never did that before, and a „**duck**" appeared in the sky …



And then, I watched ***„Justified: City Primeval",*** a series Bob would have loved as he loves Timothy Olyphant's „Justified" – and there it was: *„Raylan Givens"* presents a bad guy for no fucking reason at all – with a **duck**!


Here's something to keep things in perspective.
Hitman
Near an asylum, a group of young bald boys are receiv
of their heads, men observe, direct, and coordinate the
I picked it up last night when I was in your house.

And wow – yesterday I went through images, finally, to put them into this contact diary, and I came across the imagery of „fire in the sky“ … just amazing, on July 10, 2023.

And today, I found out that there were devastating **wildfires on Maui** just yesterday! Wow!

People died even! But I remember ALWAYS being fires in the summer, even wildfires, because people are careless and stupid, also in terms of making preparations for such events.

It was horrible in Lahaina, as the news tell, but then, strong winds, fire … it is Hawaii, for fuck's sake, these things have always happened.

I feel even more heartbroken … also because I have just so big hopes that my Hawaii-feature „Hulihuli Moon“ will be picked up by Pantaleon films. I can only pray.

Talked with the Hungarian caretaker today who is spending time now with my mother … whose memory is failing so much so often now but who is fine otherwise. She seems nice enough, the caretaker.

Took a walk with Martina and her dog Benny and my Tino last night in Rosegg, it was lovely to see another face.

Oh Maui, oh longing … oh Bob, how can I live on with you?

On the anniversary of meeting Walter after that long time, August 7, 2022 … I texted him how disappointed I am about his silence and that I felt disrespected and am not waiting anymore. Promptly, he called me three times. I wrote again – „pau“, finish, no want anymore.

I don't even really know what I want.

And now the Maui fires … wow, historic Lahaina, Willie K's home … gone baby gone.

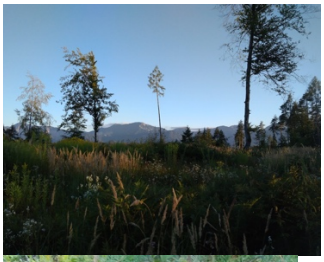
August 11, 2023

Felt the urge to connect with my **father** somehow, so I took the books I had gotten from a phone booth library and that I thought he'd like to read, and put them wrapped in plastic on Edith's grave. It will hopefully get him to think or react … maybe he'll be furious. I don't care. I have to be true to myself. Funnily, right one

Funny detail: On the next grave over – **an open book made of stone**. Huh. It reads: „Memories that touch our hearts, are never lost.“ Kind of a fun addition to the ***„Heart of Stone“*** movie title.

I did think of Edith and the other disca when I spotted an immensely beautiful thistle plant today …

Sometimes it's really hart that I cannot share with anything all these things … that I write down here. Strange thing: Took a walk with the boys in the forest on that new path I recently discovered – and went to the favorite spot I had discovered, some clearing where the dogs an I sit and just listen into the forest. And just there – nowhere else! – was a bunch of *egg mushrooms*!



August 12, 2023 – **The Song about the Sun & the Golden Artwork**

Treated myself to two hours of lake and sunshine – I had been craving lying in the sun for weeks.

So I drive off and switch on the radio – and there it was: The refrain of a song, going like this: ***„I 've been waiting for the sunshine … it's been a long time, I've got an appetite …"***

No shit. There are no such coincidences.

Then, a car with „**808 DR**" drove by, and with „**LARA 1**", and „**Lara**" is the name of ***Martina's granddaughter***, and she has told ee about her intensely at our meeting the day before yesterday, and I have even told my mother about Lara. So there she was.

And today I asked Bob to put something in my hand it he is here … as I had a full crying breakdown, being so intensely „on Maui" and realizing that he is gone baby gone.

I got something like a **litte ornamented golden box or thing, well, yes, a box, like a match-box, but can't tell the size, in my view it was sitting on the palm of my hand for, just pure gold with ornaments or structures on the side** … Go figure.

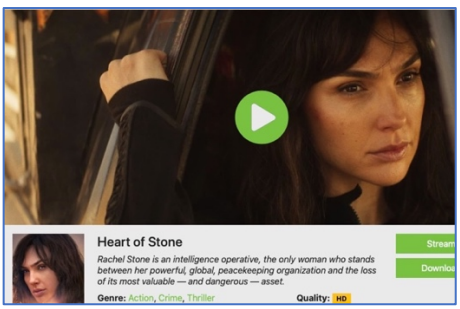
(Funny to find something so similar on Google.)

(Later)

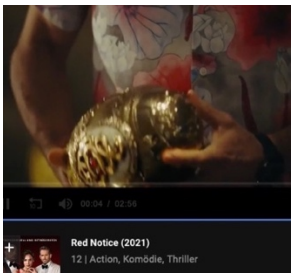
Oh my God, it appeared! The golden art-think with the ornaments!

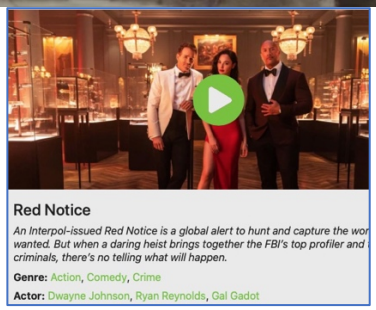
I came back from a late afternoon walk in the forest with the dogs, and I am totally tired, so I sat down to watch the part 2 of the Matthias Schweighöfer action series „You Are Wanted", as I would like to work with him in the future and must see this film.

Somehow, the movie „**Red Notice**" was advertised on the side, and I clicked on it, because it is with Gal Gadot, who I like, and I have a note on my movies to watch list to watch her movie **„Heart of Stone".**


Heart of Stone
Rachel Stone is an intelligence operative, the only woman who stands between her powerful, global, peacekeeping organization and the loss of its most valuable — and dangerous — asset.
Genre: Action, Crime, Thriller
Quality: HD

Yup. Heart of Stone. I can hear Stoneman cackle. In the forest I tried a real and continuous conversation with him about I have people in my life who reject me and have abandoned me, like my mother, my father, even my „friend“ Elisabeth and – Bob. And then my thoughts were all over the place … but right on my favorite spot, I found yellow egg mushrooms.
So right in the trailer of **„Red Notice“** – **THE GOLDEN ORNAMENTED ART-THING SHOWED UP!**

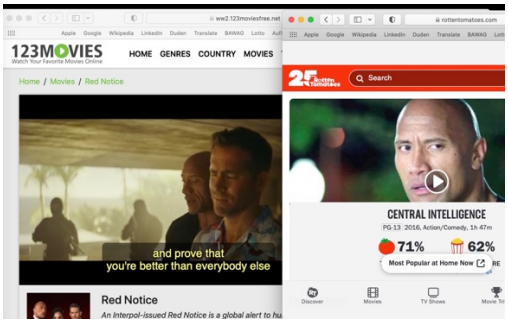



Red Notice
An Interpol-issued Red Notice is a global alert to hunt and capture the wor
wanted. But when a daring heist brings together the FBI's top profiler and
criminals, there's no telling what will happen.
Genre: Action, Comedy, Crime
Actor: Dwayne Johnson, Ryan Reynolds, Gal Gadot

Was that „the box“ on my hand? It sure feels like it … there is the gold and the ornaments. Just the shape …?

O MY GOD!

The name „Bob Stone“ just appeared! I clicked to read a review of „Red Notice“, and I saw a thumbnail row of movie titles, and one of them looked like Dwayne Johnson was in it too, like in Red Notice … and I clicked on it, and it's called „Central Intelligence“ … and here is what showed up:



Accountant Calvin Joyner's life changes drastically after Bob Stone, his old classmate from high school, drags him into a dubious covert operation.

Release date: June 10, 2016 (USA)

Director: Rawson Marshall Thurber

Budget: 50 million USD

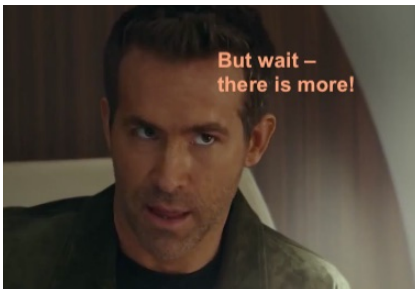
BOB STONE.

Yes, Dwayne is in it. And he plays BOB STONE. In „Central Intelligence".

Oh Jesus Christ – via that „golden thing with ornaments" that he put on my hand he lead me to his very name.

(Later) ***„But wait – there is more!"***

Watching the movie … mildly funny, but it just happened – something, that Bob used to say all the time, presented by Ryan Reynolds: ***„But wait – there is more!"*** Everytime I told him something and then said something like „But I have another idea …"



Oh Bob. Miss you so much. And just because of this I am getting all this „Bob"-stuff, even his name? Because I had that meltdown today, crying over losing him?

Is this supposed to give me motivation to „imua"?

With films?

This is good, isn't it? I'm … just breathless right now. And a little numb.

Asked Bob to hug me. As a disca. Now.

<u>THE GOLD BOX APPEARED!</u>

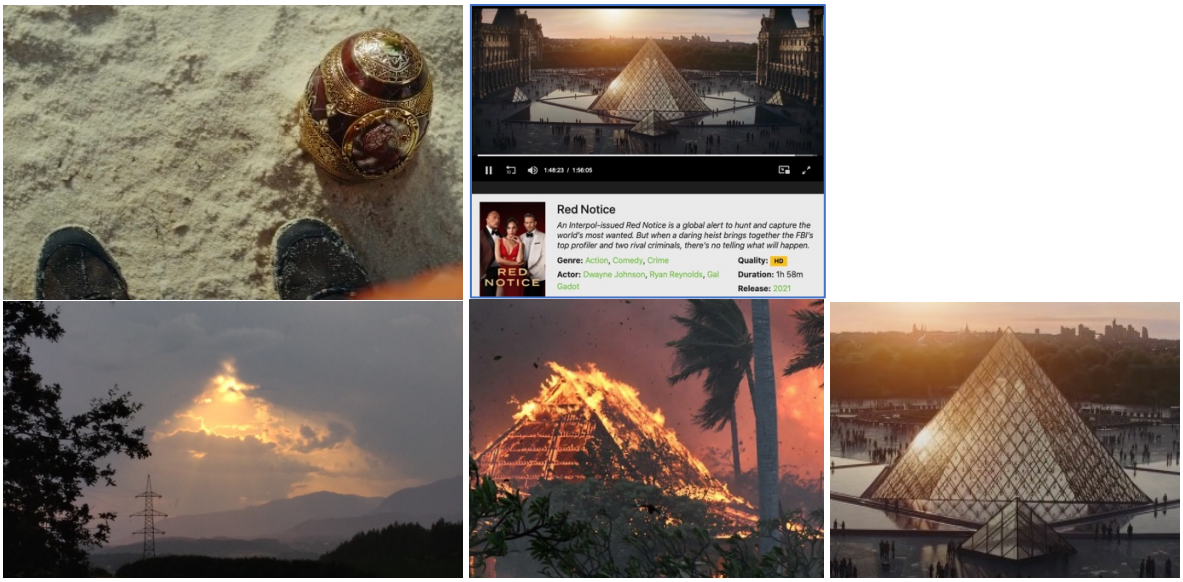
It was a box – and it is right here, in the movie … it CONTAINS the golden eggs! There is an actual golden box with ornaments – and Bob put it on the palm of my hand earlier when I asked him to prove that he is here and alive and with me ….

It works. Everytime.
We are in connection, Bob and I. He is right here.
So I am in the right place in my mortal life – because I had no idea I was going to watch this movie just a few hours earlier, didn't even know it exists. And yet … the golden box manifested in it.

Okay, movie almost over – and here, now I am fully stunned: ***It was an actual box with golden ornaments that Bob gave into my hand and that I saw in my mind*** – it showed up in the movie, too. Just … amazing. The veil between the dimensions is very thin, indeed, if one opens one's mind to the possibility.

There is even a version of ***„Toes in the Sand" WITH THE GOLDEN EGG!***

And: The final shot – a pyramide*. Like the one burning on Maui and the one in the sky.*

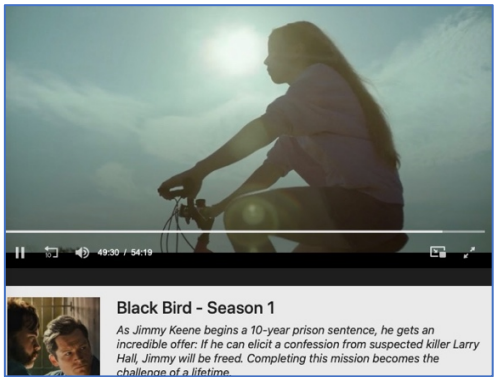

Red Notice
An Interpol-issued Red Notice is a global alert to hunt and capture the world's most wanted. But when a daring heist brings together the FBI's top profiler and two rival criminals, there's no telling what will happen.
Genre: Action, Comedy, Crime
Actor: Dwayne Johnson, Ryan Reynolds, Gal Gadot
Quality: HD
Duration: 1h 58m
Release: 2021
RED NOTICE

August 13, 2023 **– You Can Die, But You Can't „Unlive"**

A character in the fascinating series „Black Bird", a murdered girl, says in a voice over, that she lived so and so many days, and „All that time was mine". And then:

„You can die, but you can't unlive. I lived." And then they show backflashes of her life. Oh wow. Powerful. The series is about a serial killer. Thinking about how many are out there, right now.

And even more powerful: The ending shot of the penultimate episode of the guy who was sent to prison to befriend the serial killer to get him to tell him where he buried the bodies of the many girls he killed … crying, because of what the monster had told him and how helpless this made him feel …


49:30 / 54:19
Black Bird - Season 1
As Jimmy Keene begins a 10-year prison sentence, he gets an incredible offer: If he can elicit a confession from suspected killer Larry Hall, Jimmy will be freed. Completing this mission becomes the challenge of a lifetime.

August 13, 2023, Sunday **– The Eclat & the Mom-Miracle**

Trying not to think back 5 years … every small thought of Bob cuts right through everything I am, and I could vomit an cry.

Interestingly, Google today has an image *that spontaneously reminded me of the **flowers*** my mom has been admiring on our walks recently, in Rosegg. Just the fact that there were flowers on the Google logo, kind of startled me and got my attention. Similar, not the same, still, startling.

Also, found one single glove in the forest – „High five“, right? But for what?

Also: I again experienced a major learning lesson – by my neighbor, a very strange family of three, in a tiny apartment, all heavily overweight, none working, the father on the balcony day and night smoking. He asked me to drive him to Villach to pick up a sparepart for his car. I found it odd, because there are busses and surely relatives … but I said ok, as I didn't mind going, wanting to buy stuff in Villach, too.

So yesterday the wife came again, gave me a 50 Euro gasoline voucher, and when I said that this was too much, I couldn't possibly accept it, she said that they were planning „use my services“ again. Holy shit! I was so shocked that I couldn't respond – especially when she told me that her husband wanted me to drive him to see his ailing mother – in another county, two hours drive!

Was stunned shitless and even half-heartely say, sure, let's see if I can find the time.

So I spent a sleepless night and watched the entire series of „Black Bird“, about Jim Keene … But then, at 3.30 am, I could not sleep. My heart was pounding, and I felt nauseous – no way I will let myself be used like that. ***What are those people thinking?*** Who am I to drive strangers around, why are they expecting me to? Because I was too nice. Give them a pinkie, and they take your whole hand. Fuck them. So I wrote them a text right away, to get it our of my system and be able to calm down – ***that I won't and can't do it.*** No interest driving a route I don't know, no time, just no way …

why the fuck would I? There are trains … and then it dawned on my, that exactly tbecause the guy is a heavy smoker, he cannot go public transport! Fuck – I felt so almost taken advantage of!

I found two pieces of ***cake*** at my door today, by my direct neighbor with who I am going to do some dentist-trips in August and September, gladly so*. (Note: It would take until October …)*

And here comes the brilliant part of it:

I called my mom that I wouldn't visit her today, urgently needing some time off – and then I told her about the above: And she responded exactly in the way I would have wished for, she went all into it and found all the right words!

My mother! Who normally doesn't even get a word out when being with me, no interest in chatting, no thoughts, no topics … She was caring and understanding and sweet, and suggested rubbing my temples against my headache. It was so so so sweet.

So maybe this is what it all was about:

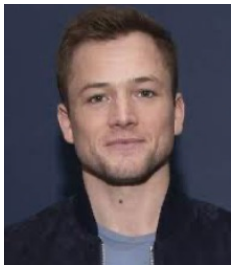
My, being able to say „No!", and me experiencing that my mom is actually of quite sound mind, behind all her forgetfulness.

So what a learning.

That said … I put a special mix of Bachflowers in her drinking water yesterday. And like always – she immediately changes, to the better, is clear and nice. So I think, it is not dementia, is a form of depression that somethings makes her so confused and angry.

I will appreciate her from now on and never lash out again out of my own frustration.

I have the feeling I have learned an immensely **precious lesson**. I also asked myself why I binge-watched that prison-series ***„Black Bird".*** First, looking at the *face of that actor, Taran Egerton*, gave me pleasure.



There is something about his face that is so genuine and fresh and attractive. And the series was about the pure evilness of humans. Some humans are evil and will never see it that way. And talk about the fucked up ideas of fairness and human rights on this planet: The prison psychologist was worried of that murderer-monster's mental health and ready to lash out on a perfectly nice normal guy. This is fucked up. And the fucktest up part: That real life murderer took many many many lives, and he never shared what he did with the bodies – torturing the families. Something shifted inside of me after watching this, a true story.

So my life will go on differently from now on. **My Venus Rose is blooming.** *(Got the term from my client, a professional astrologer.)*

(Found a series that attracts me, „Flowers“, about mental illness the the inability to overcome it.)

August 14, 2023

„When the Ko tassels …“ was a Hawaiian saying that was constantly on my mind as soon as I had come across it. It's November, when the Ko tassels, when the sugar cane flowers, and that's when Bob died. ***I keep seeing such „tassels“ in the forest*** in the area I just recently discovered … of course it's not sugar cane, just some other grass … but it's striking …

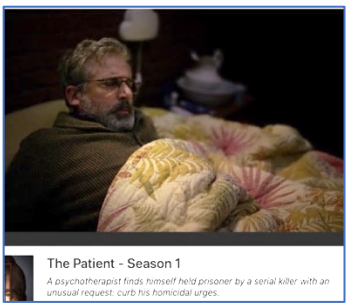
I've been thinking that this kind of „foreboding“ – *the fascination with that one proverb and the time of year that goes with it* – that of course I could not recognize as such, was, in effect, a means of comfort, later, when Bob had passed over. It shows to me that **we are so tightly connected with the „afterlife“, that nearly anything that gains importance in one's life does have meaning** – to use and get wisdom and comfort out of, later, when we are dealing with the fact of a loved one's death.

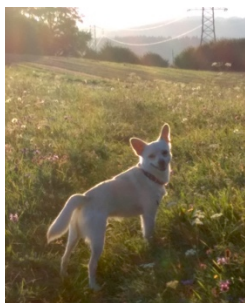
The August mood pains me so much … I could not put it in words as it has so many levels. It was the final time I spent with Bob … and it seems like it yesterday. Swimming in the lake does help, but even while swimming sometimes it feels like I am sinking and sinking …

The feeling of being with Bob is so present sometimes, that the mortal realization that he is gone, is even the more painful.

So that means that only strong minds with stable emotional interior can deal with after-death-communication. *(Got to put this in the beginning.)*

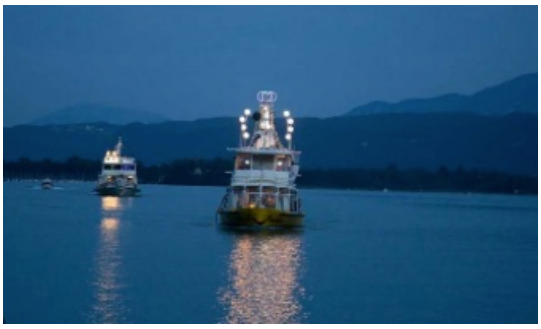
Started watching a thriller, „The Patient“, about a psychiatrist … and the first shot of him is wrapped in a ***quilt***. Haven't thought about quilts for a long time … such a big part of the Hawaiian culture.


The Patient - Season 1
A psychotherapist finds himself held prisoner by a serial killer with an unusual request: curb his homicidal urges.



August 15, 2023, Tuesday **– The Tree Encounters, the Turquoise Stone & the Flowers**

It's a holiday. A special one: Sixty years ago, my mother met my father at the „Marienschiffsprozession" (literally Sacred Mother Mary Ship Procession, a statue of Mary, mother of Jesus, is transported across the lake on a boat and makes station at various places) at Velden on Lake Wörthersee, and then they had me. Gonna ask my mother for details tomorrow.



Oh my, the ***first orange leaves*** … and it's mid August … (and no, I am NOT thinking of August five years ago … fighting the memories).

Went for a sunbath and some swimming at the **nudist camping ground at lake Keutschachersee**. It was fun and strange, the lake water is brown because of the underground, maybe mud … and just naked folks everywhere … kind of odd, but fun, walking buttnaked across the lawn, observed by total strangers.

And I saw the **flowers like depicted on the Google logo!**
Yes, right there at the reception was again that ***flower*** … that appeared on „Google" even … JUST when I was dealing with that kind of flower in my mind.

Mom had her caretaker visit, and I had a day off. Will have to verify if what she told me about what they did today is actually true.

Later took the dogs into the forest to hopefully find some mushrooms, which I did. I took a new route just guessing, orienting myself after the setting sun … I did totally find a small path I intended to find, and I was very proud of myself and patted my back, asking Bob if he had seen me, the pathfinder.

Right then, I came across an area that was horribly damaged by the storms of the past weeks … really a battle field … and it offered just amazing encounters with the trees lying there … the peace, just the dogs and me and the fallen trees … the sun, the warm air, the smells … There was the view of the **„blood" of the trees** and of the strength and massiveness of the bare wood … the scent … wow, I was so fascinated. The earth … the roots … strangely, there were tiny green shards in the soil that used to be under the tree.

And then I saw it: **A turquoise stone** in the soil UNDER a tree that was uprooted.

So I took it and washed it, back home, it so made me think of Bob, again, and his favorite color, „teal".

(Later)

I was really looking forward to watching something cool online, and I tried some stuff, but nothing for me. So I thought about that movie „**Wanderlust**", suddenly, *that I had watched many years ago* … about a Hippie commune, reminding me so much of „Taylor Camp", that project that killed Bob – and *one of the first shots of an inhabitant of that commune featured* – **a turquoise stone** around her neck. ***On the day that I found a turquoise stone!***

Wanderlust
Wanderlust tells the bizarre holiday of lovers George and Linda. Leaving behind the pressure from the bustling life of the big city they seek Resort in a distant rural areas. Here life does not seem to have any rules other than its own laws ... erected by. Was here they will find a way to settle all your problems?
WANDERLUST

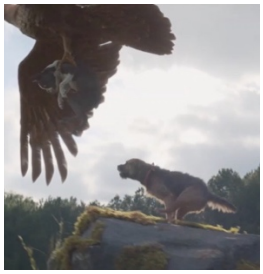
That was no coincidence.

(Later)
„Wanderlust" is from 2002, when I met Bob … and it is about a hippie commune, like the one in Taylor Camp, so I cannot bear watching it. But Bob knew that, didn't you? That's why ***the turquoise stone*** at the beginning.
I guess I'm gonna watch a fucking thriller instead.

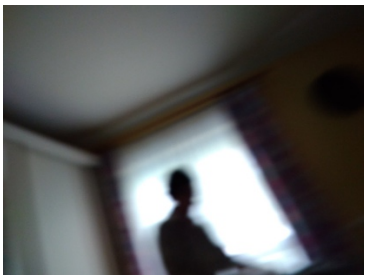
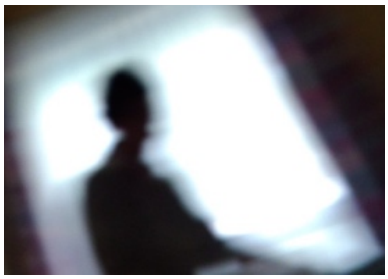
Watched „The Act" and „Mommy Dearest", the story of Gypsy Rose Blanchard last night … motherfucking truth, that some mortals are evil beasts. No equality among human mortals, none.

(Later)
Well, watching the gay love-story „Red, White & Royal Blue" … and seeing how in love those two guys are and how they touch each other, I realized something:
Never will I ever love anyone again like I did Bob … touching him, wanting to be touched by him, cuddling with him, being close. This part of my mortal existence is ***over***. But I had the experience and am grateful.

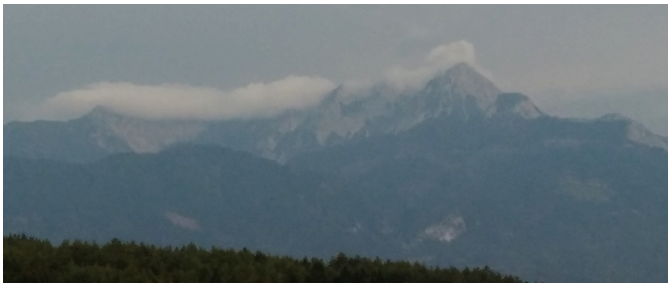
August 16, 2023 – **The Flying Dog**
OMG!
I have been telling a few people how *Tino one da y nearly got* ***snatched by a Buzzard*** *(buteo buteo) in the forest* … and just now I watched the trailer for „**Strays**", and there is that scene! But with a dog that looks like the one (a Boston Terrier) of the new crazy hungarian neighbor, Shakespeare (the dog's name)! WOW!



Came across this strange *image* when I went through my photographs … supposed to be my mother, or? Doesn't look like her. **I have no idea who that is?!** And I found in the forest and ate a „bear's claw".

August 17, 2023
Volcano view …



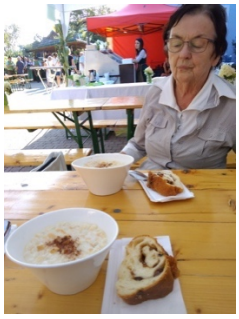
August 20, 2023 Sunday **– Aloha to me & ROB, AICH, 910 FL & more**

Crazy days, my laptop acting up – Cursor does, what it wants, can't be controlled! – right now it works, got it fixed, new battery, but back home, watching a movie, same problem came back yesterday.

I am at my wit's end with mom, took her to lake Hafnersee and a folk-event yesterday … she liked it, but she will lash out at me at the slightest opportunity if I dare say something about her unwashed hair … she confabulates all the time, lies, and she threw away the apricot strudel I made, and claimed she ate it, wrapping herself in lies. It is heartbreaking and infuriating at the same time.

No more. I cannot. Doctor visit this coming week. Laptop fixing, too.

Yesterday, though, the word „**ALOHA**" appeared twice in my direct environment, ***first on a car***, and of course I photographed it, and then, at the folk event, ***on a young girl's T-Shirt***, I was baffled. Oh shit I need aloha, big time, a lot.



I feel for my mom when she appears so helpless and fragile, but my contempt is swelling to suffocate me when she lashes out on me without reason … or when she sits at my table eating food I made for her, and she can't even contain her resentment … still, I feel for her. I took her to a fair the other day, and she enjoyed the traditional soup!

Took Jacqui alone to lake Hafnersee this morning, for him to swim and for me. Wonderful water. Clear. Dark underground. This will be a wonderful fall-swimming ground.

Amazing license plate numbers … the day before yesterday, as I drove to Villach with my broken laptop: „**480 FK**", means „I say fuck" spoken by Bob, as „**480**" is the code for „sound" for us. Right after that came „**ROB 1**", and right after that, „**AICH 1**" … so Bob and the place where I always go with the dogs, Aich …

And a little later, driving back home from shopping with mom, „**S I 222**", that was very strange.

And many amazing ones, like **„910 FL",** so Bob's famous „**910**" and instead of his „MEA" in the front, my „**FL**" in the end.

Oh wow.

I would like to put all the still missing pics into this CD and finish it, but I am right now testing how long this laptop holds out before the cursor will start doing its own thing again. It is so strange … looking at the screen and seeing the **cursor open windows on its own, documents, websites … it kind of feels like „automatic writing", like on a Ouija Board, with a Planquette …** Oh yes, I have thought about doing this a lot in the last weeks …

So did I manifest the „malfunction" of my cursor – that is exactly doing what it wants, like „used by an invisible force"?

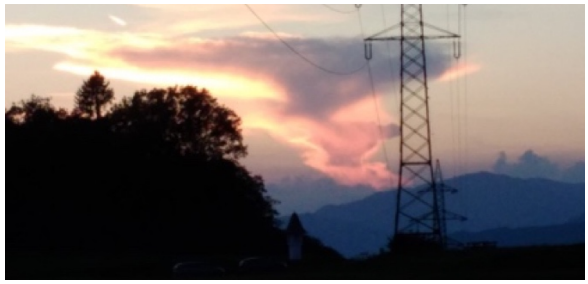
That would be something.

(Later)

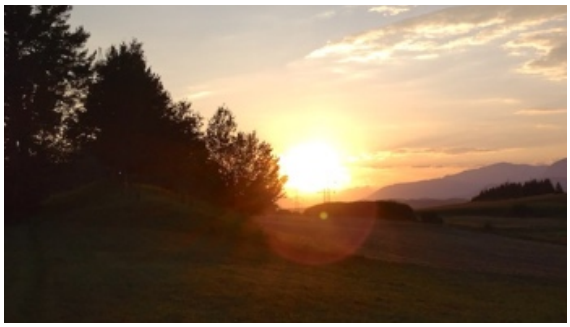
Somehow, I clicked the trailer of **„Reservation Dogs"** … and lo and behold: It is a comedy playing in the Native American milieu … and part of the story is – ***a spirit.*** So cool! He appears to one of the guys, and he is so funny.

August 21, 2023

Found a ***shoe*** under a bench. Strange. Found a lot of shoes on Maui. Bob got a kick out of it. Ha – pun! Oh the sunsets at Aich … actually the exact same direction like the sunsets on Maui were seen from „housie".



Here is a Pukalani sunset – from November 4, 2012, exactly six years before Bob died.


(today)

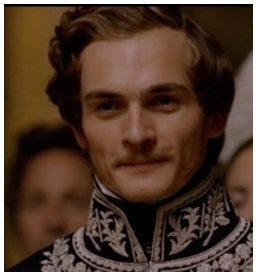
Isn't that weird, that I photographed this crazy pink sun on November 4, 2012?

Interesting synchronicity: Took a walk with CH last night (why, because I kind of still feel for her, even though she obviously is right back on her drug, pills and booze tracks), and on the way back to the car – ***we saw a wolf!*** It was standing on the path and just looked at us – then took a peculiar turn and fled into the brush. CH and I reacted right away, saying *„That was a wolf!"* No doubt. No fox, no dog, no cat, a wolf. We were not scared of course, Jacqui and Tino had not seen the animal …

So today, I went to the physician to talk with him about my mother's MRT … and as I waited and looked over to the magazines, there it was again: the ***wolf***. Very unlikely odds to find a hunter's magazine at a physician's waiting room. Of course I've got my two little „beasts" …

August 23, 2023

Watched a movie about the young Queen Victoria and her great love for her husband Albert … And seeing him looking at her so lovingly … that's how Bob looked at me. Until he suddenly stopped. So what happened or did not happen between us, was, in a Cosmic sense, really part of a „plan" … otherwise, there is no way he would have fallen out of love with me so fast.



August 24, 2023

Full clash with CH, she is drinking again. Done – forever.

Oh no – *the little „guy reading a book" made of stone next to a driveway and the rock with the dragon on it – is gone!* I kept meaning to take a better photo, and now a bird, a „wood grouse" made of metal is there instead of it, a fowl, a „Auerhahn" (Euroasian capercaillie)! must go there and ask the people what happened to the stone guy!

Went for a swim today … so close to the Maui-early-morning-swim feeling and to Bob … I must finalize this Contact Diary. Urgently.

Taking steps with mom, caretakers, therapy, … she lies at people in front of me about what she does at home, like „cooking" … when I had to be after her like after a baby with food, because she won't even have a snack for herself at home. She got to come around or … I just don't know what to do. I must „imua" with my own stuff. Taking steps.

Had a wild **dream** of my **father** tonight that actually prompts me to write him a letter: He was at the ***Bäckerteich Pond*** with his Beagle Sandy, both with much younger bodies than they really have … and I watched how he was about to take a dip in the pond, his shirt off, exposing his very young torso … and then, two men came, two criminals, and they took him – and he was entirely helpless – left and right and were about to drag him off, and he was so shocked and unable to resist … and then I came out with Jacqui and another dog, not Tino … and intervened. He did not say a word, only gazed at me. So yes, I will write a nice letter to him.

I must. (I did. No response until today, Sept. 2./Nov. 11) Just seeing „***SM***“ on a car really gets me. And I found a strange ***hairclip*** today, full with ***pearls***. And … one single ***tree***, responsible for propping that huge, way too big load that people put on him …

(Later)

The „Lei“ and „SM“ and – the BOB-CAR reflected by Google!

Oh my God, sometimes it all is just breathtaking.
I took Jacqui and Tino to an entirely new path today, as there is a creek for refreshment … and there it was: A car with a **„lei“** dangling from the mirror – and „**SM**“ on the license plate, Bob's signature in every email, for „**StoneMan**“.

Wow.
And then, coming home, I went into **Google** for my email – and there is the Universe and a lonely figure trying to make contact – and succeeding by presenting itself like the **BOB-CAR** that I have just been seeing several times agin in the last days:
A small car in teal and turquoise colors like an ocean pattern and with the license plate number „250 …“ and something. I must photograph it the next time, in whatever way, and if I must stop in the middle of the street.

This is nothing short of miraculous.
Yeah. Right. It is „normal“, they say, the Disca, that is.

August 28, 2023

Yesterday, I saw a car with **„808 EX**“ – TWICE! And the day before yesterday my new acquaintance Andrea, the dog trainer from the course I did with Tino, with who I took a lovely walk, had told me to „leave Bob alone and move forward with the film stuff“.

She says straightout what she thinks. What a relief. Whilst CH is fully into drinking with her ex and doing more pills again. She is lost now, I cannot help her anymore. But I know what she is doing: She needs to be in bad shape so that she isn't asked to go work. I see right through her. After all, she worked just fine all July. Anyway, I am very repelled by her, can't even bare to look at her.

How nice having to do with a normal, grounded person like Andrea.

Mom is very aloof, grumpy as ever whatever I say, and my patience is running very thin already. From Wednesday on she has „occupational therapy“, and we shall figure out if she only is unwilling or unable to care for herself, to focus better and remember things. After all, her brain is fine.

And this is the view from my fucking kitchen window … I so want to get out of this place …

August 30, 2023 – **The Little Pig!**

Oh wow! Just – wow!

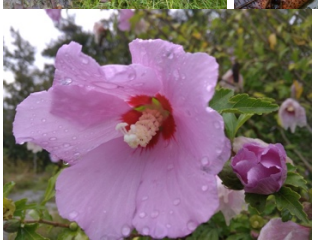
I drove on an whim in the drizzle to lake Hafnersee, where there was a large caravan community and camping ground next to a hotel-restaurant – and back in the day, my mother worked there for a long time, until she retired early because of her broken leg due to an accident when she had been heavily drinking. It was very moody, and I felt strong nostalgia thinking about my much younger, so much troubled mother … and a little spooky it was too, in the abandoned camping stalls.

Tino had a feast running around – and licking everywhere, a habit that I hate so much, I could kick him when I see it, and I keep calling him „*Schwein*!“ meaning „***Pig***!“ all the time. Even though it is unfair to pigs. So we strolled there in the big area, nobody else there – and suddenly there it was: **A little pig** in the grass! Nothing else around, no garbage, no left-over stuff – just that ***wooden pig shape!*** What are the odds?

Also saw two ***snails*** wrapped around something blue …

And then: In all the wilderness … with no garbage and no left-over stuff – I saw a number of one of the camping stalls: „**78**“.

Oh the seventh of August … Kimba died ... I arrived at Bob‘s for the last time … and more.



It was very touching … especially because of the beautiful Hibiscus … like we had at „our“ property on Maui. Oh shit, it is so hard … just so fucking hard without Bob.

Of course I saw fascinating license plate numbers again, like „**910 FL**“ and „**808 DJ**“ … it gets me everytime. Strange, that people with that kind of license plates live close to where I live now, otherwise I wouldn’t see them repeatedly; Did not see such around in Griffen.

Mom was a in a very confused shape, forgetful and not focused at all, and it is the Blue Moon in Pisces today, and she is Pisces.

August 31, 2023

Shit, summer ist pretty much over. And I swam again in lake Wörthersee today, and I met an old acquaintance from Sigi’s days, Gertie, … she keeps wanting to take a walk with me. Maybe I should allow the new acquaintances to happen … but then I think about how such a chat would go down … me behaving exactly like I know I must towards that very person … unable to be totally and outspoken me. And afterwards I would have the feeling of having done a favor to them … and that would be a kind of okay feeling. But nothing more. Only Bob knew how I really was. That said … that was before I was dealing with the beyond and everyone living there … now, … I feel him so close so often … but I just know that I am not focused properly.

Then, driving back up the hill, I encountered the neighbor Manfred, walking his two dogs, a great Dane, Hoki, and a very old Australian Shepherd dog, Debbie, and he had lost his wife, Uschi a few months ago. She had Multiple Sclerosis, and he cared for her, as she had to be breathed and artificially nourished for 14 years … wow. He looks like like half-dead, similar to what Bob looked like when I saw him exactly five years ago. I can’t believe it has been five years, Stoneman!

I drove by Manfred, waved, and I saw that he turned around and wanted me to stop. But I drove on. Back home, I fed my two wolves – and then I just had to grab my healing remedy Boswellia Serrata and some coconut water and headed out, walking towards I knew he would come back up the hill. I did meet him – and he was so happy to be able to chat, and he has such a big need to talk about what happened. Asked me if I’d go for coffee with him. I might … I think. There is something about him that I like, but also something that I thoroughly dislike: He is a Jehovah’s Witness, and what he told me about his belief was just so … (I’m sorry) ridiculous, that I saw him with new eyes. How can a grown man believe stuff like this … that the dead will *physically* come back from being dead, after they rotted away or were burned, of course, to live eternal life on Earth. When I said I do believe they never really „died“ only the shell expired, I saw the kind of „clicking“ I have witnessed in Ingrid, where there is a switch that *probibits* any understanding of anything else than that crazy childish dogma.

It was a bit disheartening. But I believe there is a reason why I had to give into that impulse to actively meet him. So I did it for me, actually. If I hadn't, and he'd died before I had ever spoken to him and offered him the remedy I had in mind, Boswellia Serrata, which I actually gave to him, I would have probably always wondered what if I had … He seemed greatful for the medicine and some advice … it was so strange to see him in that „shrunk" version, as he also seems to be less tall now, aside from being pretty much a skeleton.

So now I feel I did what I had to do. Nothing else. Whatever will come from him, I will react from my very gut.

I thought about his „dead" wife „**Uschi**", whose book I maybe had grabbed from a phonebooth library, way back … and when I asked her what it could be that I could tell him as an evidential word or image, I saw a **bean** in my hand. Just one, I think, maybe a few others blurry in the background, but definitely one **bean, brown, beige, maybe sprinkled**. I will ask him when the opportunity arises if it means something to him.

Funny, as *I googles bean images* – the one that is about similar to what I „got", is called ***„Lima bean" or „Moon bean"*** … well, „***lima***" means *„five" or „hand" in Hawaiian*. And moon, that is my beloved. The brown kind is also similar to what I saw. Is it, then, a greeting from Bob through Uschi or the other way aroud? I have the feeling I will find out.

Die **Limabohne**, auch **Mondbohne** genannt, ist eine Pflanzenart aus der Gattung *Phaseolus* in der Unterfamilie der Schmetterlingsblütler (Faboideae). Diese

<u>September 1, 2023</u> – **The Guy from the Justified!**

Oh wow … something amazing just happened! I went for a swim to Auen, after dropping my mother off at her place, after walking at lake Saissersee, doing some riddles at my place and shopping.

Then, cooked some gourd for the dogs and me … looking forward to watching some movie or show … ***and I chose, on a whim, had no idea I would!*** – „Justified", episode one in season one.

Before that – at the swimming site, there where two young men, and I thought, geez, how do I know those two, that face, so familiar! And they looked alike, too. So either they were brothers or lovers who just like themselves a lot.

I thought, maybe an actor … but who?

So I see the first scenes of „***Justified***" – **and there is the face! Of the guys at the lake! The bad guy! It is his face! It was his face I saw twofold in two strangers at the lake!**

It was one of Bob's favorite shows.

And just today, swimming, watching those two nearly identical faces, I said to myself out loud „Shit yes I want to write movies and make a few myself." As in the horoscope it says that now will be a good time to figure out one's real plans.

There.

I was so desperate recently, longing for being with Bob so much … so I asked him to „let me know that he knows and is right with me“ …. And immediately saw a ***„plum shaped and colored“ object*** in my hand. *One single plum.* Of course, I was kind of disappointed … I thought, „Well, sure, a plum … geez, how should a plum possibly appear in my life …“? We'll see, I gues.

It was easy for me to be nice to my mother today. She did not choose to be like she is. And she is really trying. She marched through the forest like a trooper, enjoyed herself. I liked that.

Oh the ***gourds***! On our favorite evening walking round at Aich … Hokkaido ones, delicious. Drives me nuts that nobody cares to get them … people rather buy them at the store. I am picking them, all the time.

Saw odd mushrooms too, taking a walk with my mother.

<u>September 4, 2023</u>

I have not been writing down every amazing incident of synchronicity recently, but there were some … and license plate numbers, just stunning, **„911“, „808“** and **„422“** in many variations … I just … can't take the time. Can't focus. My mind feels … just sore. My stomach hurts all the time. My mom … I am trying my best, but everytime I catch hesr having lied at me again … about getting the newspaper, about eating her food on her own … I just feel some severe pressure … like on my entire personality. So … I must finalize this chapter … to be able to share … what Bob wants me to share.

Not sure what will happen next … and what I am supposed to do.

Right now, I'm into watching „Justified“, a show Bob loved. And when I hear the intro jingle I „see“ Bob playing air guitar and drums.

I miss you so much, Stoneman.

And yes, only strong minds with stable emotional background can deal with after-death-communication.

<u>September 5, 2023</u> – **<u>THE PLUM MANIFESTED!</u>**

… just when I though I had written the last sentence in this chapter:

I went to my ***dentist*** appointment today, feeling on edge (actually breaking down in tears just minutes later, right in front of the dentist and her assistant) … and there it was: **<u>THE PLUM</u>**.

Bob had given me ***a „plum shaped and colored"*** object in my hand the day before yesterday, ***when I asked him distinctly to let me know if he is with me and knows how troubled I*** am … And then I thought, „Well, sure, a plum … geez, how should a plum possibly appear in my life …"?
And there it was. Today. It struck me deeply when I saw it.
The plum is a lamp.

Bob had given an „plum shaped and colored" object in my hand the day before yesterday, when I asked him distinctly to let me know if he is with me and knows how troubled I am … And then I thought, „Well, sure, a plum … geez, how should a plum possibly appear in my life …"?
Okay. It works every time.
I must now find out how to apply this and share it better.

September 6, 2023 – **The Death of Robert, Fuck Mosquitos, Hawaii Beach and more**
And I thought, I could END this chapter … but no!
So strange! Mom was at therapy today, and I took the chance to drive to the lake and take a swim … and on the way back, I heard a song with the refrain ***„Fuck Mosquitos"***. I thought I don't hear right, but it was actually a quite cool song …
I was struck by the T-shirt of a young woman right next to me … with „Hawaii Beach" written on it. Black on white.
So just now I googled „Fuck Mosquitos lyrics"; and what came up was some other song, entitled **„The Death of Robert"!** ***WHAT***?

genius.com › The-death-of-robert-mosquito-lyrics
The Death Of Robert – Mosquito Lyrics - Genius
3:10
Mosquito Lyrics: Little dirty mosquito filled with blood / You nourish your tiny body with everyone's falls and flaws / And then you swell …
Genius · The Death of Robert · 22 Feb 2023

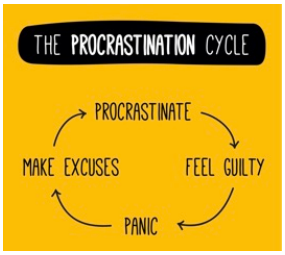
Shit yes, that is what is on my mind all the time … I am flashing back to Maui and Bob's dying so hard … I can't help myself. During my meltdown at the dentist's I actually told her about Bob and how he died … I cannot fucking believe he is gone!

SO WHY THE FUCK DID I STUMBLE ACROSS **„The Death of Robert"** in connection with that one song I heard: „Fuck Mosquito". Oh shit I do NOT want to watch that video. No can. Scares the shit out of me.

OH NOW – I almost forgot! I had switched on the radio driving on the highway, and there was a program where an expert explained the reasons for the one big problem Bob had all his life and that was a huge reason for him pulling away from me: **Procrastination**!

Bob's procrastinating ruined his spirit and health and life … and he often said it himself. It was his death … that's why „The Death of Robert" – is that the synchronicity that Bob is telling me

that he was right there when I listened to those minutes of explanation THE ONE TIME I HAD SWITCHED ON THE RADIO IN WEEKS? And just then it's about „procrastination" and then the mosquitos and as a consequence, me reading **„The Death of Robert" …**



Found another „plum", too … at a small Rosegg store where I went shopping with mom.

The reasons for procrastination on the level Bob did it, are definitely *mental and emotional problems, like depression and an inability of dealing with a feeling of loneliness and of inadequacy and being unable to deal with all kinds of negative thoughts.* I know –that is EXACTLY what was Bob's problem. And the reason behind that – was the fucking shit CDs he kept listening to every night, because he was a member of MSIA – that organization around that „guru" whose name I don't even want to think about, that's how much I despise of him … *but his creed and the shit „truths" he shared ruined Bob's life.* Humble humble humble! All about being „humble" … just an excuse to just – procrastinate for Bob! He did not dare to quit the organization, even though he even begged me one day to throw away all the books and DVD and CDs, but I only gathered them and put them in boxes to gift them to somebody … Because Bob was hooked and a prisoner of a creed he had wanted to quit long ago – due to his fear of being confronted about his reasons for wanting to quit. Oh my poor Bob … so much darkness inside, so much fear and insecurity and anger … and I thought that me loving him would be enough to help him. Because OF COURSE I realized right when I had met him, that he was a sensitive, troubled man.

But instead of letting me help him, he pushed me away to be able to … just fuck himself up. More and more … until he died. Fuck Mosquitos.

And of course, the image of a mosquito reminds me of the intro to Bob's and my favorite show of one time, „Dexter". „Tonight's the night!" Bob and Dexter said so often … Yeah … something other fun, I came across, still googling for the fucking song I can't find … „Queens of the Stone Age" … Bob Stone … yeah, your time, that was the „Stone-age", right?

Lyrics Jonk
https://lyricsjonk.com › Q › Queens Of The Stone Age

Queens Of The Stone Age - Mosquito Song Lyrics

Mosquito **Song** Queens Of The Stone Age **Lyrics** and Mosquito **Song** Queens Of The Stone Age ... Queens Of The Stone Age - The Fun Machine Took A Shit And Died ...

I have been meaning to watch some „***Dexter***", but I got hooked on „Justified" … Oh I hear the Dexter jingle and „see" Bob and me in his edit room with chips and dip getting comfy on our chairs … ready to watch „Dexter". It hurts like fucking hell.

And in all of this horror … there is beauty. The beauty of realizing that synchronicity IS the way to communicate with the discarnates, of only you dare to. And want to.

Also … I found a **pendant**. As I am putting in the photograph … I got to realize that it is another version of the „**sunrise shell**" I always wished for while living on Maui. I put it on a spot where it could be seen, didn't take it … but it sure is lovely. Also … finding something like this in rural Austria, got to have some meaning, doesn't it?

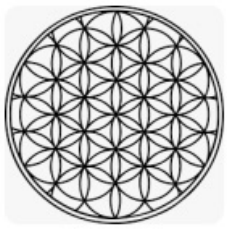
September 8, 2023

Walking with mom and the dogs along a field with lovely sunflowers …

September 10, 2023 – **Five years Anniversary of my last day with Bob & the 609-MESSAGE**

Fucking heartbreaking shit.

Today is the fifth anniversary of spending the last full day with Bob, **on September 10, 2018, the infamous „MEA 910" on his magical car license plate.** I took a swim and talked with Bob out loud, expressing my frustration and serious mental distress regarding my mother who is so confused often that I just can't bear handling it anymore … and I let him speak through me, and it was all about not letting my „brilliant mind" be ruined and seriously be „his writer". Okay, then I asked him to prove to me that he was right there with me in the wonderful green water of the lake Wörthersee, and he showed a **rooster**, on the palm of my hand, I had barely finished the thought. So okay … the rooster, if it shows up, will be the ultimate proof.



Then, driving back from the lake, I realized that yesterday – when I met my old friend Traudi, who lives in Garmisch and had come for a visit and had called me – I had seen a very interesting heavily tattoed man with the tattoo of a **„flower of life"** on its upper arm. Actually at the very swimming place where I was today, as I went there with Traudi! And it fascinated me.

My friend Traudi had asked me to look up the number „**609**“ that she deliberately has as a license plate number, along with „XX“, so sure will do. She had also given me a bunch of *onions*.

But first: As I drove I switched on the **radio** – realizing that I might burst into tears if there was some kind of very „Suiting“ fucking lyrics in a song again … and SURE THE FUCK ENOUGH, the guy just sang **„I miss the times when there was just the two of us“** – RIGHT when I had switched on the radio!

The talk with Bob did actually really calm me down … I have been so much on edge, I can only summarize it with admitting that I kicked my young dog Tino in the forest, so that he tumbled down a slope. I didn't kick him hard, merely lifted him, and he rolled, but I am so ashamed of myself. It cannot happen again. I must find a different approach to my mother, and dealing with her, and Bob told me: „You have been part in her story, still are, but she is part in yours, and it is up to you to stick to your story.“ We chatted about how he had to live a certain story in the context our „our big story“ … that we may have decided upon in the beyond before baby Bob and baby Dani even existed …

Well, so I will calm down from today on. This anniversary must count.

And then the song on the radio went on:

„It sure feels like dying leaving behind a wonderful life“ … JUST when I had been thinking about Bob and me and what a wonderful life we had and could have. Well, I've got news for you, Stoneman, *you DID die*. I kept switching the radio off, barely able to stand the experience, and back on a few times, only to hear snippets … like **„I feel like my future is crushed“** … and other stuff that TOTALLY related to me and my situation and my life with Bob.

It happens every fucking time that I switch on the radio in my car on a whim, I rarely ever do, and what I get to hear always exactly is an answer by Bob … proving that synchronicity is a fact of life, connecting the dimensions.

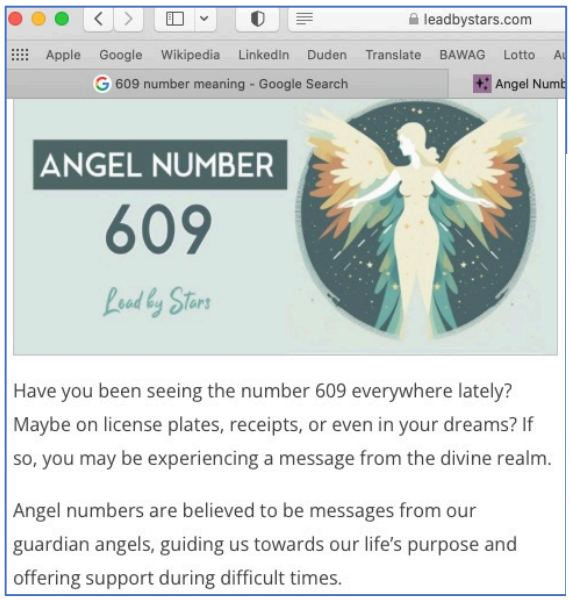
So „It sure feels like dying leaving behind a wonderful life“ means that your dying experience was something tough for you too, Stoneman, right? You did not want to leave me and everything behind, as a mortal, you really wanted to stay. Right?

Well. I sure want to see „Regents of Clouds“ and the two sequels manifested. That is my conclusion. I will live on as long as … well, necessary.

Do I want or need a partner? This was a topic with Bob today in the lake. Then I remember Bob and my feeling being with him … and I could only cry. I miss him so much. There will never be a similar experience for me, he was my partner. I was part of him, and still am, and he is a part of me. I keep thinking about Walter … but what the fuck for?

Should I write another honest message to him? Maybe.

Okay, of course I looked up the meaning of the number „**609**“ on Traudi's license plate: Funny, fucking funny, it's **„a message from the divine realm“!**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609 number meaning - Google Search
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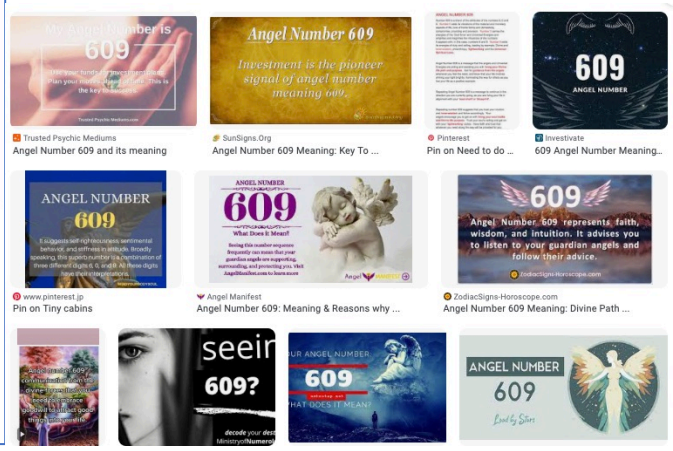
609
Lead by Stars
Have you been seeing the number 609 everywhere lately? Maybe on license plates, receipts, or even in your dreams? If so, you may be experiencing a message from the divine realm.
Angel numbers are believed to be messages from our guardian angels, guiding us towards our life's purpose and offering support during difficult times.



The appearance of angel number 609 can have different meanings for different individuals based on their unique circumstances and life experiences.

However, common messages associated with this number include reconnecting with your divine purpose, trusting your intuition, and embracing new beginnings.

In numerology, angel number 609 is composed of the energies and vibrations of numbers 6, 0, and 9. These numbers symbolize balance, optimism, completion, and spiritual enlightenment. Together they create a powerful message encouraging you to trust in yourself and follow your heart.

In numerology, angel number 609 is considered a master number with a special role in the universe. The number 9 is often associated with completeness or finality, while the number 6 represents balance and harmony.

Together with the number 0, which symbolizes infinity and potential, angel number 609 carries a powerful message about fulfilling your divine purpose.

When you see angel number 609 repeatedly in your life, it may be a sign from the universe that your guardian angels are with you every step of the way. This number encourages you to trust your inner guidance and intuition as you embark on your journey towards fulfilling your life's mission.

Okay, I admit it, I broke out in tears just now, reading this. Great. It's all about my purpose, trusting to do the right thing … exactly like Bob told me today in the lake. And now I got proof, in „609". Had Traudi not suddenly shown up yesterday, and I have not had contact in years … she said literally, before she left, ***„Look up 609 and you will see".***

Okay, I „see": I am on the right path and must trust myself. Right? That's it, Bob?

Sure, will do: Trust myself, follow my heart, believe that I am fulfilling my life's purpose – and actually fulfil it. I just had to think of „**Huna**" by Serge Kahili King … **where it all started, so many years ago,** *when my beloved brother Peter and then my dog Kimba was still alive … Oh I owe Kimba, I*

do. „Huna“ … that's what brought me to Hawaii, trying to find a remedy for Peter … and then I met Bob and then I tried to „save“ Bob. But he reminded me today, ***that his story had to play out the way it did so that mine could – and can – continue properly.*** Full circle. But … what circle? Something is happening or will happen. Okay. Whatever it is … today in the water I heard Bob say „This is my story and I'm sticking to it.“ And it was, like mentioned before, one of your favorite quotes from our favorite show that we kept watching together all the time: „Dexter“. Spoken by Hannah MacKay.

I have been watching „Dexter“ yesterday, too, heavily, to get my mind off things – but maybe also tbe closer to Bob. As every time I hear the ending-score of one episode, I flash right back to being on Maui in Bob's edit room sitting there, having just finished an episode, going „Wow“ … and often Bob would say: „Another one?“ And often we would go pee, get more snacks, drink some water and watch another episode. I was paradise. We were together on that island in the middle of the Pacific, my home.

I have to get my mind off this now. Tomorrow will be another tough day, the day I left Maui and Bob to never see them again, five years ago.

(Later – just a few minutes, actually)

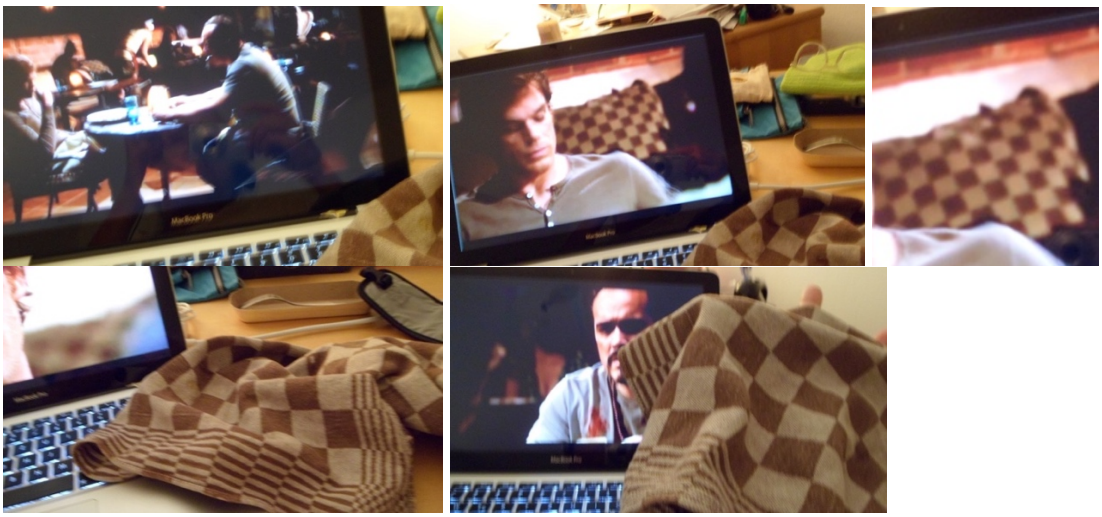
I went to prepare some lunch, and cut an onion of the bunch that Traudi gifted me with yesterday, she had gotten them from her brother but had no use of it … and I was kind of talking to myself still about today events … and I thought of my mother and that I really should hold out and not call her today, leave her alone, and I said out loud „Because she has her story to stick to“, and then it came out of my mind what I have heard Bob say a million times but have never thought in the last years: „**IT's ALL FOR THE GREATER GOOD“.** Geez … ***I hear it in Bob's voice.*** He said it all the time, and I was always pissed about it because there was no substance behind it … what the fuck did it mean, I thought? I appeared in my mind just now, after all those many years.

(Later) **The kitchen towel & the tassling Ko!**

Oh geez, it was not over yet .. the surprises of this day.

„Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he'e“ was a Hawaiian saying that went around in my mind ever since I heard it many many years ago. It refers to the ***tassling of the „Ko“, the sugar cane – in November.*** That's when the „he'e“, the squid comes out and can get fished. When Bob died. On November 4.

So I have been watching ***„Dexter“*** and eating chips all evening in memory of Bob, even shared it with me … except for taking the dogs for a walk. And again I thought about that proverb, and I photographed some grass in the forest, like in the days before. It's season 2 I am watching (and I am actually not watching all episode, but picking randomly) … and holy shit: *Dexter chats with his colleague Angel Battista at a pub – and there is* **exactly the same kitchen towel that was lying right next to me** as I was watching „Dexter“! What are the odds of this? None!



And a little later: „Dexter“ stands in **the moon light** in front of the cabin, even talks about how the moon light makes him think and feel in a certain way … and there they are: Those flowering reeds – that look exactly ***like „tassling sugar cane“*** – like the pics I took!!

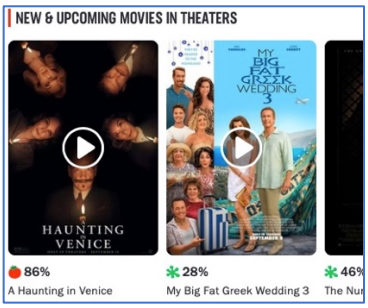
Talk about synchronicity! Bob is with me on our … „special day“. I am really trying to keep my thoughts right and not get into despair.

Oh, alright: *Last episode season 2* – Debra said to Lundy that they should go on vacation to an island, and literally**: „Toes in the sand“.**

Our „TOES IN THE SAND“.

Aaaaaand last but not least:

After „Dexter“ I needed something light, went to „Rotten Tomatoes“ and chose the trailer of „My big fat Greek weeding 3“ – and there it was: **THE ROOSTER! Crowing!** In my screenplay „Hulihuli Moon“, one of the character is: **Bob the rooster.**

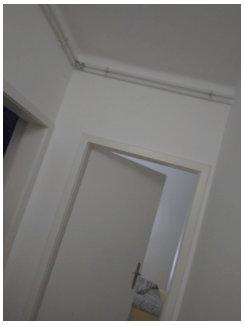


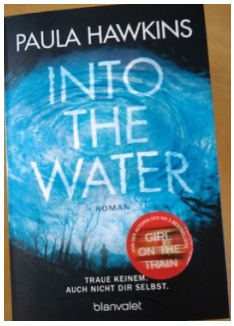
You know, there are no roosters in movies. And I only picked one trailer after „Dexter“ … and right there was the rooster. What are the odds?

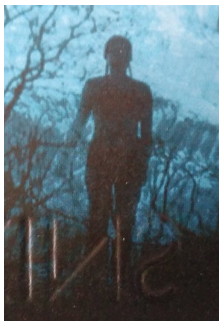
(Five minutes later)

So I thought I was done. I closed this laptop, prepared my bed … talking to Bob about how many many messages I had received on this special day, meaning that I am right where I am supposed to be …

And I stepped into the hallway and reached up **<u>to give invisible Bob a hug</u>** … even went on my tiptoes like I had done, the urge was very strangely. And as soon as I had stretched my arms up, imagining hugging Bob and thinking about how his hair felt and his lovely sideburns – EXACTLY above me the upstairs neighbors did something in his appartement, and there was ***a sudden loud rumbling noise right above me!*** It had been entirely quiet for the entire day and night, for several days and nights actually, so I actually kind of „froze“ when it rumbled right where I was looking – above that white ceiling! So I thought „Wow“ and I couldn't help imaging Bob changing the side, his head now being left of my face, again, the warmth of his body, his sideburns, me looking up – and ***right away a louder rumbling noise at right that moment on the same spot again!***







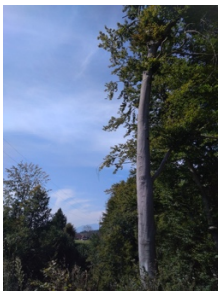
Wow. That was even for me somehow „spooky“, so I am all hot in the face now and my heart is pounding, and I had to sit down and write it down immediately. Will take a picture too. It is quiet now, actually. No more rumbles. Just those two as I was „hugging Bob“ – twice.

Also, I began to read a book (really dragging story that pisses me off so much that I stop reading), with the ***title „Into the Water“.*** The fascinating part is the cover image … it is really me getting out of the water, like I do go swimming as often as I can before it's getting too cold. The body type – me, like I am now.

Oh, right, and the fucking beautiful sunset on that very special day.

September 12, 2023

Starting to explore the area more with my two boys … found an interesting gulch, where several hiking paths intertwine …



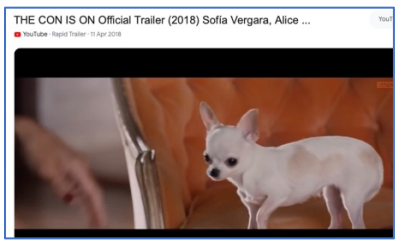
September 13, 2023 – **Bob always with me**

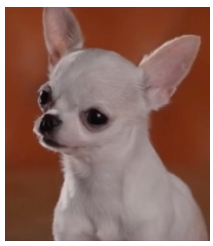
Had the meeting with ***Wolfram***, the producer who had put me off for months … turns out, his mom has died shortly ago … and he does have a lot of connections and knowledge – and it actually was nice, I got to say. As I waited there at Le Cafe in Velden, sitting in the background on the terrace on a stool at a bar counter, I felt super confident, I was even surprised about myself how confident I felt. The talk with Wolfram was so easy, I didn't let him get off topic and babble, I stuck to the things that interested me, and it went really well … maybe also because:

A car with the license plate number „**808 DJ**" came towards me when I drove to the meeting JUST when I asked ob right before the meeting with Wolfram, ***„Are you with me?"*** So „808" equals „BOB" and „DJ" are my initials! Yes, we are together. And: On the way back – again right behind me, „**808 DJ**" *AGAIN*! While I was waiting for Wolfram „**808 CE**" drove right by me, like „Bob sees" me there, and right afterwards: „**422**" which is synonymous for „film", due to the color laws!

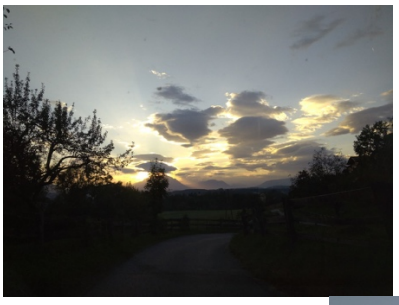
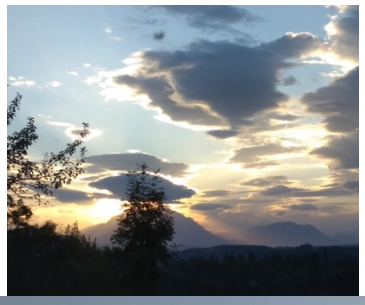
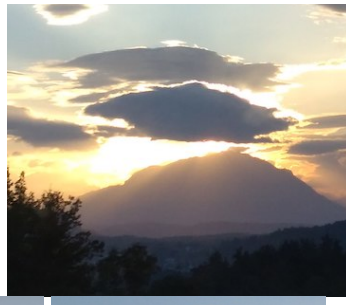
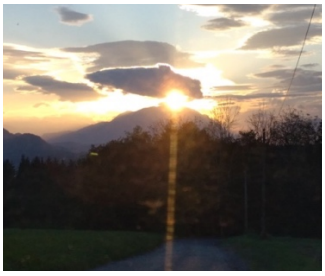
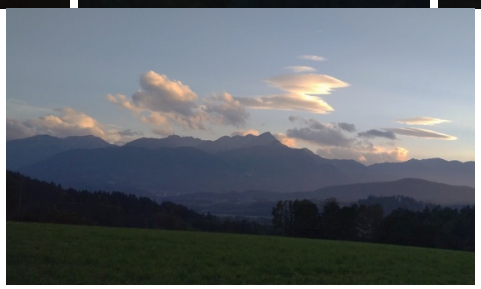
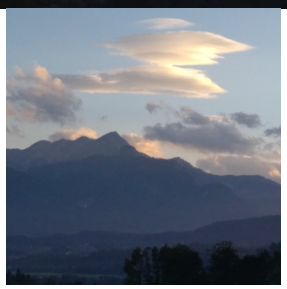
I saw ***Flip Flops*** on the street! I had seen shoes on the streets of Maui all the time! And right away a car with „**808 EX**" and „**480**" and „**911**" on the license plates …

Also … I started to watch some random (!) movie, *„The Con Is On",* didn't watch much, but there was the ***Chihuahua part of Tino***! And, „***Wolfram***" appeared in the opening credits of a movie.





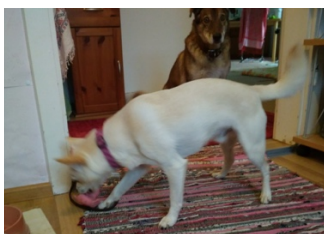
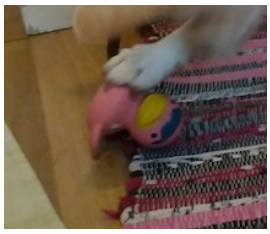
And the ***double clouds*** … amazing double clouds at Aich … I looked at them, and I saw Bob and me.

I asked a guy at a store if I was allowed to *photograph his T-Shirt*, because it was so „Hawaiian" …

<u>September 14, 2023</u> – **The Blackbird and the Duck**

Oh wow. Something amazing happened. I drove myself for a quick swim in lake Wörthersee in the morning, it's just glorious, such a blessing to have this lake nearby, and ***as I drove back, a black little bird, an „Amsel", a „Blackbird"*** (turdus merula) ***came flying real fast from the right side trees and flew right towards my car's right wheel!*** Shit, I sverved a bit, cursing, it looked like it went right under my wheel, but I didn't feel the slightest bump, so I think it just flew under the car and out. In the rear mirror I did not see any dead bird … so, phew. But I did say out loud to Bob *„Okay, I get it, I got to pay particular* ***attention*** *today, but to what?"*

So later I drove to Villach to pick up my „new" used laptop, a PC, for the first time in my life, a Lenovo, and I did some shopping, and I was particularly cautious.

Back home, I was *preparing food for the dogs, and I still was talking to Bob,* I think about the fact that I have taken home the broken MacBook that he had gifted me with in 2018, the one with the failing screen, and that it is so strange to have a PC now …

… and I did not notice, that **Tino** had placed **his beloved pink duck** right behind my right foot – and sure enough, I stepped on it, and my ankle … well, I was really lucky that I didn't break my ankle as ***I slipped and twisted my ankle badly***. Maybe the reason was, that I was extra tense in a movement kind of way because of the alert by means of the Blackbird in the morning? **It had warned me from another bird – the duck!** – that could have caused me to really get hurt today. I got it, Stoneman, didn't I?

Wow. We are so in contact.

September 15, 2023 **– 222 BD & JO BEAN 1**

„**222 BD**" on a car license plate came right towards me as I drove home from dropping off mom … yes, ***„Haulani Street 222 where Bob and Dani lived"*** … those were the days. Feels like yesterday, seriously. My mom had a lovely excursion yesterday, to Hellbronn Castle near Salzburg, and she made it all by herself to the bus in the morning, and even called me to tell me she was on and all was okay. But just being with me a few minutes – and she had her hateful glance and nastiness against me right back.

I realized**: You cannot make people who hate you happy.** Because just seeing you makes them unhappy, so whatever you do, it will never be nice for them. Which kind of sucks. But I must tell this my mother.

And – Geezaz! A car with the license plate number **„JO BEAN 1"** came towards me today! **The bean! There it is! THE BEAN** *from August 31!* It works every time! I mean – „Jo"! This is me! It also is slang for „coffee", and I have been sharing the „hot black" with Bob … our ritual in the mornings on Maui … having coffee together … oh those days.

Mom is so aware and interested these days, that she keeps pointing out to things when we are taking walks … like this hugest *Dandelion leaf* circle ever! And we saw one single „Physalis" bloom. In the whole wide area. Just one.

September 16, 2023: **BS 1, Byrd and the rock mountain scenario**

Walked with the two dogs *around lake Hafnersee* and then I took a swim … warm sun, so quiet … just lovely. Mom has her day off, too, today. I saw „**A ME**", the closest I got to „MEA" ever – along with: **222 BD** *on the same license plate!*

Got my first PC on Thursday, and today I took it into use, a Lenovo. Will call him „Lennie“, of course.

I had another **dream** of Walter today … we were both in a ski resort, he with his mother and sister, and I with my mother … I tried to get him to see me, but on the other hand I was hiding from him and watching him ski so elegantly. I did see his car, a big van, but a different one than the one he has in real life (Ford Galaxy, like I had). I noticed some kind of expensive sports shoes, strangely, no skis, they were gray and white and mabye black and had a brown or beige horizontal stripe … and even stranger, the **dream** turned into a **horrific story of me being trapped in a strange kind of hospital**, that was like built into a mountain and at the same time some kind of castle … it was like all the rooms and corridors where in the rock, in a mountain side … so strange, and the images I found kind of capture the feel of this structure …

And there was no way out, and I knew I was there because of some tropical disease or symptom or some snake bite … something like that. And I realized because of the behaviour of the spooky staff and other people at that place that I was never gonna be able to leave there again … and some doctor said, but I did not see him or her, that because I had been in the tropics, they couldn't just let me go after the short treatment, they were about to make a lot of tests … and I realized that I was likely to be some kind of guinnea pig there and was going to be examined and tested and would likely die! I thought that I had to get to the reception counter right away and demand to be released, but while climbing around in that strange cave-system-like hospital in that mountain castle, I realize that this would never work out the way I thought it should, because they would not just release me. They would on the contrary probably tie me up and throw me into some confinement. So I realized that I had to find a way out of that castle … even though I kept thinking, if they don't find me there, they will look for me at home. There were other people, suddenly, who were trying to flee, and I heard myself saying to them that they would have to change their name and address if they would ever want to be free of persecution by the crazy people from this hospital, which was surely not a normal hospital! And as I followed those people along – they reminded me of a simple and nice group of hikers, but they were dead-scared like me! – we did in fact reach some kind of gap in the walls – and we could leave that weird place! I stepped outside, and it was so strange to have actually made it back into freedom … and I woke up.

I was so glad, it was only a dream! My dog Jacqui had come to sit with me, I must have made noises in my sleep. Wow. What a fucked up dream. And before that, cool and calm Walter, skiing ..

I saw again the most „speaking“ license plate numbers, but I just can't keep up making notes … it's just amazing. Just one I can't forget: „**VL BS 1**“ was facing me, and I said *„Alright, **Bob Stone**, you are in fact the **one** and only.“* I am trying to make sense of … well, life. What to focus on? Film? Really, after all?

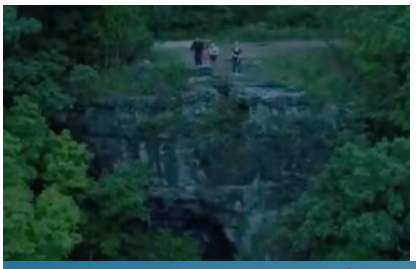
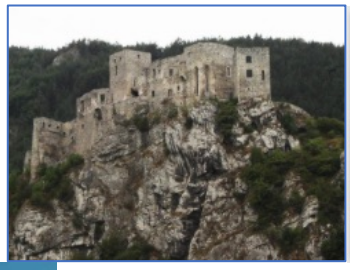
I guess so.

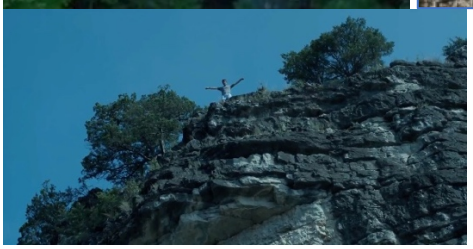
(Later) **Byrd and the rock mountain scenario**

And again … something amazing:

On a whim, I chose to watch the first episode of the drama series „**Ozark**“, somehow it appeared in my awareness, (and I had no idea what it was about, I only followed my drift) and I do like Jason Bateman. And as the first episode closed, I realized, **that I was seeing a view of a dream of tonight … that strange „prison“, like a mountain,** or a castle on a mountain, like inside the rock … and there it was. Also, the story, the feeling of dread and not escaping, **like in my dream**, *that is the predominant impression of this first episode and what the main character,* ***Marty Byrd*** **– BIRD?!** – is going through!

And the online poster of the first seasn features a **black bird** – just like the one I had just put in to illustrate my experience from yesterday … with a black bird flying at me.


Full circle, again.

September 17, 2023 **– The Castle on the Laptop**

So I thought I had ended this chapter on September 16. Check this out: I switched on my new Lenovo laptop – and the beginning screen is THIS:

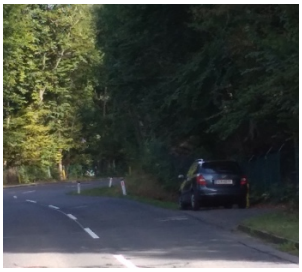
See what I mean? I did not put that on the laptop, it was there when I first switched it on: And I had dreamed of that image, as describe above!

Turns out, there are still things happening that want „in".

Woke up and saw a ***red-white-black spotted cat*** sit in the middle of a road, before my inner eye. In the afternoon, driving down from a walk at Aich, there it was ***– a red-white-black spotted cat*** sitting in the middle of the road! Wow! This was so clear, and it tingled inside of me.

Went with mom to some folk event with music, and suddenly I got grabbed from behind at both shoulders – Walter! Wow. I sure reacted with an emotional surge seeing him.

Driving home, „**480 FF**" came right at me … and „480" stands for audio or sound or speaking, and „FF" means „fortfahrend", „continuous": As I have been wondering if I should ask Walter to help me with audio stuff if I make a film, he is an expert. Like Bob was. So … well. Not sure.



<u>September 18, 2023</u>

Dug out „The Sleeping Giant" on a whim, because Wolfram mentioned a realtor whose son wants to be an actor, and this is a film exactly for someone like that – based on a true story, and the protagonist is saved by a realtor?!

And yes, the „**250**"-license-plates are accumulating right now.

Met CH for a walk in the evening and eating ice cream (that actually tasted horrible!), she has supposedly quit all meds, just drinks a beer now and then … well. I bought my first bottle of wine ever, in my life, for 30 bucks, to celebrate - something, later.

<u>September 19, 2023</u>

Brought my car to the shop because of weird noises – drove right by my father! My heart sank and broke once again – he is such a small old man, walking on a cane, bent over, wich a hunch back. What a horrible story. He hates me so much for no reason … and I could be so good for him. But I cannot be abused anymore by him. He never took any interest in my life, never …. Called me one time in my adult life, the day before Edith died. And then … nothing but more abuse. He has a broken mind, no doubt. But I cannot allow myself to be broken by this too. Hard enough with my mother … who is literally losing her mind. And then, next to my car parked one with the license plate number „**910 EC**"! Wow!

Made the one and only ***pumpkin pie*** of my life … Bob would have loved it.

September 22, 2023 – **The steamy window miracle**

Serious synchronicity answer:

I took Jacqui to Auen in the rainy weather, after dropping my mom off after a short walk, eating Spagetti at my place and shopping. I swam, and it was grand. Then it started raining again just when J and I entered the car. Tino was with my nice neighbor Ms. Hasse to keep her company.

And I said out loud, to Jacqui and to Bob: ***„Wow, the windows are steaming up real fast.“*** I drove off and switched on the radio, saying to Bob „Let's see if you have some message in a song for me.“ And I shit you not – the first thing I hear is the refrain ***„Steamy windows – coming from the body heat.“*** I was baffled shitless. I was.

There are no odds.

Last night I started watching a series entitled ***„Daisy Jones and the Six“***, about a band, very closely leaned on the story of Fleetwood Mac, I read. Mick Fleetwood lived on Maui and was friends with Willie K back in the day …

So I was surprised myself because normally I can't bear hearing music, making me so sad … but maybe me sorrow is so big and strong, that my mind somehow realizes that it can't be overcome anyway. I must live with it.

The way „Billy“ played by Sam Claflin sings „Look at us now“ … JUST the same way Bob once sang „Play me“ to me, in the same sensitive, sad and tender way. I barely trusted my eyes and ears:

(Billy)

(Bob)

(„I don't know who I am, baby, baby, baby, / Do you know who you are?
Is it out of our hands? Tell me, tell me, tell me / How we made it this far …"?)

Strange, how Bob and I never sang together. We would have been great.

The last concert of „Billy" and „Daisy" is saying goodbye. And it shows. Saying good-bye to Bob devastated me inside out. This is becoming clear to me looking at these images.

But before … the part where they develop a song, that includes right at the beginning ***„Baby, Baby, Baby"*** … yes, exactly three times, and I was stunned: Because I have been „quoting" Bob so often in the last weeks as he kept saying to ***me „Oh Baby oh Baby!"*** All the time. Now, the lead actresses name is „***Danielle*** *Riley Keough*", and she is Elivs Presley's granddaughter.

So this means, that „Baby baby baby" is sung to a „***Dani***", too, like Bob would address me, and my name is Daniela. Far fetched? Yup, maybe. But still fetchable and – working.

I am almost afraid to watch on, as they are currently only developing the song. The full performance of it will cause me to not be able to get that melting love tune out of my head.

Is it a love song for me – from Bob? And the actor – oh the *sideburns*! I loved Bob's sideburns! The song is called **„Look at Us Now**", and it goes like this – it is THE SONG ABOUT BOB AND ME:

I don't know who I am
Baby, baby, baby
Do you know who you are?
Is it out of our hands?
Tell me, tell me, tell me
How we made it this far?

Did we unravel a long time ago?
Is there too much we don't want to know?
I wish it was easy, but it isn't so
Oh, we could make a good thing bad

Now where do we stand?
Baby, baby, baby
No one knows who you are
And if this was your plan
Tell me, tell me why

You've been crying in the dark

We unraveled a long time ago
We lost and couldn't let it go
I wish it was easy, but it isn't so

Oh, we could make a good thing bad …
Oh, we could make a good thing bad

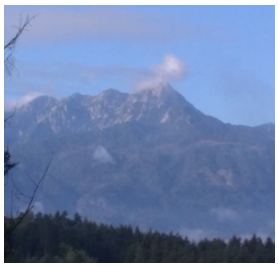
How did we get here?
How do we get out?
We used to be something to see
Oh baby, look at us now

This thing we have been doin'
Ain't working out
Why can't you just admit it to me
Oh baby, look at us now …

No shit we were both crying in the dark.

And what we did wasn't working out … on purpose? On a fucking diving purpose? We lost and couldn't let it go … are we, were we supposed to „let go"? **But what?**

Volcano images in the south … along with a wondrous sight of dew … and yet another number reminding me of Bob …

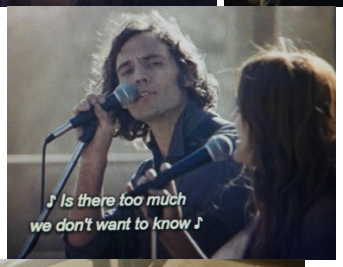


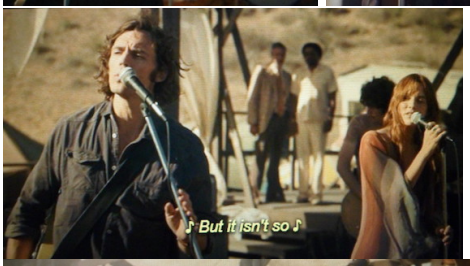
September 23, 2023 – **„Baby, baby, baby" on Oahu**

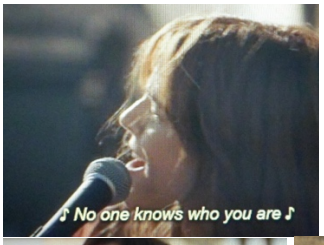
Oh my … It happened in **Hawaii**. That they performed the song „Honeycomb" and later entitled ***„Look at Us Now***". Near Diamond Head on Oahu. Of all places. My Hawaii. Our Hawaii. I was even kind of numb watching … the fictional character Billy of the fictional band „Daisy Jones and the Six" sang just like Bob sang, like Bob sang to me play me, his back to the window and the Maui landscape in some white mist, no bright sun that day, and I was sitting facing him, stunned by his choice to sing that weird song to me … and hearing and seeing „Billy" sing Bob-style in Hawaii of all places … wow … I could not even cry.

Daisy Jones & The Six - Season 1
Genre: Drama, Music
Actor: Riley Keough, Sam Claflin, Camila Morrone
Director: Scott Neustadter, Michael H Weber
Country: United States

I also only read up on the ending of this story, as I just couldn't bear the behavior of the central character „Daisy" … and it was fictional after all. But this song … the lyrics … it felt like Bob sitting right next to me, quietly, watching the movie and watching me.

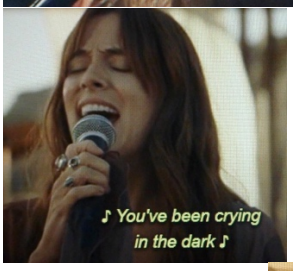





♪ No one knows who you are ♪

♪ And if this was your plan ♪

♪ Tell me, tell me why ♪

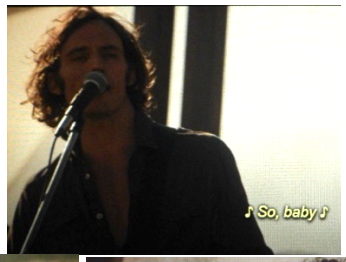

♪ You've been crying
in the dark ♪

♪ We unraveled a long time ago ♪

♪ We lost,
and we couldn't let it go ♪

♪ I wish it was easy,
but it isn't so ♪

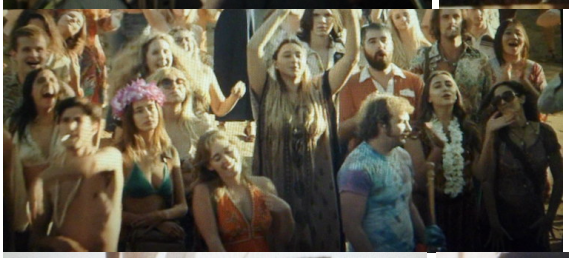
♪ So, baby ♪

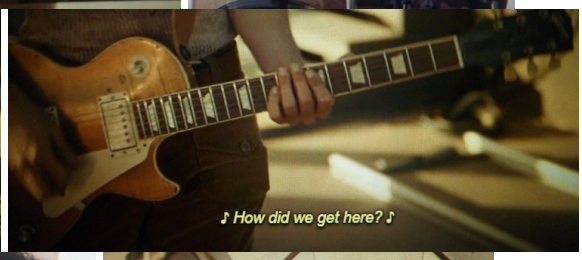

♪ So, baby ♪

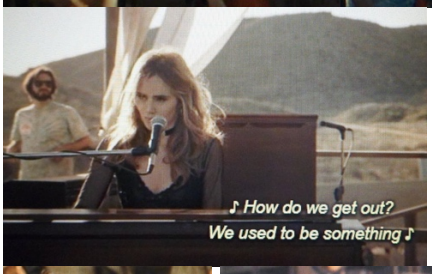
♪ We can make a good thing bad ♪

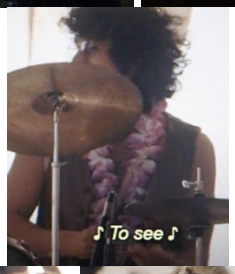
♪ We can make a good thing bad ♪

♪ We can make a good thing bad ♪

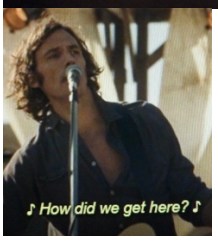


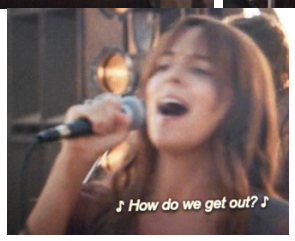

♪ How did we get here? ♪


♪ How do we get out?
We used to be something ♪


♪ To see ♪

♪ Well, baby, look at us now ♪


♪ How did we get here? ♪


♪ How do we get out? ♪

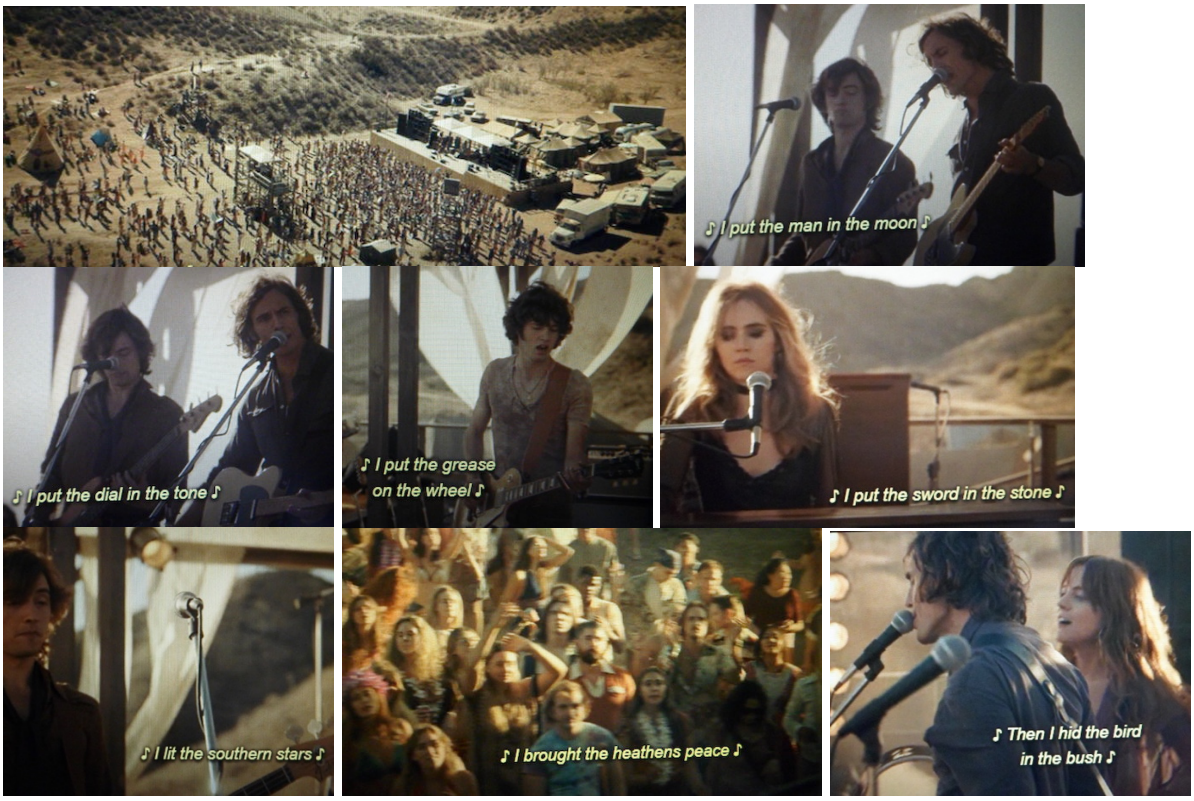
♪ This thing we've been doing
ain't working out ♪

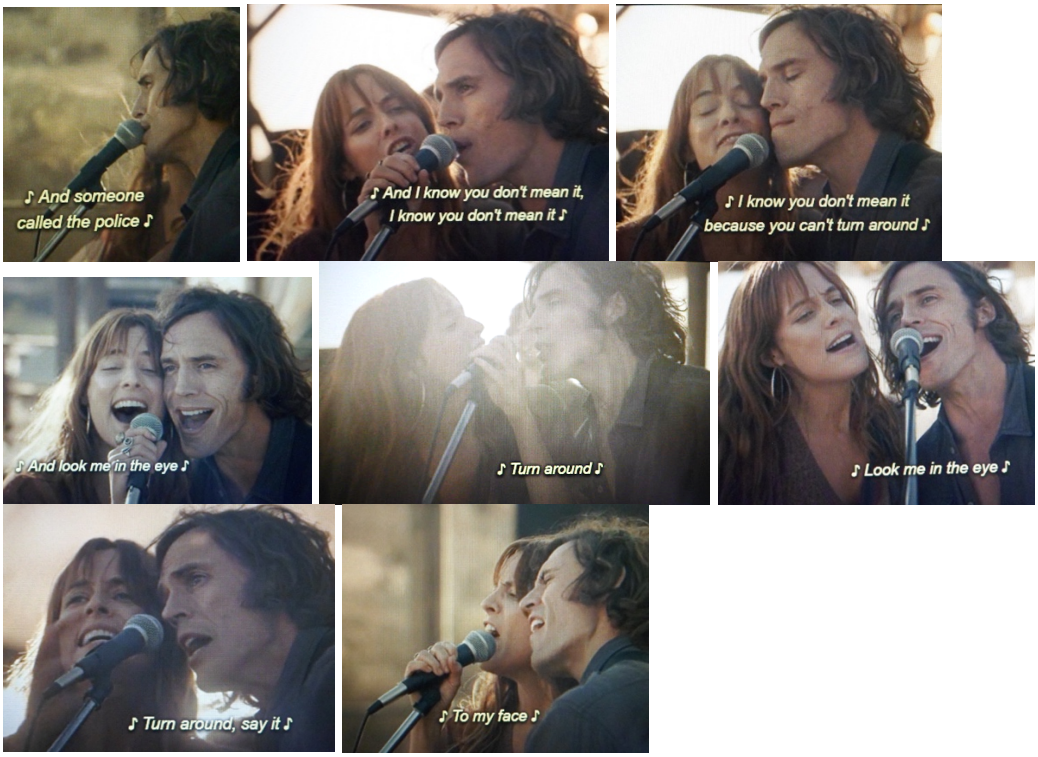
♪ Oh ♪

It is raining today. And I miss Bob to the point of … I don't even know what.

Walking the dogs I have sung „Baby baby baby" so many times … It is like being back with Bob, being Bob, being there again … did we do everything wrong? Having read this contact diary you might say *„But no, Dani, you are in exactly the right place, all the synchronicities prove it"*. Yes. In this **version** of the story. ***But it could have played out differently, too.***

The next song they play after „Look at us now" on Oahu has some words, that startled me, too …


♪ I put the man in the moon ♪
♪ I put the dial in the tone ♪
♪ I put the grease on the wheel ♪
♪ I put the sword in the stone ♪
♪ I lit the southern stars ♪
♪ I brought the heathens peace ♪
♪ Then I hid the bird in the bush ♪


♪ And someone called the police ♪
♪ And I know you don't mean it, I know you don't mean it ♪
♪ I know you don't mean it because you can't turn around ♪
♪ And look me in the eye ♪
♪ Turn around ♪
♪ Look me in the eye ♪
♪ Turn around, say it ♪
♪ To my face ♪

So yes: What an unexpected experience. I had no idea „Daisy Jones and the Six“ existed. So how did I get to find out? I watched ***„The Morning Show“*** season three, the first two episodes (not bad, I must say, I saw season 1, didn't care about season 2).

I watched it because of my connection with the film producer … but that said, I didn't even check emails for days now. To see what he thinks of the scripts I sent to him. I had googled „Good TV Shows“ … so there was *Reese Witherspoon* in a main role in TMS, and as I read reviews, I came across a mentioning of her production company ***„Hello Sunshine“*** that was producing TMS – and it was mentioned that it was also behind ***„Daisy Jones and the Six“***. So that's how.

I heard myself talking to myself or someone while preparing breakfast, and I said „Since Bob is gone, I don't feel joy anymore. Not real joy. Some kind of joy, some form. But never again the genuine hopeful clear and present joy. It's all a compromise.“

It feels like crying would be too much effort. I am an old woman now. The time with Bob on Maui, that was my real „life“. ***We did make a good thing bad.*** When I met Bob, I said out loud walking the dogs in the rain in the forest just earlier, I had met a man with developing dementia. And neither of us knew it. It was his physical predicament, his failing brain, about which he talked all the time and which he tried to fight with a myriad of brain function enhancing supplements, that caused the good thing we had to go bad. And maybe it had to, as part of my story. Mine. Because I am still here.

Having to figure out what I am supposed to focus on. Seriously.

While Bob is watching. Guiding me? I don't think so.

So truly …

„I don't know who I am
Baby, baby, baby
Do you know who you are?"

I fucking bet you do now. This film and this song were written for us.

The final refrain „We could make a good thing bad" is in the movie the version Daisy wrote. *The original, as written by Billy, was***: „I know we can get it all back".** And that's what I believed in my relationship with Bob***, that we could get it all back, all the wondrous miraculos bliss and happiness of our first months.*** We did not.

It was all the new version that played out. We made a good thing bad.

For a reason? It better be a fucking great reason.

(Later)

Oh man, I realized something … about the dream where I am imprisoned in that castle. I walked Jacqui and Tino at the Rosegg castle grounds today, without my mother, because she thought it was gonna rain. And suddenly I saw it:

The walls! Like in my dream! And in a distance the old ruin of the old castle! The dream pointed of me feeling really caught or imprisoned in the situation I am in. I am so on edge.

Not sure what about the image of my hand … I think I saw the hand in the clouds and put my hand there to make myself remember.

Took my mother to the fair today … and immediately when I say something about unfriendly people, she attacked me and treated me with such hostility, that my stomach turned.

Consequently, when we ate ice cream I had the feeling the path to my stomach was closed, and the ice cream couldn't even get down. Can't be clearer .

I am on edge. All the time. I am not appreciated and in a place where I do not want to be. I will write one last letter to my father, so honest, that nothing will remain unsaid. And then I will look for a different place to live. To be. To move forward.

(Later) T**he Fruit-Basket**

Oh wow. And it doesn't stop.

In episode five of *„Daisy Jones and the Six“* the character Daisy steals a big **fruit basket** from her hotel and brings it to the studio, saying „I brought breakfast“. So since yesterday I had the thought that I should ask CH, yes, my neighbor, who supposedly has weaned herself of all pills, to share with me her favorite sweet story about her long dead husband ***Mike***.

So today, I took her for a walk with my dogs to Rosegg, after I brought home mom. And there I asked her. And she told me that ***her favorite story of Mike being sweet*** was, that one day, they had checked into a hotel in Jamaica, but because of chatting and being lazy they missed all the „food“, like breakfast, lunch, dinner. So Mike had the idea to tell the hotel staff that CH had diabetes – and the nice clerk showed up with a huge lovely – **fruit basket**.

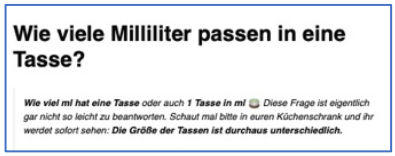
You can't make this shit up up.

So how often does a fruit basket appear in your life? In mine – none. Except twice within a day.

Oh baby, look at us now
Baby, look at us now.

<u>September 24, 2023</u>
Finally: A „fin“ in the sky … very clear „sky shark“, just more like a dolphin's fin.

<u>September 25, 2023</u> **– The Cup! SANTE!**
So I'm thinking I can finish this chapter and – BAM! Not so. Another synchronicity. I went shopping with mom today – and walking towards the store, I saw a tiny sticker of a **pink cup,** ***like a tea or coffee cup***, in front of my feet, with little drops or spots or points on top. And a heart on it. I felt so drawn to it, that I picked it up and photographed it. And kept it.


Wie viele Milliliter passen in eine Tasse?
Wie viel ml hat eine Tasse oder auch 1 Tasse in ml ☕ Diese Frage ist eigentlich gar nicht so leicht zu beantworten. Schaut mal bitte in euren Küchenschrank und ihr werdet sofort sehen: Die Größe der Tassen ist durchaus unterschiedlich.

So back home, I wanted to check something on my phone – but I didn't get to that level, and instead, a page with a writing showed up – and that is strange, because I am not online with my phone. It read: *„Sag, wie viele Milliliter passen in eine Tasse?"* Meaning: **„Say, how many mililiters fit into a cup?"**

I shit you not. Now look at the cup! There are no odds that I find a cup with stuff in it and then get that question on my phone. I swiped it away – an instant before it dawned on me what I had just seen! I tried to get it back, couldn't. Maybe it will come by accident again, like it did earlier… but I got the question online, just for illustration.

And something else ….

Took mom and the dogs for a walk along artificial swimming pond at Wernberg …

… and for no reason at all I walked up to a tree – and I was stunned shitless to see the word „**SANTE**" written (!) on a **leaf**! And that after I had been drinking that yummie chocolate-coco-rum-liqueur that I bought at the Velden market a few days ago!

And I saw this … what an amazing critter … and what a ***strange thing*** was lying on top of a rock, I saw it when I was walking with mom …

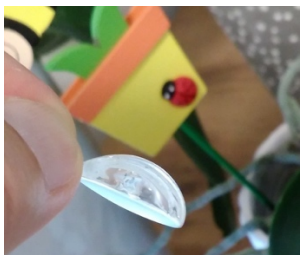
And the sunset at Aich. Heartbreaking.

September 27, 2023 **– The Transparent Sunrise-Shell**

Okay. I took it. It was still there where I had put it weeks ago … the transparent silver-glittery sunrise shell pendant … and I took it with me. Mine now. It was at the waiting room of my mother's therapist.

I met „**808 BX**" – „X" means „Hug", right? today, immediately followed by „808 EX" … and a lot of „422" everywhere.

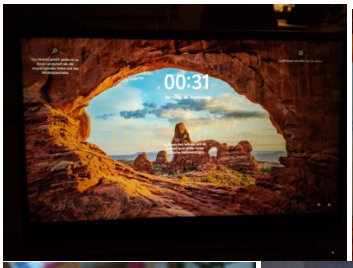
I got to make decisions about the filmmaking stuff.

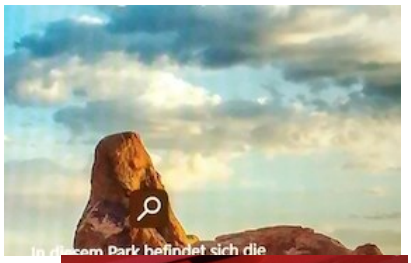


<u>September 30, 2023</u> **– Pukalani**

Oh my … the fall moods … when I am not swimming in the lake, I feel like falling apart … and on top of everything … the ever-changing image on my new laptop shows – **PUKALANI**, where Bob and I lived. ***„Door to heaven", „hole in the clouds", „hole in the sky"*** … and a „penis" aiming for that „puka" … oh Bob … I had such an intense feeling of his presence during the full moon … standing outside with Jacqui for a late evening peeing … and there was Bob with me … it is very hard.

Strange. I have been thinking of buying some tape … and I found a ***roll of tape*** in front of the entrance of the house where I live. Yeah, and everything seems to want to get me back to Maui, these days … ***the „mo'o", the salamander***, symbol *for ancestry and genealogy* …





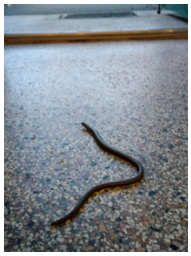
Yesterday:

<u>October 2, 2023</u> – **Bob Stone's Birthday & the Stones**

Found a *white horsie with a pink mane* – on Bob's birthday. He was „horsie", as you know. I took a walk with mom and the dogs at Rosegg, and when we returned to the car, the horsie was lying in front of the driver's side door. And later … „910". And – the **STONES**!

October 3, 2023

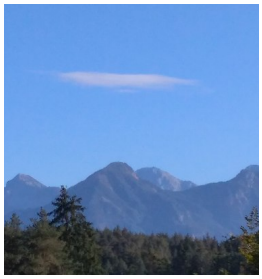
„Snake“ in the hallway of the house where I live. What a strange sight. It’s not a real snake, it’s a lizard without legs.



Oh and a **dream of Bob** … he was right there with me, and I was aware, how special this was and that we had been separated so long … and I wrote it down in a few words, but now, that I am writing this down, is several days later … and I only remember that we ***kissed*** each other. And Bob was just Bob, so clear, so alive, so physical … we had to do a job together, and there was a cautious approach between us, we were shy with each other … and there was an element of ***flying***, me, flying by myself with my own power … but I can’t remember clearly. And my left eye was very sore. In my dream.

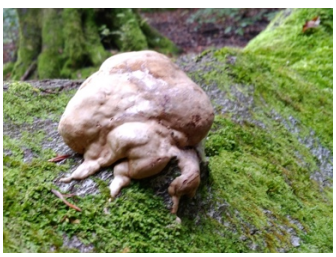
It was so strange … so wonderful on the one hand, as I haven’t dreamed of Bob for such a long time … and then it was so so so sad waking up.

Here one of the lovely sights at Aich … a clouds pack, and one single lonely one. Whatever I do, I think of Bob. Found a beer cap. Even then.



October 8, 2023

It’s the time … but this „cancer“ mushroom, was still just fucking horrible to see. Think of how Bob would have loved all the veggie dishes I’ve been cooking … mostly for mom. Like steamed spinach with carrot and onion salad.



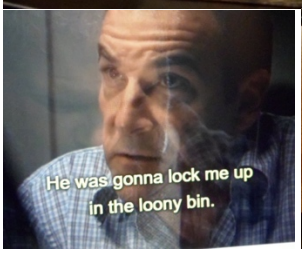
My friend Gabi, neighbor, keeps giving me pieces of the lovely sweets she is making … if there is one person to do me good all the time, it is her. She is a little older than me, slender, short hair, had a harsh life with abuse and all … and yet she is such a lovely soul. Mahalo Gabi, for existing. Here – Tiramisu she was making. And my collection of gourds I got from the field where I always go with the dogs. And my true love, Jacqui.

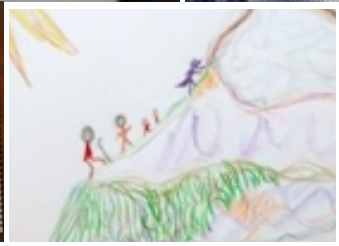
And the runner up … plus the logo of the place at lake Hafnersee where the boys and my mom and me have been, walking:

October 9, 2023 – **The Loony Bin & the Drawings!**

Very hard with my mother. Very. I try so hard to remain calm and friendly even when she gives me shit … but I can see how her mind is slipping.

What surprise last night when I watched „***Criminal Minds“*** – a *series that suddenly came to my mind.* For not reason … I was wondering what to watch while dealing with the photographs for this contact diary, naming and sizing the last batch … Watching the first episode I realized I had watched it years ago when I lived in Griffen … can't remember details, though. So I skipped a few episodes, went to one random … and there it was: A character said a term that I have never in my life used except a few hours ago: **„loony bin“.**





I had written to CH that she would end up there if … I was surprised myself about the expression, it having been absent from my mind like … always. So a few minutes into that random episode of „Criminal Minds“ happened two things: ***Children's drawings*** became a theme, and I had **had a drawing session with CH the night before** – and she had made a **„children's drawing“.** And then a character said – „… loony bin“.

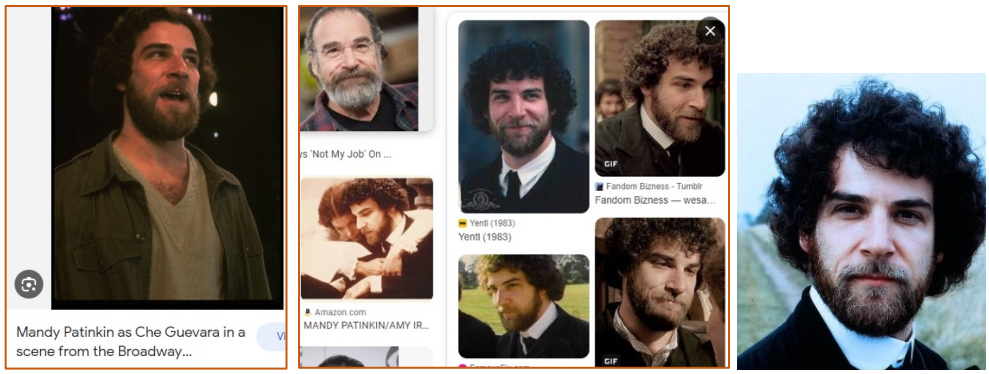
I was so startled that I could barely smile, I was baffled so deeply inside.

Just before the session, I had felt compelled to reach inside the collection of little things that I have kept that are mentioned in this contact diary – and I pulled out, without looking – ***a tiny little snake earring*** that I had found a little while ago, in the presence of my mother, I think.

This was a greeting … like the **„SM" cut out from the clouds** that I saw yesterday (but was slow to photograph).

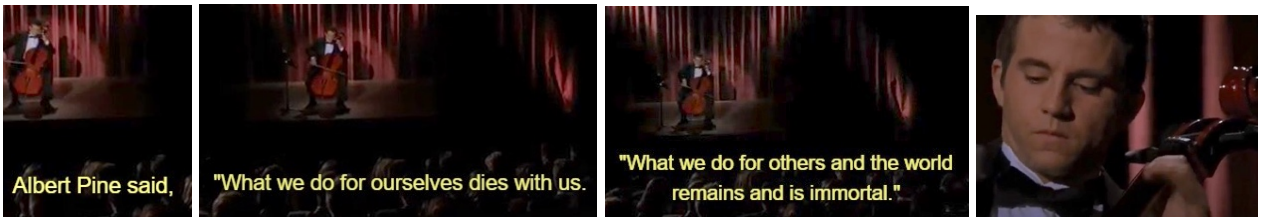
I keep swimming in the lake, it is glorious. But other than that … I feel so fucked. Bob dead? How fucking come? I am struggling so much to not flash back all the time …

On ***„Criminal Minds***" one of the main actors is *Mandy Patinkin*, and he looks just like my Maui-friend ***Peter Rosen*** … of who I have not heard for a long time. I didn't respond to him for a while, and truth be told, I had all but forgotten about him … and the images reminded me of him …

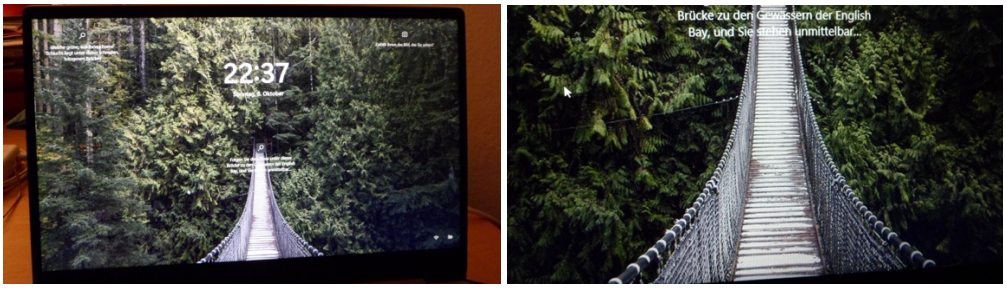


On ***„Criminal Minds"*** there was also a ***man who really looked like Walter*** … with whom I still have not spoken.

And a ***proverb*** that I found interesting …



Something interesting, too. On my new Lenovo PC that I use for movie watching, there is a changing screen image. And in the last weeks, I had to edit texts about an area where there is a free swinging bridge over a huge valley … And here, there is one, too.



And I saw a „Puka Lani“, a „door to heaven“, „hole in the sky“ … oh the longing.

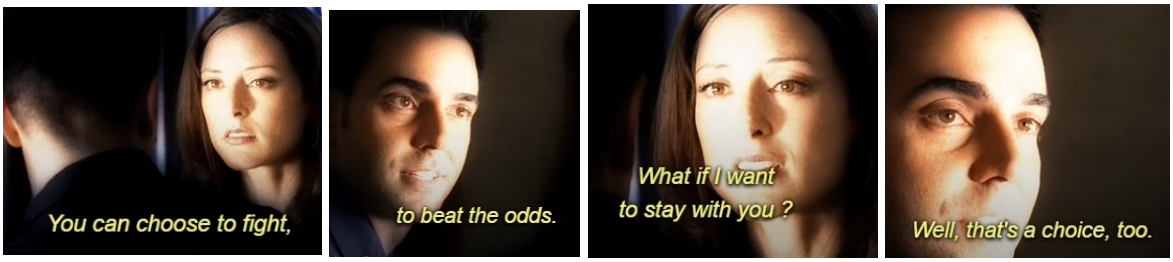
October 10, 2023

Took my boys to Hafnersee … I like the place, the wilderness on the empty camping ground, but it also makes me sad because mom used to work there … the nostalgia is really heavy, with everything abandoned … and to be torn down next year.

October 13, 2023, Friday – **Meeting the Dead Father**

Soon time to finish up this chapter and get this contact diary to people to read …

Strangely, in an online show of the most unlikely kind regarding the subject, **„Criminal Minds“,** famous, and I'm watching the very first season of 2005 (!) – a ***character talked with her dead father*** *in a near-death experience as she got shot* … she asks what to do … and dead dad says:



I just got reminded of what my main focus got to be. I have had incredible pain in my abdomen yesterday, it was very strange. I feel so old. And yet … so unfinished.

Swimming in the 20-degrees warm lake Wörthersee … so lovely. It is very hot, 25 degrees Celsius outside today … tomorrow another lovely day, and then temperatur drop and finally autum. I shall swim as long as I can …

I have been fearing a lot recently ***that my father would die*** and we'd never be able to speak again. I put *books* on Ediths grave again with a little letter offering my help again, and a white flower. Didn't hear back from my father. That said … I also saw in that series, „Criminal Minds“ so many psychopaths, *and the „team“ talked so much about men with a broken mind or brain, narcissists and psychopaths, unable to act or react in an emotionally normal way* … that I realized that I must give up my thoughts about my father. Unless he has a near-death experience and sees everything clearly, I don't think he will ever come around.

What a pity. I so much would like to live there, in the small house with the big garden, where I grew up.

I think I'd deserve it.

Had to say good-by to CH, again, she can't follow up with her own plans for a sober life, she is nowhere near really wanting it, and the way she takes advantage of her alcoholic pills addict devotes boyfriend is nauseating to me. She lies and cheats and deceives – mostly herself and the poor guy, who she despises of. But she has been an energy-sucker in my life … I don't want this or her anymore. I don't even feel pity for her, my disappointment and disillusionment are too great.

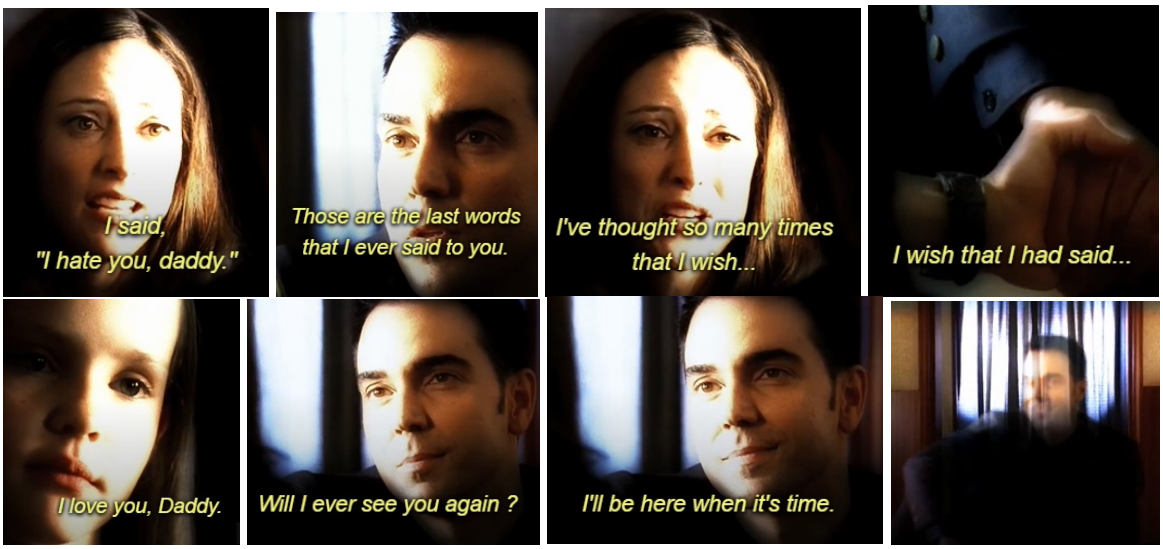
My ***mom*** … keeps surprising me with amazing cognitive feats … only her short-term memory sucks at times. She seems to improve … except that the food topic is a problem, she just won't eat

anything except marcipain chocolate and vanilla yoghurt if it was up to her. I am cooking healthy stuff for her, and it feels good. I will help her feel okay for the rest of her mortal go-around.

And me? I don't know. Going with the flow, I guess. Following my impetus of …

… long ago.

And wow … the end of it all, is expressed here, in *„Criminal Minds"* …


I said,
"I hate you, daddy."
Those are the last words
that I ever said to you.
I've thought so many times
that I wish...
I wish that I had said...
I love you, Daddy.
Will I ever see you again ?
I'll be here when it's time.

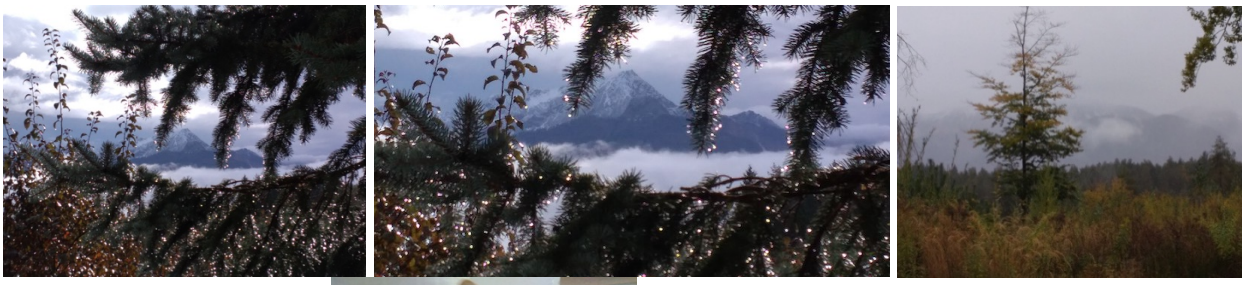
„I'll be there when it's time."

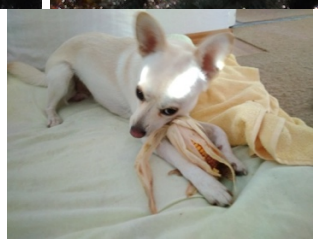
Will you be, Bob?

Oh the license plates today and yesterday … **„808 DO"** and right after that **„222 BX".** That's us.

<u>October 15, 2023</u>

The first snow in the mountains …

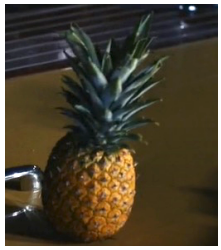


… and a cozy home scene: 

<u>October 16, 2023</u> – **The Pineapple! Unicorn, Daniela & Hawaii, „Daniela in Maui"**

Oh my … just when I thought I could finalize this chapter, the biggest synchronicity message of all! Actually, yesterday:

I received a ***pinapple*** from Bob in my hand when I asked him to immediately confirm that he hears every word when I am ranting anbout him being such an asshole for having died and abandoned me … <u>and I picked this random movie,</u> and there it was, right at the beginning, **a main character pulled a pineapple out of a bag and put it on a boat …!** NO ODDS!

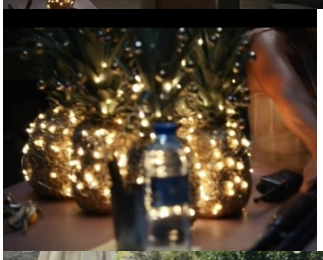
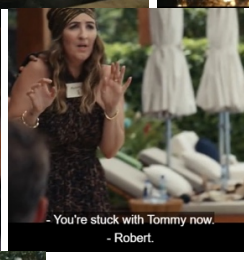


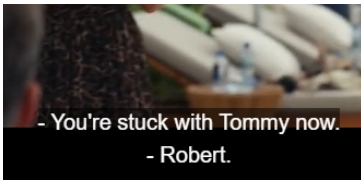
And it goes on and on ... ***"Mackinac Island"*** is mentioned by the mother of the groom, and I have never seen it mentioned before ***except by ME in my own film "Native of Owhyhee"*** ... and then she talks about a ***forklift***, and that is or was Bob's family's business, forklifts, and then the father of the bride's name is Robert ... oh wow, and I have such a headache ...

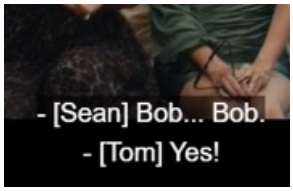
And another Pineapple!

(A few minutes later)

Ther are more pineapples ... SO MANY MORE! So it really really really was about a pineapple ... Bob gave me a pineapple ...

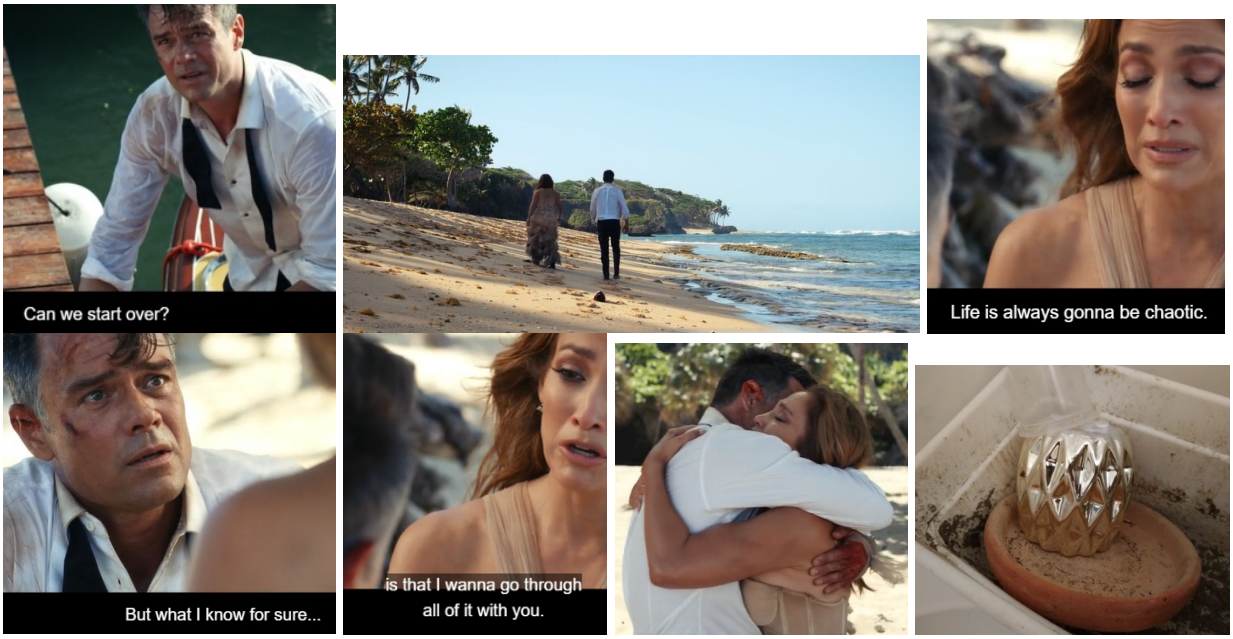




Oh, and the story of (my) **Bob and Tom – his „friend“** who took advantage of Bob till the very end. Bob made the films for Tom who became renowned for them as a filmmaker, whilst he barely knew how to hold a camera, and Tom got all the credit. Because Bob did not ask for it. Same with his collaborator of many years, Kenny. Bob let people walk all over him … he never stood up for himself. Oh shit. Geez, I'm looking back at my life … it was so intense. So many things I should have asked or done … should have. Didn't.

And there is more than pineapples … A lot of … well, just very special content that spoke to me.

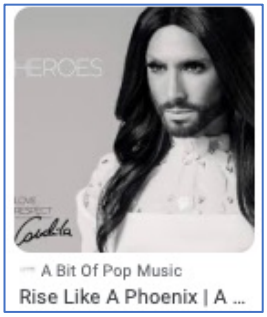
I need you.
This is so much better than *South Pacific.*
♪ All this no ordinary love ♪
You did this for me?
Just you and me
in the middle of the ocean?
Darcy, I'm sorry
I stopped listening to you.
we could have the perfect marriage, but...
But that doesn't exist.
I just wanna be with you.
All that matters is you.
And if we survive this thing,
can we just...



And then I realized that I have a **pineapple shaped flower pot** in my bathroom …
And what Bob and I never did … go to a Lu'au or party on a beach:

And today, I found a tiny **unicorn** at the parking lot in front of the house where my mom lives, along with a piece of a tiny toy-man, only his lower half. Of course. Wow.

And then, I went to the *pharmacy* with mom, who is through the wind when it is about present tense conscious thinking, she just is not able to stick to the present subject … and the ***sales lady at the pharmacy out of the blue started telling me that her grandmother had gone blind in her last year*** … And it was in relation to my name and the famous song of an Austrian artist or the same name, and the song was, ***„Rise Like a Phoenix". It won the Eurovision Song Contest 2014 – the year when I saw Bob for the last time.***



Immediately I thought – *„Okay, that Phoenix-thing … is going to come up. This is the message … somehow …"* It was just so weird, the situation. I had said the name of that singer as some kind of joke when she had asked me my name for a reservation to pick up later, … and the lady behind the counter just looked up and talked about her dead grandmother, who had said that she had „seen a lot in her life, but that arist, Conchita Wurst, she would have loved to see …" but couldn't, because she went blind.

So then I shoved the thought aside. Still, it was strange hearing that total stranger say such personal things to me …

I spontaneously had the image of a checkered fabrik in black and yellow or beige …

I went for a swim today, after dropping mom off, and I intended to swim only briefly, I did feel the chill already. But then, there was a **bee** … struggling … in the cold water … so alone … I just could not leave her out there.

(my actual bee)

And I took my hair clip off and rescued the bee. I stayed in the water much longer than I had intended, but it got warmer and warmer. Outside, I breathed on the bee until it started moving again, then I put it in the sun in the car, put the heater one, and back home, it was already moving, eating honey from my finger, recovering. I took a walk with the boys at Aich and picked some late flowers for the bee, who was under a plastic cup … and it ate and ate … And then it got restless in it's „home" and so desperate to get out. And even though it was sunset, I just had to let her outside. She flew a round in front of me and then took off … and even if she shouldn't make it to her hive, I am confident she would die happy … but for sure free.

(Later)

So I picked a random movie to watch while sizing the 100 screenshots I made of ***„Shotgun Wedding"*** last night … and I picked **„Plane",** because Gerard Butler is in it. And in the first minute, I kid you not, there is my name, „**Daniela**" (his daughter, and he pronounces it the German way!), and there is „**Hawaii**".

Can you believe this?

(Later)
Oh Jesus Christ, there is a line in the movie, about the main character, the plane capitan, played by Gerard Butler, that he had „***phoned his daughter, Daniela, in Maui.“***

DANIELA IN MAUI.

This is me. My life. ME.

October 17, 2023 **– The Phoenix & 222 EO**
So I was driving today to my mom to bring her soup and compote, and „**910 CE**“ drove by, the forth „910“ since yesterday. and mocking the way Americans would say the word „**air**“. How Bob would say „air“. Bob and I did that sometimes, having great fun pulling the ugliest grimaces and saying words in very ugly way … „Air“ is ideal for that . So I sat in my car, pulling grimaces, saying „Aeah“ and „Eauh“ … and shit. And just then, *JUST FUCKING THEN*, „**222 EO**“ drove by! The „house of laughter“, our „222“ address, ***… so a number with a combination of letters I was saying out loud over and over …***
I really „high-fived“ Bob, and as I looked into the rear mirror, a car was driving up real close, with the license place number „**808 FE**“ was right behind me, „BOB FOREVER“.

And the **Phoenix** showed up! I just knew it, and I had to smile when I read it … in the text of my client, and astrologer, who wrote in this week's newsletter about „Rising like a Phoenix“:

- **Vorbild: Phönix aus der Asche!** ***(„Phoenix from the Ashes“)***

Wie der Skorpion weiß, kommt nach der dunkelsten Stunde immer die Morgendämmerung. Habe keine Angst und widme dich den schwierigsten Themen in deinem Leben! Du wirst merken, dass dir die Skorpion-Energie dabei hilft, hinzuschauen und Lösungen zu finden.

gekonnter Andeutung, baue Vorfreude auf – aber verrate deine Vorhaben nicht sofort!

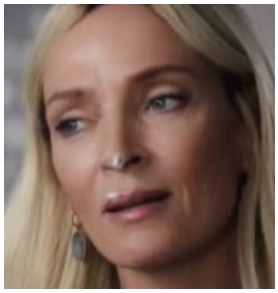
- **Vorbild: Phönix aus der Asche!**

Wie der Skorpion weiß, kommt nach der dunkelsten Stunde immer die Morgendämmerung. Habe keine Angst und widme dich den schwierigsten Themen in deinem Leben! Du wirst merken, dass dir die Skorpion-Energie dabei hilft, hinzuschauen und Lösungen zu finden.

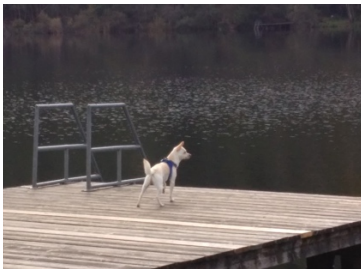
The text literally says to use the „Phoenix from the Ashes" as an inspiration or idol … and to not be afraid and dedicate oneself to the most difficult themes in one's life. Right.

Oh wow. ***In this newsletter is all about realizing the true job of the soul in this lifetime and to turn towards it and fulfill it! The „kuleana", you know.*** Right. I got it, I just am not sure entirely, what this means exactly.

Something else, kind of fun. Today, I ran into CH, and I realized that I had just earlier put some Nivea cream on my face, like I always do before I go outside, but sometimes I forget to rub it in. It has happened that I had met someone and talked, and coming home I discovered some slob of Nivea somewhere. So I had told CH about this … and then, just earlier, I watched a bit of the movie ***„The Kill Room"*** because I discovered it, and Uma Thurman is in it, and she and I were really lookalikes, but years ago. So there … in that movie – *she has some coffee milk foam on her face without realizing it!* Now there are no odds!



At lake Hafnersee … discovered a **trash can** with a big flower on it.



<u>October 18, 2023</u>
Strange „man in a garden" greeted me, walking by.

October 20, 2023 – **„Aloha“ in the Alien-movie & A Dead Man Talking**

I have been so horribly intense „on Maui“, right there, with Bob feeling so close as if he was right there with me … and then I realized, that it will be the 30th anniversary of my brother Peter's death tomorrow … And I started to focus on Peter, and at the cemetery, where I had put a candle, it was like rushing back in time and feeling my brother too and how it felt when he was around as a mortal. I was wondering how urgently he would have needed my energy … and still needs. So I have started a new habit today – „playing“ my brother as much as I can or directing and projecting energetic discharges of my emotional experiences at him …

And I have been watching **„Resident Alien“** since yesterday, a fun series that I have watched when I lived in Griffen, but could only recall after having seen the scenes … not the story ahead of watching the episodes … and now, just now … „Aloha“ showed up …

ALOHA.

In this alien-movie. Check it out:

I was stunned shitless, like many times before. Saw some ***stunning clouds*** today, kind of suiting.

I am in the process of revising my screenplay „Welcome to the Excelsior“ about a woman, „Gloria“, who establishes a callboy ring … with dire consequences for her … the ultimate diversity and actually equality story, if you will.

My producer acquaintance Wolfgang will take it to the AFM, the American Film Market in LA next weekend and pitch it there. Wow. This would have been the last work of mine that I would have expected to be featured … anywhere.

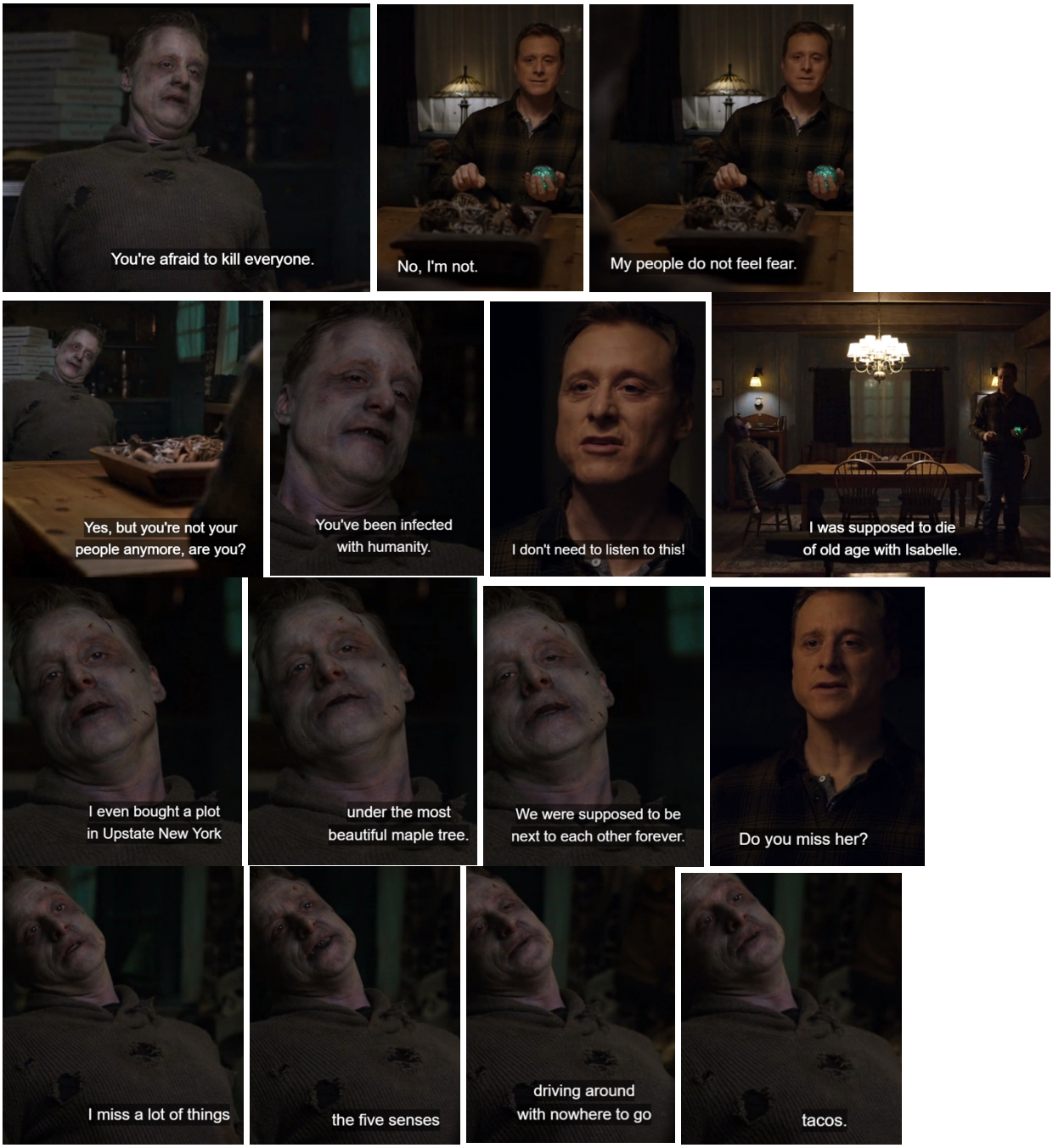
Swam yesterday. It was so cold. And so lovely.

I am considering to buy a video camera … or two. Considering a project, but it is in the process of maturing in my mind still.

(Later)

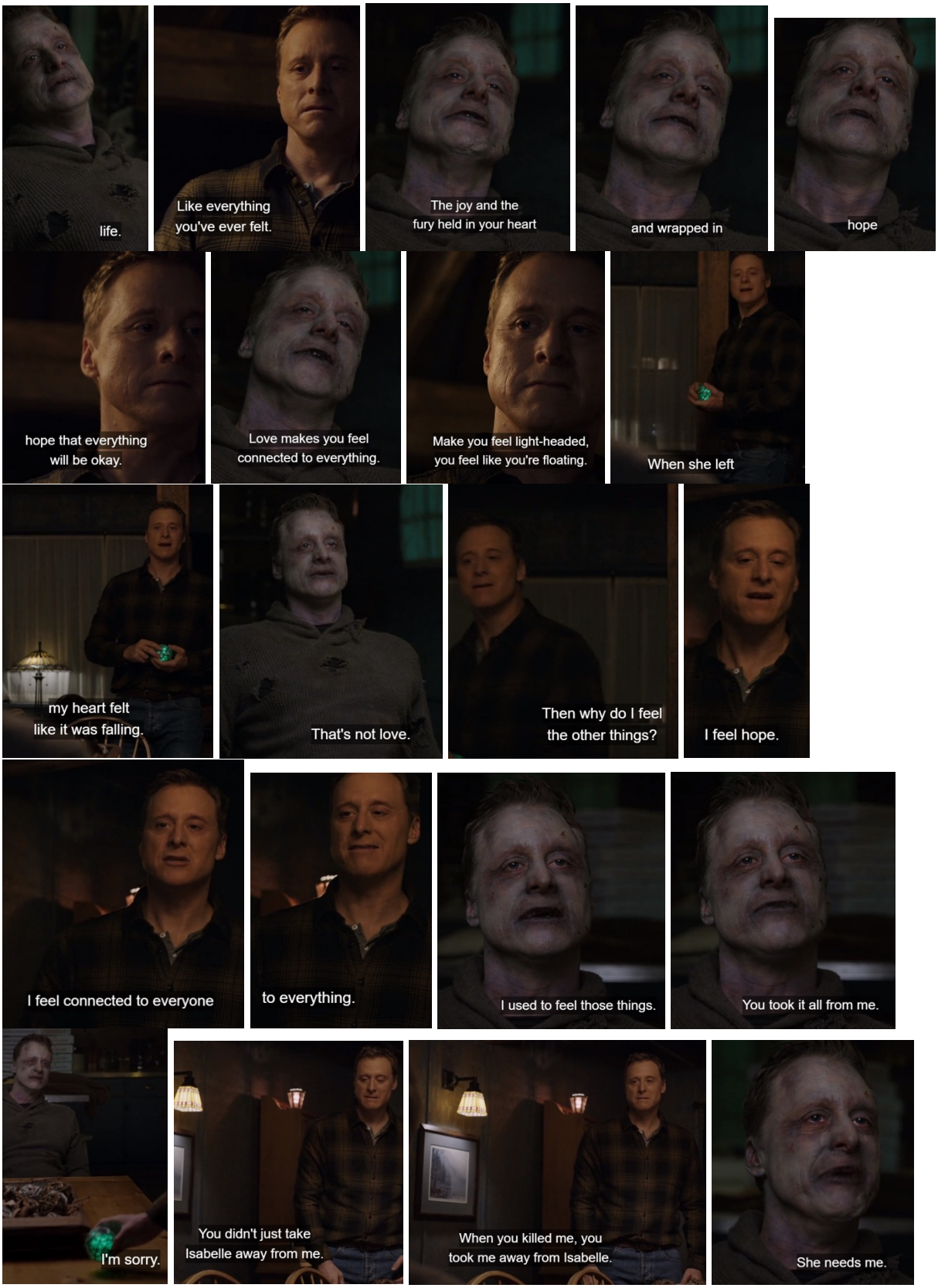
Oh wow … and now **a dead man is talking** … in his alien killer's imagination, like I have imagined Bob talk so fucking many times these days … I asked him if he missed me to and being with me, and did he think he fucked up and our story could have played out so differently, too, and still we would have worked on „The Bridge“ and have accomplished a lot?

And here, in this movie, I got the answer.


You're afraid to kill everyone.
No, I'm not.
My people do not feel fear.
Yes, but you're not your people anymore, are you?
You've been infected with humanity.
I don't need to listen to this!
I was supposed to die of old age with Isabelle.
I even bought a plot in Upstate New York
under the most beautiful maple tree.
We were supposed to be next to each other forever.
Do you miss her?
I miss a lot of things
the five senses
driving around with nowhere to go
tacos.

Oh yes! ***Bob loved loved loved Tacos,*** all Mexican food.

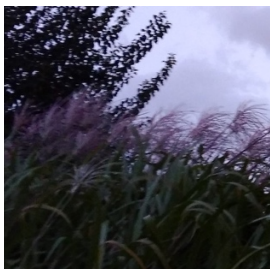
Does he miss me, I kept asking him? A dead man answered:


life.
Like everything you've ever felt.
The joy and the fury held in your heart
and wrapped in
hope
hope that everything will be okay.
Love makes you feel connected to everything.
Make you feel light-headed, you feel like you're floating.
When she left
my heart felt like it was falling.
That's not love.
Then why do I feel the other things?
I feel hope.
I feel connected to everyone
to everything.
I used to feel those things.
You took it all from me.
I'm sorry.
You didn't just take Isabelle away from me.
When you killed me, you took me away from Isabelle.
She needs me.

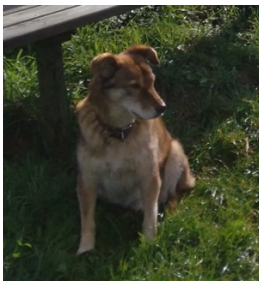
Ok, so that's why I chose that series … I have no idea how it even happened in my awarness.
Because last but not this, I got this:

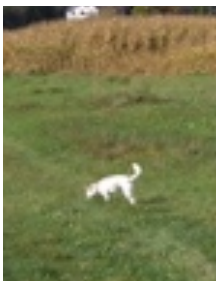
I GOT THE ANSWERS FROM BOB – AGAIN.
Like I have received so many answers in the five years since his death.
Bob is dead.
My brother Peter is dead.
Sigi is dead. My grandparents on both sides … and so many others … and they do need us to think about them. Looking at a grave stone helps recalling them and thinking of them lovingly, I found, today, facing my brother's gravestone.
I have no idea what happened to Bob's remains and if there is some kind of memorial place for his mortal story.

So fucking poignant, isn't it? Along with the „tassling Ko", the sugar cane of Maui, that makes tassles in November. In November. And I realized that along the path I'm walking daily, there are ***reeds with tassles, just like sugar cane. And it is November.***



<u>October 21, 2023</u>
Out with my boys … on the view spot at Aich.





I fed two ***insects*** in the past two days … the first the bee. Then, a wasp. I just am happy to see at least two, there were none in the summer. Last year the same time there were so many wasps coming every day … it was lovely.

October 25, 2023

Took my two boys to lake Hafnersee, just because I like how quiet it is there, and the dogs can run around and sniff to their hearts' content … and I discovered a small path up a hill that I had not seen before … and we ended up at a strange place with two sailing boats and a lot of rubble kind of hidden or stowed there … and a cell phone mast.

I remember in October 2018, after having left Bob and while sending him frantically medicine and nutrition bottles … I took walk with four years old Jacqui in a sun drenched autumn landscape of Vienna and sent Bob pics of all our adventures … and some home pictures, too. (Yes, I did pull this one, I managed to! It was Jacqui three days after I had returned from Maui.)

October 26, 2023

250 EY and **250 FT** within an hour this morning, driving to lake Hafnersee. Oh I have been flashing back to being on Maui so hard and intensely that sometimes I ly in bed and I must

consciously remind myself that I am not on my beloved Maui futon, and that Bob is dead, and that it's many many years later.

Oh sometimes I really want to do a project .. it seems like I can't get it out of my mind … is Bob putting it back in all the time as soon as I am ready to not even think „filmmaking" anymore ever again … so now, I'm all into my own MadFauna raps and the question what tall that effort was actually for … and what my ability to write is for.

Editing shitty webtexts is draining actually my very spirit. So much time, so much effort – to better texts that should have been written well in the first place – but my „colleagues" and at the same time clients are young people who can't even construct a straight proper sentence and yet work for a „content agency". If I had written like they do, I'd have been fired immediately.

What a waste of my time.

I must earn money to live, and this home office job is a blessing, … has been since about a month before I flew to Bob on August 7, 2018. But it is becoming very stressful. My time is running out, and I am stuck with spending hours and hours and hours every day correcting texts whose authors don't care or don't have the time to write properly or even do a first run of editing themselves. This got to change.

I edited „Welcome to the Excelsior" for Wolfram, the producer who wants to take it to the American Film Market next week … it felt great to deal with a screenplay, but it was a hurry, he didn't tell me in time … reminds me so much of Bob in that way. I am not sure what to think … why this script? He does not communicate properly via email, either … Is he my manager or …?

I don't know.

Mom is so aloof often, so strange, and it is all so draining. We took a walk at the Wernberg swimming lake … and at the abandoned summer buffet, there was a strange display of toys …

I should really do something for myself, right?

A project. So I found a ***unicorm sticker.*** *And the toy one I found sits now in my car.*

October 27, 2023

Walk with mom at Rosegg … again … she never looks like she appreciates me, at least, she is able now to see the beauty of the landscape.

November 1, 2023 **– „AFTER DEATH"**

Thinking of Bob so much … so intensely … very hard days as I got involved in a horrible life drama of my neighbors, but no details here. I can only advise, but then had to step back quickly as I was drawn myself into a lot of memories and realizations about my psychopath father.

Okay. Then, last night, I walked with Jacqui, in the dark, he is always reluctant – and there is a road block because of asphalt works, so many cars drive through the small country road that runs next to the settlement where I live.

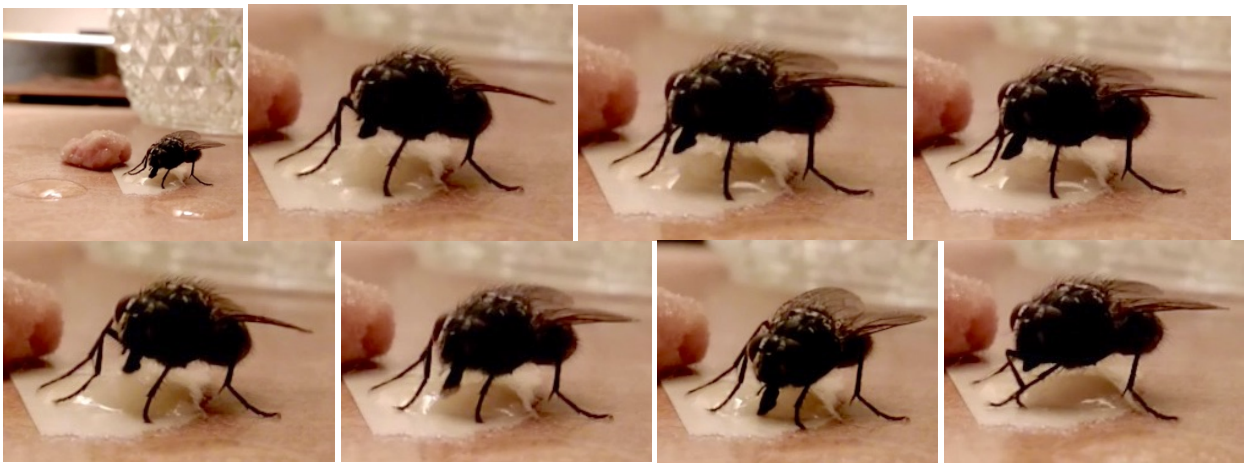
And just as I stepped out, **„250 DA“** drove by.

Oh Bob. I miss you saying your phonenumber, and yet I hear you all the time: „eight ouh eight two five ouh eight ouh three ouh***“, 808 250 8030***. It seems like an odd coincidence for me to stand outside, in the cold night, and just one car drives by, all is quiet, and I have to give way and step with Jacqui into the bushes, and the license plate number is „250 DA“, with the local area letters. He „gave“ me something like an ***orange or a peach*** into my hand, when I asked him if he was right there … and as I walked on, it really felt like he was. A few steps behind me and then right next to me.

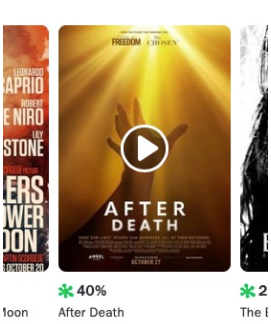
I pulled up my MadFauna raps now and have been writing a concept for a female-centered film-music-project entitled „*Mothership*“. But sometimes, like last night, I can't make myself work on it, I lie down and watch stupid crime stories online. And some of those storylines are so stupid, that I swear to myself everytime to never ever waste my time watching this shit again.

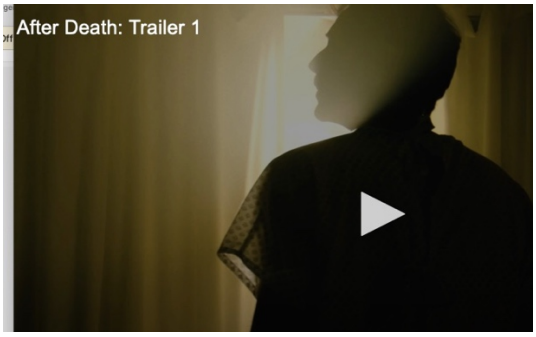
But then … I had to get my mind of a horribly gross experience I had with the neighbors who are in that gruesome distress … and I won't share it, but it took me hours to cleanse my apartment again after their visit.

I fed a ***fly*** … it was so heartwarming to see how it ate and sucked and got her belly full. Then I let her fly outside into freedom. Strangely, next day, I could swear, it was the same fly, because it went to the same spot where I had fed the one the night before … and again, I fed it and freed it.



So … last night, after watching some shit-show with an ending so uninspired I wanted to yell at the screen … I chose to just check out a few trailers at the „Rottentomatoes.com“ site where the new films are presented. And there it was: A documentary film about life after death, with the title **„AFTER DEATH“.** And yes, I'm a bit afraid to watch it – because so much can be done wrong with this topic. But I am totally inspired to finally get this c. d. to the right people. Maybe even people who made this film.





(Picture on the right: Bob in about 2010, pointing at the moon.)

There. Time to get this contact diary to the right people, five years after Bob's passing.

And I am still here.

The world is such a mess, wars breaking out, ignorance and fear everywhere … oh my sensitive sweet Bob who could be such an asshole, good that you didn't have to live to see all this shit.

November 1, 2023 – **An Island landed**

Took a walk with mom at lake Hafnersee … and what a surprise: The recent storm had torn loose a whole **islands of reeds**, and it had floated along the shore and ended up next to a flooded pier … even mom was fascinated.

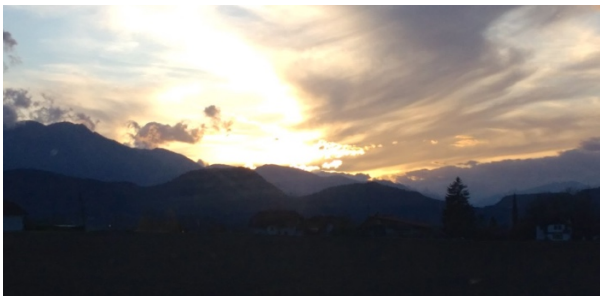
Interestingly, I had photographed the place because of the flower painted on the trashcan on October 17. So if I can't get to the island, the island comes to me?

Too bad, that later at my place, mom resorted to her resentment towards me, and I am so sensitive to mistreatment already that I lashed out on her. Regretted it, but I am on edge. I really do everything for her, she wouldn't ever call me just to call, only when she needs to go shopping, and otherwise I connect with her. At times, I really long for someone to care about me. Even A., my new friend, disappointed me, because I shared my project „Mothership" with her via email, and she did not even respond.

November 3, 2023

My mother is just so nasty to me at every opportunity, I can't and won't stand it any longer. I don't deserve this. The caretaking will have to change.

Trying to not cry … it's raining … trying to not think about Bob and everything … still must cry.



November 4, 2023 – **5th Anniversary of Bob's passing & the Sky Messages**

First thing I saw today, next to the road in a parking lot, a car with the license plate number, **„250 EJ**". I said „Ej!" and it sounded like a greeting. And Stoneman's signature yesterday, „**25 SM**".

I took my two doggy boys up to the Aich lotos flower pond with the bridge today, and I really really talked to Bob. About how I want to free him now in case my wishes and thoughts keep him in the in-between-realm that Dr. Huber said he was, years ago, to be able to work and communicate with me. And I told him too that of course I don't know if I have in any way „kept" him somehow whilst he wanted to move on, or if he has been free all along. I asked him to let me know what need needed – and the answer was in my mind right away: I have to focus on everything that has to do with this after-death communication business. That is my „kuleana", I felt and knew it so closely. I broke out crying a bit, but only briefly.

Jacqui observed me so intensely – and joined me as I was **standing on the stone to talk with „the Stone".** And Jacqui came too.

I used the memory of the last kiss 2014 at the airport in Kahului to recall Bob … and I could dive so intensely into being him … also later, when I shared a **„Bobby"-sweets** with him in the car, „made" him eat and taste and enjoy it, and I really had the feeling that it arrived, as there was the *intense pang of emotional ecstasy* in me for a moment, always a sign that I „reached" him. And I did that with the **freshly baked still warm Apple Strudel** that my neighbor and friend Gabi brought me. How sweet of her. As I did the sharing, the impression of Edith came in strongly, and I played her to share the wonderful taste with her, too, and even a bit with my brother Peter, whose image I could recall. I'm a bit guilty of a hurry in doing this projection stuff today, as there is much unrest in

me. But I did it. The sun just came out … but my mom wants to be alone today. For the first time, she sounded a bit down today, when I called her. I must have shocked her with my outburst yesterday. But I am only human. And mortal. And I cannot handle malfunctioning brains very well.

I realized that my two dogs are the „means“ to keep me in the here and now.

My mother is the reflection of all my trauma and disappointments and frustrations of my life, and I must let go in some way. My father? Don't know. I sent him a nice card today, reading „With heartfelt connectedness“, knowing that he would reject it, but still, I did send it. I must do what is right for ME, not for anyone else. I must further our project „The Bridge“ to make sense of this lifetime.

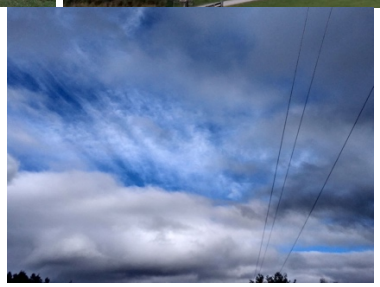
I freaked out on my mother so heavily yesterday, that I have finally come to the conclusion that it really can't go on. I cannot stand dedicating most of my thinking and efforts to upholding the lifestyle of a demented woman who hates me. It is not fair to me. It keeps me from doing my real tasks. I will find a solution with my mother. It will be all good.

Then, as we walked back, from the pond, Jacqui, Tino and I – **„the ocean“ appeared in the sky right in front of my eyes. „Something“ formed first …**

Then: the waves.

(But those weren't the last waves I was going to see that day.)

And as I walked on – there was **a direct mirroring of the path that I was looking at – in the sky.** The **powerlines** seemed to be mirrored too.



I said to Bob that I really needed him to confirm to me that he sees all of that too and that it has meaning, and I „received" first some kind of fruit like a **fig** on the palm of my hand, and then **a small flat dark ornamented box**, made of wood or of some other material looking like wood. Oh well. (I did receive a *small golden jewelry box on my hand* a few days ago. But nothing so far.)

(<u>Note</u>: Both manifested – on November 5 and 6, BAFFLING, even for me! A fig! A wooden box!)

I said to Bob that I really needed him to confirm to me that he sees all of that too and that it has meaning, and I „received" – a *rooster*, too. (***<u>Note</u>: Rooster manifested, too.)***

So I have the firm feeling inside of me that a new era is beginning. I will finish this C. D. today and then send it off to the people who need to read it.

And then – „imua".

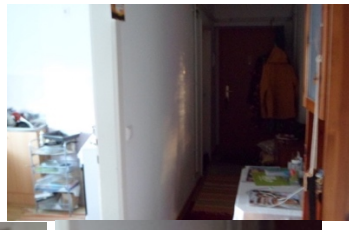
But no – <u>I still have **not** been able to watch the little video I shot of Bob talking to me directly in 2012.</u> Will I … later today? Do I have to wait with finalizing this C. D. until I will have watched it?

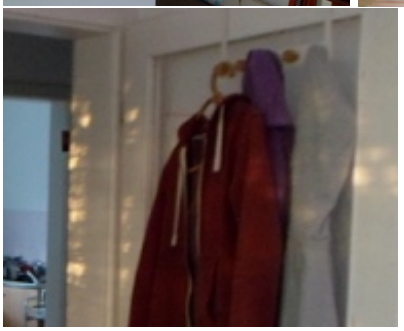
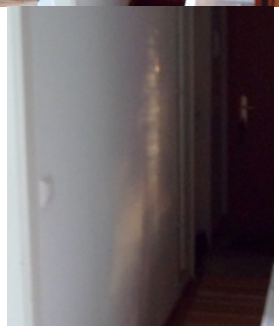
Also the thought hit me just earlier that I am supposed to make „ke aka" of this contact diary, a version of the essence of all the stories, lining up without much backstory all the events of synchronicity. Wow. I think I can do that while watching movies. I love watching crime stories right now with gruesome murders … they help me realize that the body truly is a machine. A character in „Criminal Minds", „Agent Prentiss", said in an episode the other day the words ***„Okey-doke!"*** in such a wonderful way, that it has become an inspiration to me to hear it in my head or say it out loud. Oh, so cool, googled her … and in later episodes she seems to have gray hair – and long, like me! If I only could be like her. Her older version does look a bit like me.

I put the unicorn, that I found the other day right next to the yellow mouse that I found years ago, right after Bob's death, in my car.
Okey-doke then.

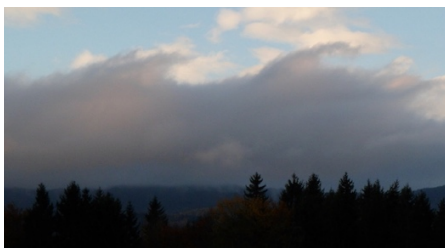
(A little later:)
Oh the **magic** … **The Lights on the Walls**

I had put some pictures into this c. d. chapter and had just stopped, ready to go and warm up my pasta dinner, when I noticed a very strange light pattern on my walls … and this was never ever there before, I would have photographed it and mentioned it of course. So I turned around, away from my laptop and saw it! THIS! Look! SOME **LIGHTS ON THE WALLS!** I probably should savor it more … as it felt so so so miraculous. So I grabbed my camera real quick – just before it faded, as the sun set …



And then, I went into the kitchen to warm up that pasta … and glimpsed at the window, and **THE OCEAN** was there, too! ***Just two real big waves*** … oh Bob, I just know it's you. I turned around exactly the right moment … a few seconds later, and it would have all been gone.



The end of November 4. Even though he died on that day Hawaii time, so it's still several hours backwards … but in my time now, it was today five years ago.

(Later)

Ate my pasta, shared with Bob … and suddenly it hit me: I must do the „essence“ version to send along with the full version – for me to recap! I am supposed to have my experiences on my mind at any time to be able to talk about them. So I must go through it all from the beginning … oh shit.

Alright. I guss I will do it. Made „Ke Aka“ – „The Essence“ already out of my own long Hawaii documentary „Native of Owhyhee“ back in the day. What a great prep. (Sarcasm off.)

(Later)
OH WOW!

Just finished watching the ***episode 10 of season 3 „Criminal Minds“*** … and in the end, the character „J. J.“ said, that she couldn't imagine that the only thing left of someone is a voice message … she wouldn't probably be able to stop listening to it.

What are the odds?

Oh my. And I wrote just earlier *about the Bob-video I can't bring myself to watch*. I get it. I really am supposed to. But only the thought of **seeing Bob move and breathe and look at me and speak** makes be break out in tears right away.

Yet. I guess I'll have to do it before I finish this chapter. Don't I?

Oh shit. Just checked, there are two files. These are the images when clicking on them. Before hitting „Play“. My face is so hot as if I had a fever.

I just had a weird thought when I was in the kitchen, brewing some tea … and little dog Tino came right after me, looking up at me as if he was expecting to get some snack too. Now, dogs are not supposed to expect something from their alphas everytime they eat. It pissed me off, actually, when he comes begging all the time … but then I realized, that this is exactly how **young wolves** survive: They beg for morsels of the food the adults are eating, and if they are successful, they get to eat, if not, they starve and die. Now what does that mean?

Simply this: Only if the adult wolves like a young dog, they will give in to his or her begging. And that makes sense, because they will also only protect the ones they like. And that is not wolfish, that is human.

So take my father and mother: They always hated me and my brother. Mostly me. So of course they were obligated to feed us, but they only „protected“ us because they had to.

Right before I left Vienna to visit Bob in 2018, I found 24 hearts in the grass on a hill in Vienna. Jacqui was with me then. So now the year 2024 is about to beginn …?

November 5, 2023 **– The Cloud in the Water, The Face & THE BOX MANIFESTED**

Oh wow.

I saw something astounding today … at *lake Hafnersee*, where I spent an hour with the boys … in terms of „as above so below" – **a REAL CLOUD in the water.** The ***white clouds*** in the sky were not just mirrored in the water – there was ***some odd white substance***, I think algae, spreading from a plant … forming actual clouds in the water.

The fall landscape was stunning … the water level was high because of recent rain, the piers were flooded. I just admire the wonder that nature is. Our playground. That we are going to leave behind. But we will take our memories of it with us.

It's now Sunday night, five years after Bob's passing.

Took myself and the boys to lake Hafnersee today … the piers flooded and parts of the meadows, some strange and lovely sights.

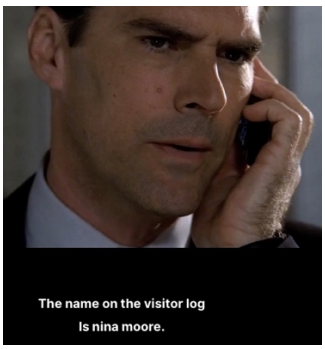
So I took a shower and decided to watch some TV-show online while sorting through some documents. But for some reason, the German singer ***„Nina Hagen“*** came to my awareness. I don't know why. Somehow, on a website I saw a picture of her, and suddenly I found myself googling her strange face with that strange make up and outfit. And I googled „Makeup free“ and thought how pretty she really was.

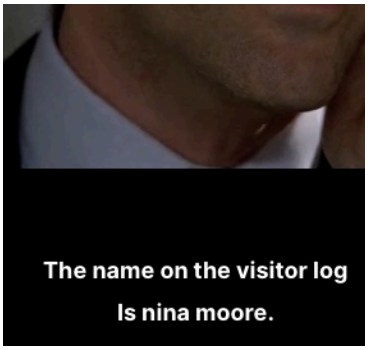
She is now 68, and it really doesn't look nice …

So I switched on the ***episode 19 of seaon 3 of „Criminal Minds“*** … and there it was: a foto of ***agent Prentiss „Nina Hagen“-style***.

There are no odds for this.

Seriously?! Wow. How did this happen? Oh – shit, the name „**Nina**“ appeared in the show too!





(Later)

Oh Jesus in Heaven! **THE BROWN BOX MANIFESTED.**

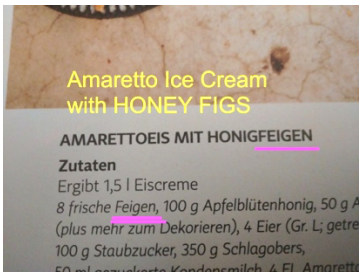
The ornamented dark box manifested that Bob had put in my hand upon my request to prove to me that he is right with me!

It appeared in an episode of ***„Criminal Minds“*** … and I had wanted to watch something different, a program of the title „The Last of Us“. But I was so drawn to „Criminal Minds“ … and had I not given into my urge, I would not have seen the box!

THE SAME LITTLE BOX like the one BOB HAD PLACED ON MY FLAT HAND!
In the movie it contained personal items of murder victims.

November 6, 2023 – **THE FIG MANIFESTED**
The fig manifested.
And I'm just fucking baffled.
In the most unlikely places – a magazine that I would have never gotten to see had I not taken my mother today to a neurologist for checking her short-term-memory loss.
Wow! There it was – **the fig – in a recipe**! I never read recipes, but I was intrigued by the **„honey" topic** … **as I had fed honey to a wasp** again yesterday …

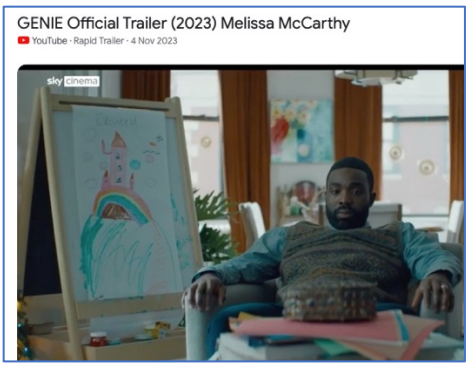
And even though the story was about bees, the insects depicted were clearly **wasps**. I mean – ***honey with wasps*** next to it – check out my image of ***the wasp I fed yesterday! With honey!***


Amaretto Ice Cream
with HONEY FIGS
AMARETTOEIS MIT HONIGFEIGEN
Zutaten
Ergibt 1,5 l Eiscreme
8 frische Feigen, 100 g Apfelblütenhonig, 50 g
(plus mehr zum Dekorieren), 4 Eier (Gr. L; getre
100 g Staubzucker, 350 g Schlagobers,

And then – I was looking for a certain recipe that was announced, and instead I stumbled across one with figs in it! ***FIGS! So unlikely in our geographical region.*** But there it was. The „fig" that Bob had put in my hand – before the „dark ornamented maybe wooden box that fits on one hand".

The experience with the neurologist was horrible, I never ever want to see that monster again – and from now on I will be so patient with my mother and fiercely defend her independency – even more like I did. I won't describe what happened as this person best be forgotten.

(Later)
Oh wow. The little jewelry box!
So it's late at night now, I finished my editing work and was checking out the trailer of a series about the First Ladies of the USA, when I saw a link „Melissa McCarty new movie"; and I clicked on the trailer – and there it was, the ***small golden jewelry box*** that I had received (from Bob, on my hand) a few days ago! It is so uncanny. I had totally dismissed it … because I thought, I mean, a jewelry box, how should I possibly come across that?



(Of course I had recall one of the first commercials Bob and I made on Maui, about the *„Aloha Cellular Genie"* for a cellphone company.)

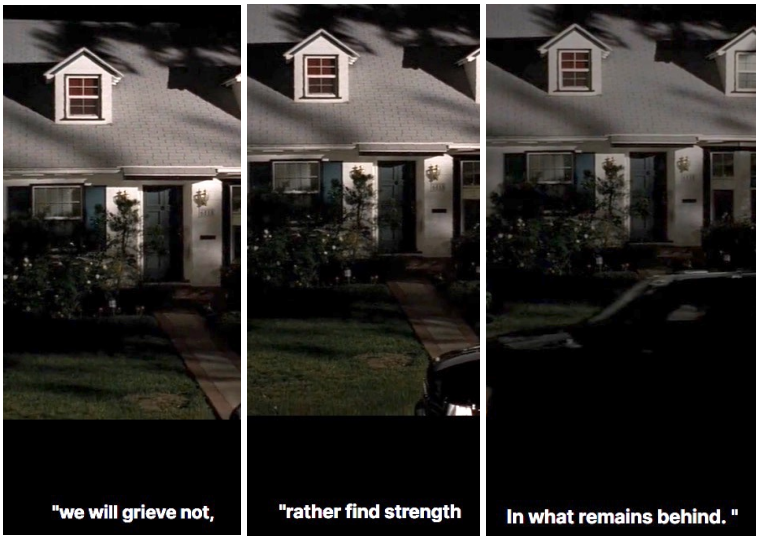
So I went to the cemetery this evening (yes, in the dark) to put a flower and a candle on Edith's grave, as it's her 3rd anniversary of her passing tomorrow, and I wanted my father to see it when he'd go there … likely in the morning.

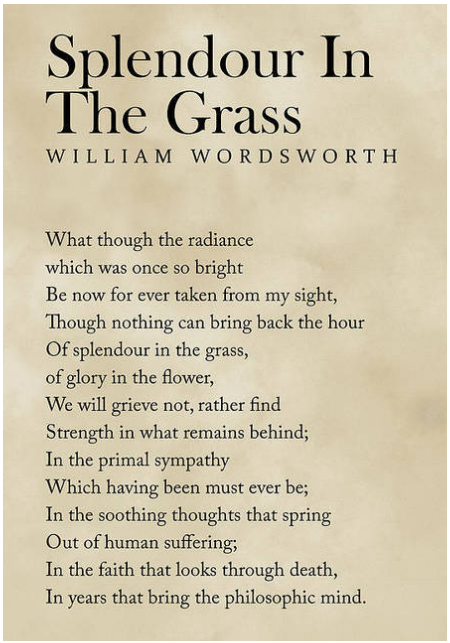
I talked with ***Edith, imagined her with me … her younger self, with long, dark hair and a flowing dark red silk dress singing opera*** … and I chatted her up what a shock it must have been for her to discover who my father really was … and how she may have suffered … horrible thought. (I did briefly reflect that book I had read with the ***ghost of the Indian woman called „Red Dress***", I had not made a connection with Edith back then!)

I took solace in the knowing that she knows now that I did really care for her. And I broke out in some humming-fake-singing of an **Opera** song I heard her once sing .. along with my then Norwegian friend, Jan … Oh Edith. We would have had such a nice time. I had just been about to move to Velden again … and then she died. And my father …

I walked the dogs close to his house in the dark … and I saw the tiny bright speck where his window is high up under the roof. He is all alone there. In the huge house. And the smaller house, where I grew up, empty in the backyard. Oh shit, this is so wrong.

Also, in „Criminal Minds" a wonderful poem was quoted, from William Wordsworth … and in his younger years … looked like – Bob. Sideburns and all.




Splendour In The Grass
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
What though the radiance
which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass,
of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

November 8, 2023 – **The Rooster**

The **rooster** that Bob „gave“ me on November 5 manifested … on a cookie. **It works – every time!**

And: I looked at a baked chestnut and saw – a brain.

November 8, 2023 – **The Opera Singer!!!!!**

Oh wow, this is unbelieveable.

Today, I reconnected with CH, and I spontaneously invited her over, and we chatted in my kitchen about ***Edith***, and how she wanted to become an opera singer, and how I sang a bit with her after visiting her grave.

Then CH left, and I put on a movie with Peter Dinklage, a love story I thought. So there – I saw opera singers, as he was an opera composer! I have not in my life seen anything about opera composers, except yesterday I stumbled across the movie about Leonard Bernstein, watched the trailer for „Maestro“ – but I had not the slightest idea that this movie „***She Came to Me“*** was about

an ***opera composer*** – and that I was going to see what I had just described to CH: ***<u>an opera singer with long dark hair in red! She even looks a little like young Edith used to look!</u>***

At the end of the movie was an **Opera scenario like Edith would have dreamed of. But there was „the moon" nearby ... near that singer ...** Of course I see what I see in this. And I trust that I am meant to see all this.

This was a message from Edith and Bob and Peter ... and from ***all*** of them, that I am exactly in the right place, otherwise all this would not have played out like this. With CH of all, who I served my first ever ***gourd dessert!***

It would have been so wonderful to be with Edith now, that I live her where she lived and suffered. But no, I lost her before we could have a real good time and close friendship in the mortal realm. Maybe she is part of the whole project „The Bridge", that she must be over there – to be

another factor that would entice and even urge and force me to delve into the topic „life after death“ and stay there for the rest of my life?

I talked with CH tonight along those lines. I said I would. And then the opera singer in red with long dark hair. Today of all days. And I swear I did not have the slightest idea what that movie was about.

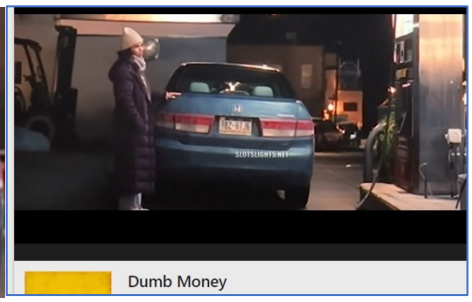
Mom and I talked about taking up the puzzle game again we started two years ago … and promptly, a puzzle showed up …

November 9, 2023 **– Bob's Car, the Teal Honda Accord!**

Oh my. It was a deeply emotional moment, last night. I was tired but wired after the experience with the opera singer … so I browsed movies a bit, and the first best was *„Dumb Money“* about some Wallstreet story. Not necessarily my topic, but I thought I still want to know what it's about, because it's a true story. Sure enough, it was beyond my understanding, but I felt I had to stick with it for a few more minutes … and there it was, and my heart almost stopped:

One of the characters, „Kim“, ***stood at a gas station*** and chatted with a guy about his vintage car. Then she **pointed at her car and said that hers is not that old, but she just can't give it away, she loves it so much: It was a teal colored Honda Accord, EXACTLY the car Bob had**. And that he could never give away, brought to Maui from California … and let it rot in the driveway because he had run down himself and his business so much that he couldn't afford the insurance for years. Looking back … I now see that there was a different reason behind it all. But I loved that car just like Bob loved it. Then it began to need repairs, and Bob couldn't afford it, and had to let it be towed away.

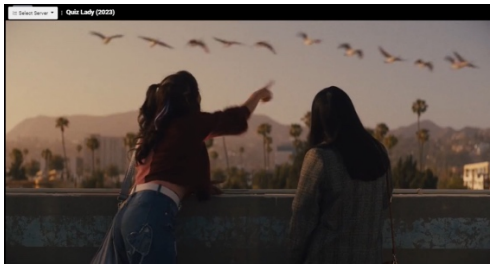
And today – last night, it was back.



So this morning I found out that CH hat lied to me again, last night. So now I have learned my lesson. For good.

November 10, 2023 – **The Birds Formation!**

Watched the movie „Quiz Girl“, just because I like Sandra Oh, the movie was weird and not funny – but in the end: A whole line of birds flew up behind the actresses, and one could see that this was unexpected, because of the reaction of the two. ***And I had just seen and taped it in awe at Aich yesterday*** – the geese or other birds in the sky that flew in that perfect formation! Oh wow, synchronicity.



Funny thing: I was imagining getting myself ***a device to put my laptop on*** so that I could watch movies while lying on my back … and just hours later, exactly that appeared on „Quiz Lady“!

And I don’t only begin with the license plate numbers. Yesterday, I drove thinking of Bob intensely and „**250**“ with an extension I can’t remember turned onto the street right behind me and drove so close that I could read the license plate number in the rear mirror. I said „Wow, something urgent for me to know?“ And just then, „**222**“ came directly towards me … and I thought „Ok, I am supposed to keep smiling.“ Even if this kind of communication seems strange for people – just try it, like I have described from the beginning of this contact diary, how this develops and then – works. That is how we communicate, using everything we are, have and know – and remember.

And it’s pure – see at the very beginning of this contact diary – true „**DEADICATION**“ that gets us to feel close to those who have already shed their mortal material shell. Personally I think I have several cancer-threatening tumors in my body, so I don’t know how long until my physical shell will expire. Oh I am doing something against them, and I have been successful for years. Until my time will come, I want to make my mortal life count. Big time – for the benefit of „The Bridge“-

November 11, 2023 – **The Opera Singer & The Information**

Took an unusual route for the morning walk with the dogs – and sure enough, the young opera singer came right at me from inside the forest, who I had met in summer. „Opera“ … the topic! And: She was strict with me (!) and told me how important it is to do what one loves to do. And I was reminded of my project „Mothership“. Jesus, she is a singer! She could rap!

And: She asked about my mother, and I mentioned having had that horrible experience with the neurologist – and she knows that doctor and told me, all upset, that this is a crazy person and should not be with patients at all, for decades she had been known to be cruel, insane and narcissist! Wow, imagine that! In the forest! In the morning! Such revelations! And: She is a realtor and can perhaps help me find some place nice to move to.

I am grateful. Life is not so bad, just must hurry up. Tonight I felt exactly where my physical weak points are. But I can keep them in check – if I want to. Took a walk with mom in the nice fall ambience.

Chose a screensaver … that fascinates me. (And oh shit, I realize I must revise this entire C. D. for content and lenght after reading the first chapter again.)

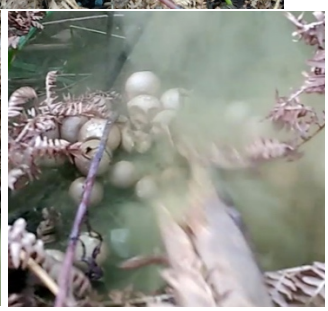
November 12, 2023 **– Biscotti!**

Oh what fun … for the first time ever, I bought **Biscotti**, because I plan to make Tiramisu with Gourd-cream … and just as I was taste-testing the biscottis, I looked outside – and there they were: in the sky.

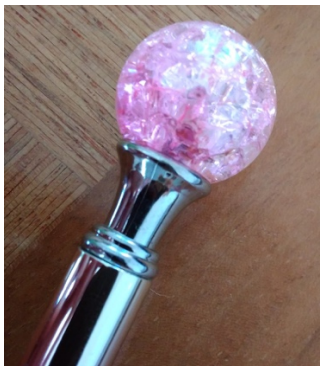
I started to crochet … it feels good to use my hands, and I have on headphones and watching episodes of „Criminal Minds“, just because I like to „be with“ smart people.

November 14, 2023

During a walk in the forest I saw an interesting bunch of what we call “Puff mushrooms” ...



Went to a talk by a herb specialist – and because I did not find a spot on my intended parking lot, I drove to another parking lot. And there, in the rainy dark, I saw something sparkle: **A pen! With some crystal globe.** My first thought was “Okay, I will write”! It was like Bob saying “You are my writer”.

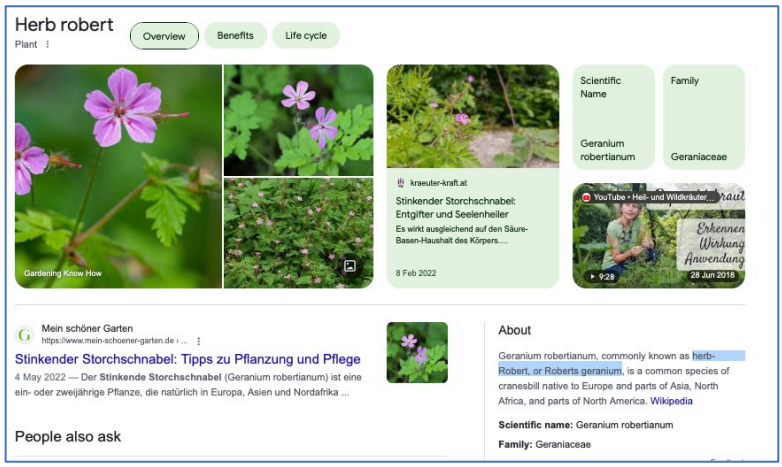


And sure enough, I have realized I must revise my entire contact diary, at least, the first chapters – as there are many lengthy passages that I wrote in my first excitement years ago, and that I would word differently now. So ... okay. Got a winter job.

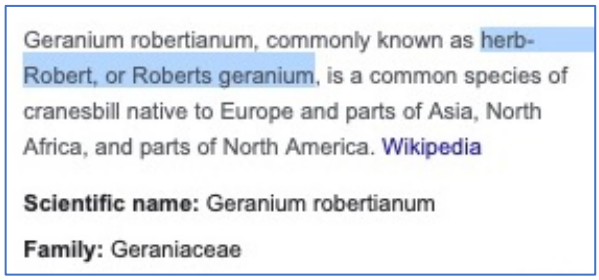
Yeah ... and there is the story of the “Herb Robert”: BAFFLING.

So that herbalist kept talking about the ultimate detox plant, the “stinkender Storchenschnabel”, literally “stinking stork’s beak”. So I looked it up to see if I know the plant, and this came up:

Seriously, it is **the “Robert” plant, named “herb Robert”** ... “cranesbill”, “Geranium robertianum”. I got such a kick out of this. Including the “stinking”. Because Bob may not remember it now, spirit that he is, but his body stank horribly in the last months of his mortal existence. The plant is known as a “soul healer”, and to balance out the body chemistry. I guess I will totally do what the herbalist suggested. Because I really do not feel too well recently.


Herb robert
Plant
Overview
Benefits
Life cycle
Scientific Name
Geranium robertianum
Family
Geraniaceae
kraeuter-kraft.at
Stinkender Storchschnabel: Entgifter und Seelenheiler
Es wirkt ausgleichend auf den Säure-Basen-Haushalt des Körpers....
8 Feb 2022
YouTube • Heil- und Wildkräuter...
Erkennen
Wirkung
Anwendung
9:28
28 Jun 2018
Gardening Know How
Mein schöner Garten
https://www.mein-schoener-garten.de
Stinkender Storchschnabel: Tipps zu Pflanzung und Pflege
4 May 2022 — Der Stinkende Storchschnabel (Geranium robertianum) ist eine ein- oder zweijährige Pflanze, die natürlich in Europa, Asien und Nordafrika ...
People also ask
About
Geranium robertianum, commonly known as herb-Robert, or Roberts geranium, is a common species of cranesbill native to Europe and parts of Asia, North Africa, and parts of North America. Wikipedia
Scientific name: Geranium robertianum
Family: Geraniaceae

Oh my.


Geranium robertianum, commonly known as herb-Robert, or Roberts geranium, is a common species of cranesbill native to Europe and parts of Asia, North Africa, and parts of North America. Wikipedia
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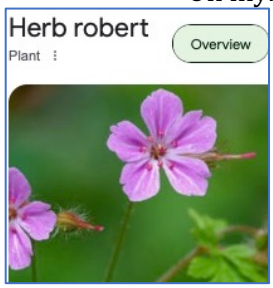
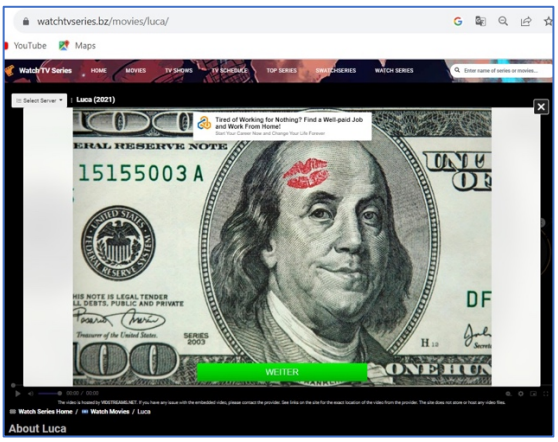


Also ... I have been fretting about my back pen that has been drying out, and I wanted to buy a new one. And there – on the street, I found one. A perfectly fine **black pen**.

And something else: One of the first movie “projects” that I dared to start and finish on my own, in my first year living with Bob, was about the transformation of Bob’s “friend” Bud into Ben Franklin. And that guy just kept showing up everywhere! I did not take note, but it was in episodes of TV shows and trailers ...



<u>November 16, 2023</u>

Oh my dreams! Tonight ... I was flying in a tiny plane, like a “beetle”, very low over a landscape that I knew to be Hawaii. I was so sad and crying, recognizing the area and thinking of my past there ... but there was also a man, a stranger, wo I was fascinated with, and he with. He seems to

have been the pilot of that tiny flying object? And there was some problem about the area where we landed, and we had to leave again, almost flee. And I was some kind of "wanted" person, I was on the run, as it seemed, but also, everyone knew what my task or my role was ... and I was so drawn to that man, and he to me.

Yesterday, with Gabi in Villach, for her dentist's appointment (won't let myself be used again, though), a man parked his car next to mine – and I was kind of intrigued by him. The way he looked at me, nobody had looked at me for a long time. But I was so distracted by Gabi and her hurry ... oh I need new acquaintances!

The opera singer connected with me ... but there is something about her that let alarm bells ring very deep inside of me. So I won't try to get to know her. I know enough, I think, for now.

I have realized last night that I must edit my entire contact diary, the finding of the strange pen was the impulse to "get it". Then I heard Bob "say" to me "Your voice must be in it Dany", and I know what it is. It must have my style, my way of talking the way I talk now. It must be edited for content to make it better readable – with other or different explanations.

So, well, I shall do it.

Drove to lake Hafnersee with the boys today, so lovely, just us ... and I realized that I really really need to be able to talk with intellectually similar folks. I can NOT spend my time trying to communicate with drug addicts or with very simple minded people any longer.

It has become a problem for me having to edit those horrible texts every day. What a fucking waste of time.

Driving back, I saw the license plate number "**BULL 1**" coming at me, and I said out loud to Bob "So you want me to watch "Bull"?" It was a series that he liked very much because of the main actor. I did start watching it, back in Griffen, but can't remember how or what it was. Okay. I will.

I also took pictures of plants and stuff – just everything that I felt could have relevance later. I am developing.

Mom is on a trip today, I hope she has a lovely time. She has been very nice in the last days and very clear. Makes me happy. Like something tiny like this flower on a dry, dead plant. And another wonder of nature ... wow, our playground truly is a miracle world.

The ***clouds*** ... like they wanted me to think about the beyond. Also found a man's swimtrunks.

Saw the lovely Larch tree cones again ... and found a birthday band ... and other interesting views, like a simple **gourd from the inside** ... a miracle of nature. And yet – entirely disregarded by people. I mean ... every single speck in this wonder of nature consists of an unfathomably complex system of natural processes.

November 17, 2023 **– Keanu and the Stars**

I dreamed of Keanu Reeves, and that he was my therapist and my partner-to-be. The Kindergarten-kind-of-setting remains unclear in my mind, but our drifting towards each other was the main topic of my dream – like in many, many similar dreams of Keanu Reeves. I was devastated, sick and maybe a prisoner in that dream, but Keanu turned towards me. He had a leading position in that place or hospital or rehab facility or whatever it was, with other people, staff and patients, and he knew and saw me ... and that I was not just a regular case. He turned towards me to be with me. He looked at me, he wanted to be with me. Oh wow ... this is a recurring dream. And always with Keanu Reeves. It ended with us being on the way to be together, also romantically, andt hen I woke up. Like always in this recurring dream.

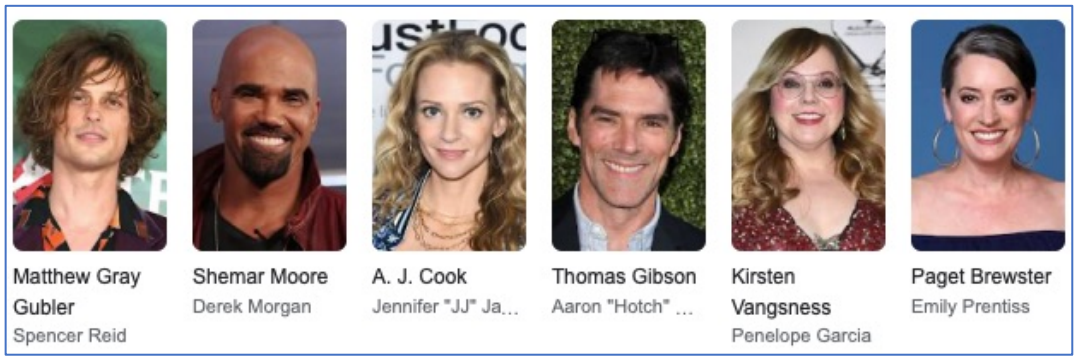
So what does Keanu Reeves stand for? The movie industry. That is my first thought.

Took a walk with J and T along an unusual path near a store ... and suddenly I saw it: **Stars** along my path! Stars from shiny paper strewn just there. It was uncanny.

November 18, 2023
Found a wooden heart on the parking lot of the Hofer store nearby. And amazing cloud formations during the walk mom and I took with the boys at Rosegg.

November 19 , 2023, Sunday – **"Dying Should Not Be A Taboo"**

Bingewatched 10 episodes of ***"Criminal Minds",*** of course starting with someone by the name of "Robert C.", like "my" Robert Curtis, and I **finalized my crocheting project** – a way too heavy stola or shoulder cape-scarf, and I mostly only listended to the dialogue of the episodes, I love the soothing voice of "Agent Aaron Hotchner" and the nice bubbly smartness of "Dr. Reid" ... and the wit and the verve of "Agent "Emily Prentiss".



I realized, after going to bed, that these people are "familiar folks" to me, and I simply liked to follow their stories and "be with them". I have come to realize how disappointed I am about my surroundings in terms of people. Nobody smart or interested enough for me to engage. My new acquaintance, the singer M., seems to be nice enough. We met several times in summer and fall, she walking in the forest, me with my dogs, and we chatted. Then we got to talk the other day

about the neurologist, I gave her my phone number, and she texted, and now we are emailing. She is very eager to "help" me "connect" with people "of culture". Oh she is mislead. I do not want to exchange, share, meet. I want certain things only. She does not realize how much older I am.

But she does communicated. Answering each of my e-mails. And that is a gift I really appreciate.

I must cut "ties" with all people who only suck my energy and not give anything back. This does not include my mother. Of course I will always be there for her. She has become so lively, so sharp and nice, just her shortterm memory ... but all others to whose habits and needs I am supposed to adjust – OUT OF MY LIFE!

The excessive crocheting last night for hours and hours gave me something I really accomplished. I set out to crochet this, and I did and finished it.

There. I have told myself a lesson. I am still reliable and capable and have stamina and focus.

I saw a few nice things last night ... tried a **coconut based jogurt-style desert**, – *"Coconut kisses lemon grass"* – it was lovely ... and opening the wrapping for separating for trash, there was a lovely "Thank you"-note inside, "written" in the form of leaves entangled. Sweet.

And my dreams! Tonight I found myself skiing but without sticks down a slope next to a monastery, and there was some kind of group of people – like on "***Criminal Minds",*** there was even a man who resembles "Agent Hotchner" – and they had to research something about that monastery. There was a disaster kind of setting, and there was a special, older woman, who I had to do with ... and she and I were either trying to escape from somewhere or get somewhere ... but she lied. And that had to do with that monastery and the slope. I skied down there, several times, and I thougth to myself how good I was with that, balancing every turn with me stretched out arms ... and I realized while skiing downhill – with short and pointed thin colorful skies – that the ownership of that monastery was different than "the agent" had thought. And there was a report he had written and that I was involved in, and that I kind of "lived through" (yes, garbled, I know), and I pointed out that he had gotten it wrong. That the question who owned "the place" didn't even relate to the monastery or whatever that big castle-type setting was, but to the "agents" own home – and in a way to mine.

I just now remember that there was some flying involved, not sure with what vehicle, but rising above the scenario. I was in no danger, on the contrary, I realized that I had kind of rediscovered my "mojo". I did not think this term in my dream, only jusing it now.

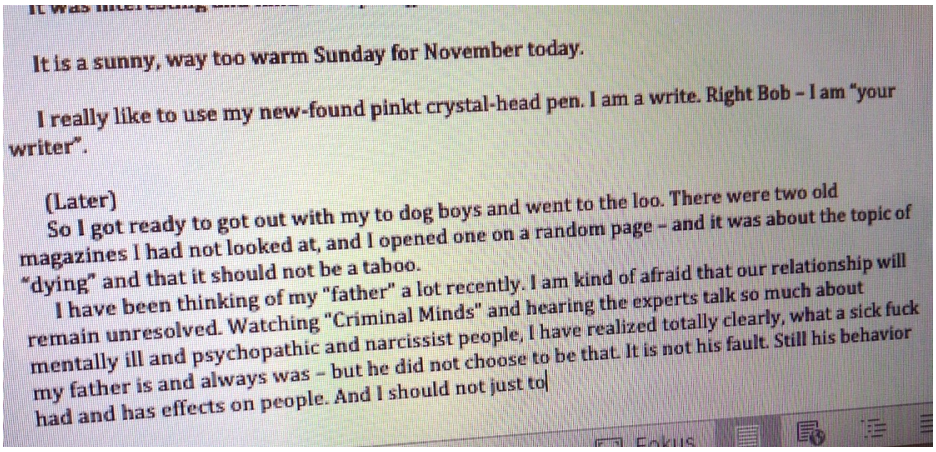
It was interesting and kind of inspiring. Not sure yet in what way.

It is a sunny, way too warm Sunday for November today.

I really like to use my new-found **pink crystal-head pen**. I am a writer. Right Bob – I am "your writer". Pen and volcano, how suiting. "Look into the crystal ball" just came to my mind. Right. To see what? I only know that my ability to keep patient towards my mom who is more like a 80-year old child is wearing out no matter how hard I try to strenghten it.

(Later)

Weirdly, during my writing down about finding of the "dying"-article that I happened to come across just earlier – **the laptop froze!** The artice is headlined **"Dying Should Not Be A Taboo".** Odd.



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I really like to use my new-found pinkt crystal-head pen. I am a write. Right Bob – I am "your writer".

(Later)
So I got ready to got out with my to dog boys and went to the loo. There were two old magazines I had not looked at, and I opened one on a random page – and it was about the topic of "dying" and that it should not be a taboo.
I have been thinking of my "father" a lot recently. I am kind of afraid that our relationship will remain unresolved. Watching "Criminal Minds" and hearing the experts talk so much about mentally ill and psychopathic and narcissist people, I have realized totally clearly, what a sick fuck my father is and always was – but he did not choose to be that. It is not his fault. Still his behavior had and has effects on people. And I should not just to

(Laptop froze right then!)

Wichtig: Sterbende spüren, wenn sie umsorgt werden. Schenken Sie Geborgenheit durch Streicheln und Umarmen, vertraute Musik, leises Sprechen, Beten, Vorlesen, Singen.

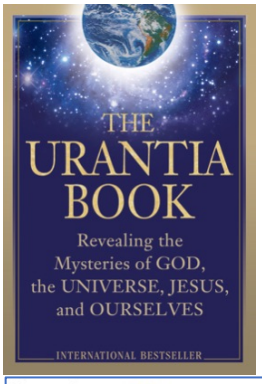
(Later)
Trip to Hafnersee with the boys. Peaceful. Chatted with mom on the phone before – she was so scatterminded, making up pretty much everything she told me. I am so tired of this.

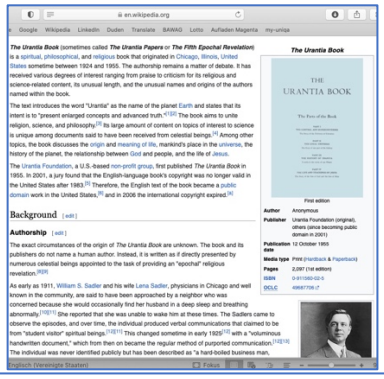
November 20, 2023
Interesting sky at Wernberg today ... unusual for this time of year.

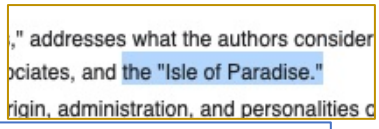
November 21, 2023 – **Google and the doctor**
Oh wow. I just downloaded pictures of ***Dr. Atul Gawande and Dr. Paul Kalanithi*** yesterday to put into this C. D. in the first chapter, which I am revising ... and look what ***Google*** is displaying today as sujet?

What are the odds?

(Later)
Well, right after putting the above into the first chapter, the word **"Urantia Book"** came to my mind, strongly. I have read the book many years ago, as Bob had it ... but I have forgotten what it was about, something "spiritual", that much I recalled. So I googled it ... and while I feel overwhelmed by the vast context of it all, I did notice the term ***"Isle of Paradise"*** as basically some headquarter of human existence, and of course, this stuns me. You know – "Paradise", and "Isle" are topics for me. Big time. Anyway.







Cosmology [edit]

The book describes that at the center of the cosmos is the stationary Isle of Paradise—the dwelling place of God—with Paradise being surrounded by "Havona," an eternal universe containing a billion perfect worlds, around which seven incomplete and evolutionary "superuniverses" circle.[71][72]

The word "universe" in the book is used to denote a number of different scales of organization. A "superuniverse" is roughly the size of a galaxy or group of galaxies, and the seven superuniverses along with Paradise-Havona are together designated as the "grand universe." A "local universe" is a portion of a superuniverse, with 100,000 local universes being in each superuniverse.[71] Beyond the seven superuniverses, uninhabited "outer space levels" are described. The term "master universe" refers to what in modern usage would be the total universe—all existing matter and space taken as a whole.

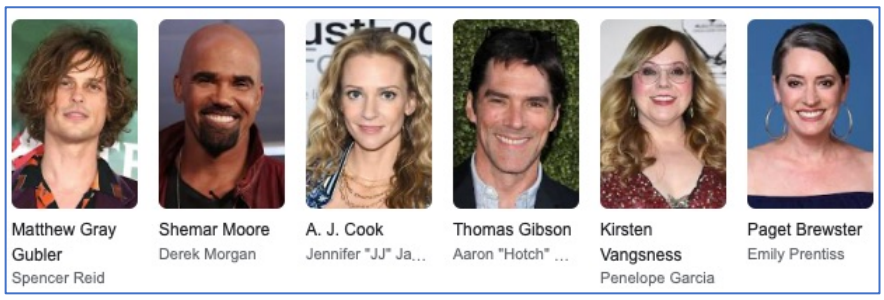
Urantia is said to be located in a remote local universe named "Nebadon," which itself is part of superuniverse number seven, "Orvonton." The physical size of a local universe is not directly stated, but each is said to have up to 10 million inhabited worlds.[71]

Nature of God [edit]

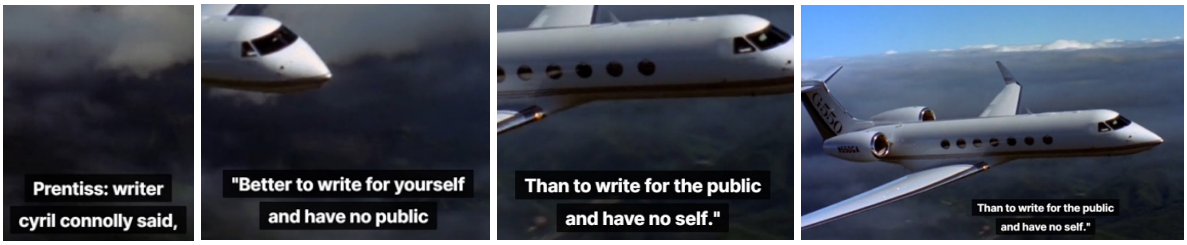
According to *The Urantia Book*, God is the creator and upholder of all reality[36]—an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, infinite, and eternal spirit personality.[37] The most fundamental teaching about God in the book is that the human concept that most closely approximates the nature of God is that of a Father.[38] Specifically, "the Father idea is [still] the highest human concept of God."[39] It is also said that, "The face which the Infinite turns toward all universe personalities is the face of a Father, the Universal Father of love."[40]

God, according to the book, is one Deity who functions on a range of different levels of reality, both personal and impersonal. God is taught to exist in a Trinity of three perfectly individualized persons who are co-equal: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit.[41] These persons are referred to by additional titles in the book, primarily as the "Universal Father," "Eternal Son," and "Infinite Spirit."[41][42] While stating that the concept of one God in three persons is difficult to fully understand, the book says that the idea: "...in no manner violates the truth of the divine unity. The three personalities of Paradise Deity are, in all universe reality reactions and in all creature relations, as one."

What I have come to realize – again – through this short dip into the "Urantia" theme, was, that many people have been dealing with the topic of "humans being immortal creatures that use a body for a time" ... and I think it was meant to inspire me to keep working on this Contact Diary in terms of editing the first chapter into a more readable form ... because I have been watching a crime show instead of doing it. I even googled last night why it feels so calming and satisfying for me to watch "***Criminal Minds***". First, the "team" is some kind of group of "*friends*" for me, and I LOVE that they are speaking smartly. And then ... all the horrible cases give me an insight into the human condition, even though it is fiction.



Oh wow ... my current theme just was mentioned on "Criminal Minds"– ***"being a writer"***, because I simply don't know what to do with my desire to write the movie "Mothership" and Raps ... to talk about this shit world and her dumb, ignorant and oblivious inhabitants.


Prentiss: writer
cyril connolly said,
"Better to write for yourself
and have no public
Than to write for the public
and have no self."
Than to write for the public
and have no self."

Okay ... that's what I have been doing a lot, write for myself ...

Plus I had a very disappointing experience with the company I work for, as an editor for webtexts, yesterday, as it turned out that the many bad writers there do not even appreciate how I fix their texts for them. They do not realize what crap they are writing and how I am saving their asses daily. I am just so very cautious to not hurt their feelings and always patiently fixing their mess. Some of them are incompetent and thoughtless ... and I was called yesterday by the team leader, who was sweet and attentive, but it all made me realize: This world is so fucked as a playground for the soul and its individualization, if young people like these who do not accept criticism and consider themselves great and worthy whilst they are just full of themselves yet not even capable of doing the jobs they are supposed to do, ... when such people will be getting to "rule" in the future. And today the "Urantia" topic ...

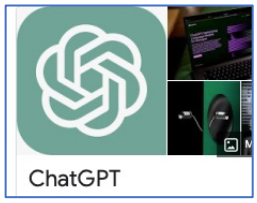
I get it. I am getting pushed. I am supposed to be more effective.

Mom had her seniors meeting yesterday, and I did not hear from her, she did not call me afterwards. And for the first time, I did not call her either. So we'll see today.

Got to walk "downtown" with the dogs to pick up my car with its winter tires, as snow is coming. I am really feeling so alone with this task.

(Later)

Geezaz-fucking Christ! I just found out, that the writers whose texts I am struggling to correct are already working with the ChatGPT or other AI! This explains a lot in terms of choice of words and expressions! Oh my, I have been correcting texts made by a computer. Fuck it.



November 23, 2023

Went with T and J to pick up my car from the shop where it got the winter tyres ... and there they were: **Stone Sculptures.**

November 24, 2023 **– The Rabbit!**

Drove home from dropping off mom – and suddenly I saw a "puka" in the sky EXACTLY in the form of a rabbit with its ears slightly hanging. I immediately said loud out "Oh wow, is the rabbit challenge happening again?" Before that, an interesting line pattern appeared in Rosegg.

(The sky "puka" is googled, the rabbit I saw was not as clear-cut ....)

And I pulled over, because I wanted to take a picture, it was getting dark. But I had my purse in the trunk of my car – man! And the image dissolved, and I knew I wouldn't make it to get out my cell phone in time to take a pic.

So later, I had watched some "Criminal Minds", but broke off that episode because it was so gruesome, even though I like Forest Whitaker in it, and I checked out other movies with the actor. I saw "City of Lies", and I read it was about **the killing of Tupac Shakur**. So I googled that rapper, curious, what he looks like. And there it was – he was famous for **wearing his bandana in rabbit ears!** I was baffled shitless! No such odds! It's supposed to be the ultimate representation of Hiphop ... and immediately the thought shot in my mind, that I was supposed to work on "Mothership". My film about rapping old women!

artist, earning recognition for his astonishingly prolific output and unwavering commitment to his craft.

According to British writer Rob Marriott, he deemed the act of tying a bandana into rabbit ears as one of the most distinctive and instantly recognizable style choices in the world of hip-hop. Regarded as a sex symbol, his unique style helped shape the fashion landscape of the 1990s and continues to influence artists and fashion enthusiasts to this day.[235][236]

Wow!

I had asked myself this question today, even out loud ... "Should I do this, continue with it?" Picking up my car from the shop yesterday I grabbed a free book from the display there, about a woman of 79 who fufilled her wishes for gratifying sex. And that's why my "Mothership" question came up.

And I think I got an answer.

There are no such odds, that I even pull over so stunned by that rabbit – only to read about rabbit ears on Tupac as a symbol of the Rap and Hiphop community.

One thing sad, though. My mom had no idea that she had been to the therapist before, when we arrived today. It was very disheartening.

November 25, 2023 – **910 DA, 910 FT**

Saturday again.

Went to mom with soup, did some memory training with her, washed her and my clothes, then drove home just before dusk. The first really cold night of the year was last night ... lovely "Graupel" layer next to ice covered Lotos flower pond ...

And then, driving home from mom's ... thinking about why it's so hard for me to work on revising the contact diary and why I was putting it off again and again ... and I said to myself that "... because I have to relive it all ... and it's gonna undo me ...?" I had a talk-to-myself-session ven when driving ***to*** my mom, because that singer I met in the forest emailed me that she wanted me to hold a lecture about my experiences in Hawaii, and I find that such an excruiatingly cruel idea ... I said out loud something like *"I was an expert back then, I made the films to express my knowledge, I don't want to talk about it to anyone, it would mean to mourn the loss of my home, my love and my life all over again ...* ***Even thinking about hawaii hurts like fucking hell."***

And on the drive back, exactly on that spot, only in the other direction, they came right at me, one after the other:

910 DA.

910 FT.

I will never forget the impact of "MEA 910", Bob's car's licence plate number, with "ka mea" being Hawaiian for "the matter", and "9/10" being the last day I spent with Bob. September 10, 2018.

So strange to see those two.

Definitely a sign. I know I must work on the contact diary revision of chapter 1. I managed to do a bit, but I keep distracting myself.

Have the firm intention to do some of it tonight.

And then get rewarded with movie or series watching. Binge, that is.

Also, that movie production company who is looking some worthy international material, turned down "Hulihuli Moon". I am so disappointed. Don't know why I photographed burned toast with butter and I also don't remember why I got that image of a "gate" and of a "bridge" (but maybe it means something to you, the reader).

November 26, 2023 **– Multi-level dream**

Amazing weird intense dream of Walter. He was an addict of sorts and totally lost, but yet had an amazing following like a movie star, as he walked along lake Wörthersee promenade in Velden, where I actually live ... and at the same time, there was M., the young neighbor, very overweight, very strange and kind of slow ... I was trying to go for a swim right there at the promenade, at a spot – where I had been swimming in several other dreams, years ago!

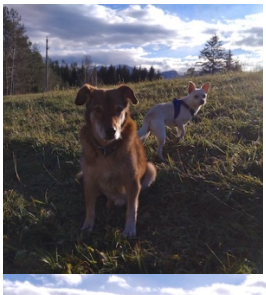
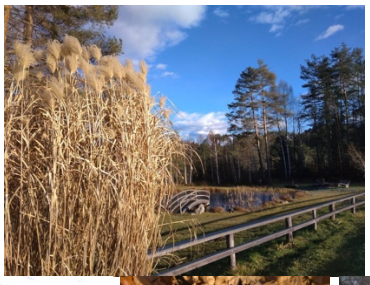
But while I went to my place that was weirdly right there, at the promenade, to get my swim suit, to change, I didn't make it all out of my clothes but ended up with my pants half down, and Walter came along, so strangely small and pale and weird, but I was so attracted to him ... but M. turned into a woman with who I wanted to go swimming. But all that I had planned sort of did not work out ... I was distraacted by Walter. What a strange dream.

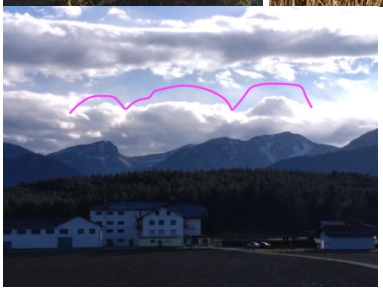
But that spot, that "beach" on the southernmost part of the actual real life promenade in front of the Velden Schloss, was actually a setting of many dreams of me swimming there, it always had a lawn and was sunny ... and as the persona in tonight's dream I actually thought, briefly, that because I had been there in other dream before, I knew exactly what to pay attention to in the water. I remember that I had been swimming there, in my dreams, always in conditions where the water was really cold, I think even in winter. But in tonight's dream, it was summer, yet I knew, that the water would not be too warm ... it was all so very strange, such a mix of levels of memories and experiences ...

I managed to edit the Contact Diary a bit today and last night. I am proud of myself.

Today I took my two dogs to Lake Hafnersee and then to the Aich Lotos flower pond again. So lovely. The **reeds were "tassling"** ... like the "Ko" on Maui ...

... and there was the bridge ... it was just so meaningful. The clouds were mimicking the mountain tops ... fascinating.

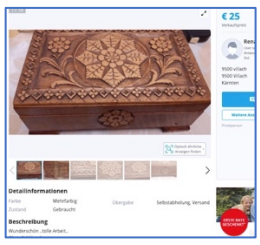





I asked Bob to put something into my hands to prove that he was around ... and I "received" another small box, maybe wood, maybe metal, and something white or beige and squishy, like a dumpling? Just strange.

(Later)

So I was looking online for a plush winter jacket, as I ruined mine today washing it too hot ... and as I looked on the site of someone selling one, I endet up at – an add for a **small wooden box!** Like I had "received" this afternoon! And I had doubted it!
But it works everytime.



(Later)

Funny ... or rather not: In "Criminal Minds" I am watching an episode about a serial killer with dementia. Geezaz.

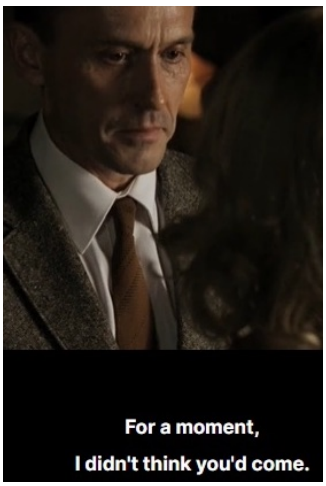
December 1, 2023 – **Bob and his Life Featured**

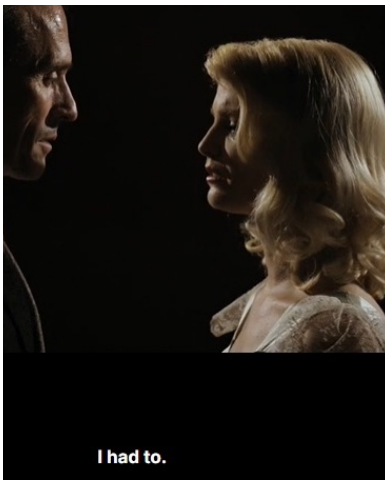
Oh wow ... chose a ***"Criminal Minds"*** episode, and there is "Robert", and just ... all kinds of stuff that would relate to Bob. It is uncanny, that in a TV show series a movie story is chosen that features a "Robert" ...

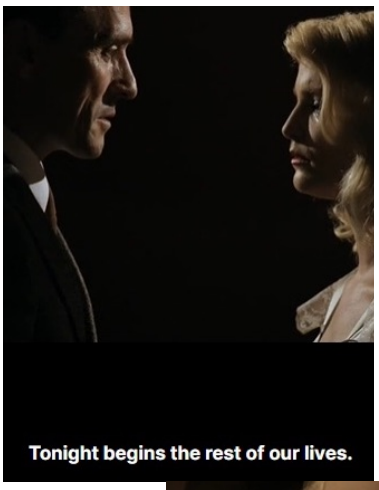
And there is the scene with the bag in the foreground, with a **star** and a **horse** ... "Horsie", that was Bob.

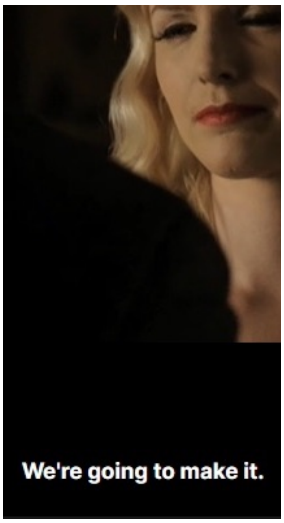
December 2, 2023 – **Bob and Me in Movies & "Toes in the Sand"**

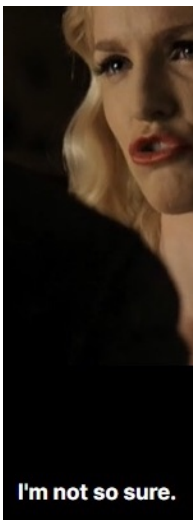
Weird, weird reflections of Bob's an my story in episodes I watched randomly ... "Lucifer", of all things, I decided to start over with season one, and then I watched one single ***"Criminal Minds"*** episode ... and it was also full of references ... About writing ... about Bob saying to me that he didn't think I would come, for the visit that would be my last ... and so much more. Just see for yourself:

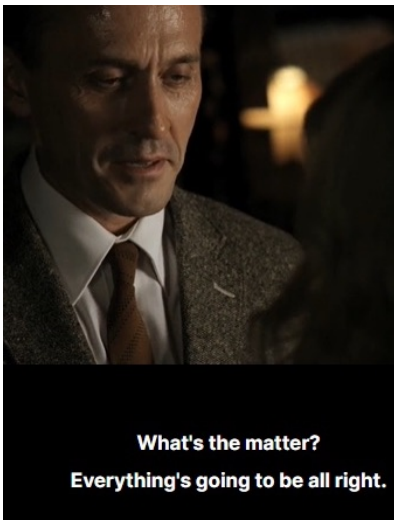


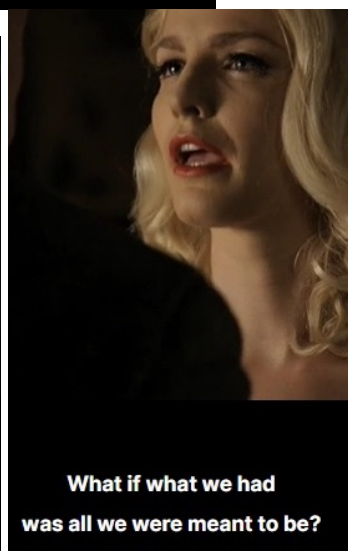






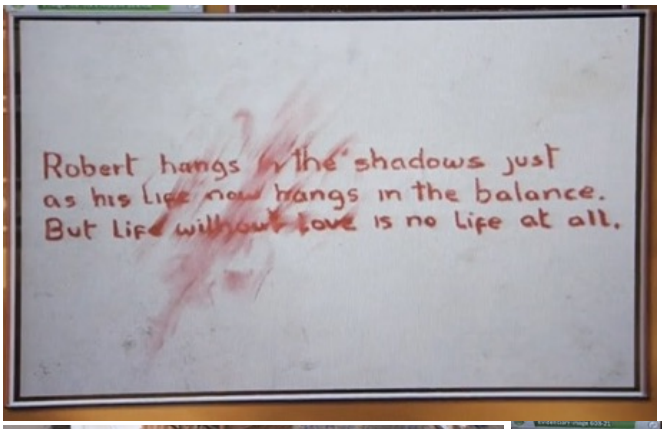


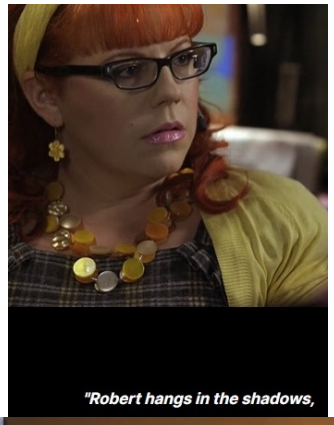


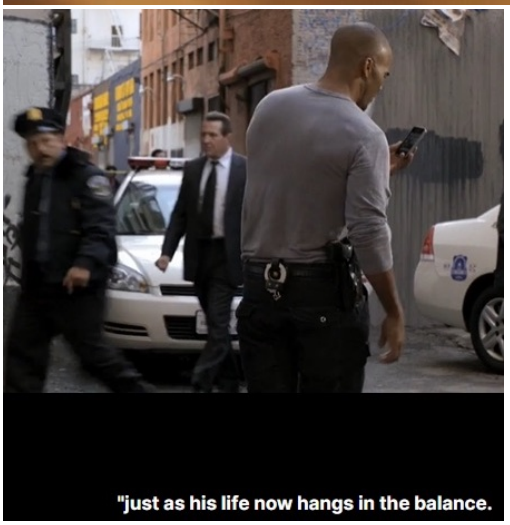


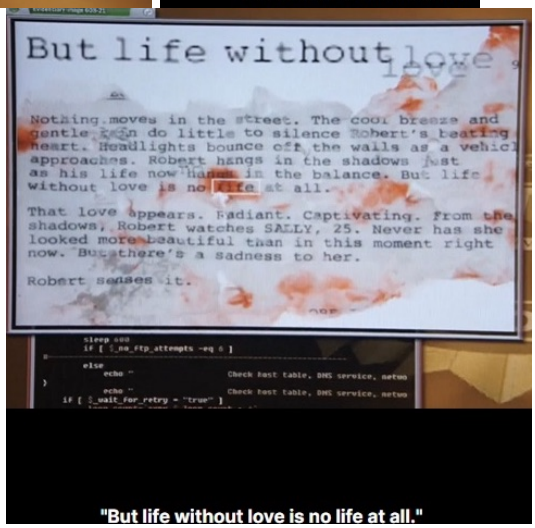
(Yes, Bob, that last question is exactly the pont, this question ...)

Like back in Griffen, when I watched films and series like crazy, and there were the most uncanny references ...








But life without love
Nothing moves in the street. The cool breeze and
gentle rain do little to silence Robert's beating
heart. Headlights bounce off the walls as a vehicl
approaches. Robert hangs in the shadows just
as his life now hangs in the balance. But life
without love is no life at all.
That love appears. Radiant. Captivating. From the
shadows, Robert watches SALLY, 25. Never has she
looked more beautiful than in this moment right
now. But there's a sadness to her.
Robert senses it.
"But life without love is no life at all."

Like me reflecting on the pain and the efforts in our relationship – and yet realizing that everything had to be like it was ... otherwise I would not be writing this right now.

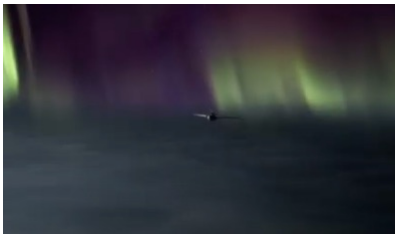
Or, in "***Lucifer***", today, even **Bob's name** showed up ... and then, **"five years ago"** ... exactly that measure of time ... in my real life, five years ago, Bob died. I was just trying to grasp it, back then ... and "***Lucifer***" speaks about it, too ... even **"Toes in the Sand"** appeared! I was baffled shitless.

Heavy snow today for the first time.

December 3, 2023, Sunday

A bright sunny cold Sunday with fresh snow. I intended to work on editing this c. d. or work on "Mothership", but I did all kinds of stuff instead, walking with the dogs and mom, making strudel for us ... watched "Lucifer" ... I don't know why I felt like ... like blocked or something. Wanted to do some work, just now, it's almost 10 pm, and the laptop froze.

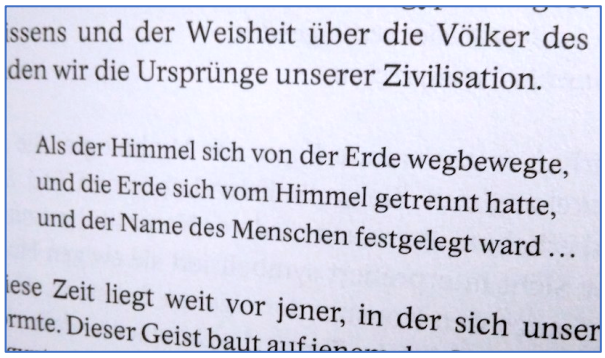
Last night, I watched a short film called *"The Shepherd"*, not sure how I found it. Very simple movie about a young army pilot lost over the Atlantic in thick fog and his plane malfunctioning ... and he is saved by another pilot after nobody answered his SOS calls. That other plane appeared just out of nowwhere ... and directed the pilot to a lit runway. At the airport, a lonely guy greeted him, fed him ... then disappeared, when two army officers appeared and told the young pilot, that the base had been closed down for a long time, so no pilot, no host and no lit runway. All ghosts.



Yes, we all have our stories on this mortal plane.

December 5, 2023

I have taken an strange book from the free books dispenser in a phone booth, two experts dealing with economy from the viewpoint of spiritual legends … for example, „Lilith". Aside from what they deduct – I was fascinated by just one paragraph that caught my eye, because it talks about something different than the writers think it does.


ssens und der Weisheit über die Völker des
den wir die Ursprünge unserer Zivilisation.

Als der Himmel sich von der Erde wegbewegte,
und die Erde sich vom Himmel getrennt hatte,
und der Name des Menschen festgelegt ward …

iese Zeit liegt weit vor jener, in der sich unser
rmte. Dieser Geist baut auf

When the Heavens moved away from Earth,
and Earth had separated from Heaven,
and the Name of Man was decided upon …

This is about the **separation of the mortal realm from the beyond.**
So … where they once together.

December 6, 2023 – **„SCHU"!**

Oh my ***dreams***! So intense! I wake up and think that I'll never ever forget the dream and write it down in the morning, but nope. Gone.

Baffling synchronicity and message today:

I was driving towards the Wernberg lake for a walk with T and J, and I just felt a rush of good mood, and sang out loud the beginning of that famous song, „**Katchi** (all night long)" that always reminds me of Willie K, who is, strangely, with Bob right now.

So I burst out singing the first lines **„Schu wappa Du-wa, Schu-bi-du-bi-Du-wa"** … in my German language version, as the real song goes *„Doo wop a doo wop, shoobi doobi doo wop"* … and right then – and I mean ***right as I was singing the second „Schu"*** – a car came towards me up the hill with the license plate number **„SCHU 1"!**

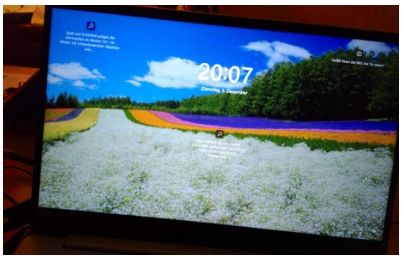
I kid you not! I was stunned shitless! I read exactly what I was just saying out loud „Schu ….!" And I stopped short, it was so obvious, and I looked to my side on the passenger seat – as if Bob was there. And I realized immediately that this meant that I was exactly in the right place. Otherwise there would have not occurred this perfect match of events in time …

„SCHU 1" while I was singing out loud „Schu …!"

There are no such odds.

December 7, 2023 **– The Color Stone & the Color Pens**

I saw an amazingly ***colored stone*** on a path where I went with Jacqui alone, and I haven't been there for months ... it reminded me immediately of the ***color pens*** I bought for drawing! And there is a stone (!) – colored like this! And two days ago – an ***interesting screen appeared on my Lenovo*** Laptop, where the screen images change on their own.



December 8, 2023 **– Transparent Mushroom-Aliens!**

One of the wildest dreams yet this year ... and I do recall it, even now, at 9.30 pm:

I visited a family in deep Norway, and I don't know what I did there. One of my dogs was with me, I don't know which one. The family consisted of **Viking** types of people, and the huge house was close to an ice covered body of water, maybe a river, maybe a lake. The family for some reason went for an excursion to a remote, really far away place ... and somehow, they were able to – fly. The kind of flying that I had done in my dreams. And I could fly with them. I was not really a friend of the family, I was more like a prisoner ... but also not really. I don't know what my dog did while I flew South-East with them ... maybe three men, a woman, the lady of the house, and for sure one old woman ...

And then we arrived at our destination – and the family had to explain to me what it was: There were supposedly mushroom shaped about 1.5 meters high invisible structures everywhere around. I never found out what they were for – I think they were some kinds of aliens. They were like ***see-through big jelly fish style mushrooms***, but not really, not tentacles. When we all came into the area where they were supposed to be – a huge meadow surrounded by forest – I was told that only when you ran into them you would feel their presence, as it felt like bumping off some rubber structure.

So they moved around and "felt" those mushroom shaped "aliens" – but I could see them. I did not tell them, but I did see big "mushrooms" made from see-through hard jelly ... no eyes, no mouth, but they could move. It was strange, as I never found out why we where there at all – I only knew that they were immensely important, and the fact, that I now had experienced that made me somehow part of that tribe.

I was in some kind of danger, the people were not my friends, and I had mainly to do with that woman of the house, maybe some slender, dark-haired end-thirties woman, strict and with an apron ... and back in the huge house, I suddenly knew – as if I was watching the dream from outside – that I was moving there. Into that house. I was going to rent the ground floor. There was some kind of discussion about that, but it is vague ... I only see myself with that woman and an old woman, a grandmother, walking inside that old big house, and it was dark wood inside, the entire atmosphere was dark and old and cold and moldy ... and the talk was that two more parties would move in.

I thought how strange that was that I had not heard of that before ... and the dream got very blurry, my dog was there, and the whole clan came back from visiting those see-through jelly-aliens, and it was a big deal ... and I was supposed to "understand" something about touching them ... having felt them without seeing them.

Still I did not tell anyone that I had seen those creatures who supposedly were invisible.

Very odd dream.

And so clear.

Like a real memory. Of real events.

It reminds me of a screenplay I once wrote, an alien-movie satires, "Alien Dance". Only a young woman could see the aliens ... but they were no see-through mushrooms.

(Later)

Oh wow! I actually found a image of what I saw in my dream – it's mushroom shaped glass vase! And the baffling part: It's **"Huna Earth Market"**, and "Huna", the ancient Hawaiian tradition,

was the topic that brought me to Hawaii in the first place. I read that book "Urban Shaman" by Serge Kahili King, who I met in person many times later.

I have been thinking of him a lot recently.

And now that dream – and the actual image of the "invisible aliens" in my dream.

Wow.

December 9, 2023

At a walk with mom and the dogs at Aich ... I saw a lovely ***two-part cloud*** ... connecting. I hadn't seen such direct cloud message for a while ...

December 16, 2023 – **The Stone, The Bob-Comedian & The Angel at the Xmas-Market**

Okay.

Amazing events on two days.

(I do not want to get into the horrible scare I had because of mom's caretaker, it better be forgotten. So Ambra, the caretaker won't ever be anywhere near us … or I swear … Authorities and mom's and my physician Dr. Will are informed.)

It started yesterday, at the Spar store, where I was at the register with my mom. A tiny child offered first her and then me – a **stone**! A **red-brown stone**. Some gem stone, maybe a ***Red Jasper?*** Or a Carnelian?

Oh geez! Googling the pictures of Red Jasper and Carnelian – I just realized that "**Ambra**" is also a brown stone. It was not Ambra, that the child gave me – but maybe I was meant to receive a

message, *that Bob knows that disaster that unfolded on December 12, around "Ambra"*, my mom's caretaker!? Look – the third image is Ambra!

As a child, I received a Carnelian on a finger ring, and I lost it in the lake Klopeiner See – just now I realize this: I was swimming in that lake all the time when I lived still in Griffen ... A childhood event revived by a child – handing me a gemstone of that color?!

The child insisted I take that red-brown gemstone! The mother in the background was kind of helpless because her child (not sure what gender) insisted on gifting me with that stone. He said he had received it from some "sorcerer" (Zauberer, also "magician").
STONE.
So I accepted it, thanked the child – and asked it if it was okay to give it as a present to his/her mom. Child said yes, and I gave the stone to the mother.

That was … kind of thought-provoking.

Much later, after … after eating with mom, getting her to do her puzzle and working A LOT in my job as an editor … I was so so so tired, it was past midnight, Friday, but I really wanted to watch something cool. So I watched trailers. None of the movies I wanted to watch were anywhere to find.
Then I clicked on one ***random*** comedian's show … and I ended up watching **Sheng Wang's** programme – and **it was like Bob speaking directly to me.** It was so baffling, that I seriously gasped right at the beginning … it was all about **Costco**, and I kind of saw Bob looking over my shoulder.

But sometimes, you do things you thought you would never, ever do.
Like, I recently bought pants from Costco.
That's a big deal. That's a new chapter in your life.
Because when you buy pants from Costco, that's when you don't care anymore.
That's when we let go of our egos and we begin our spiritual journey.
You hear people say stuff, and go,

Until you back it up
with the Costco pants purchase.
That's how you let him know he for real.
He don't give a damn for real.
He wanted the Kirkland pants.
Don't mess with them.
When you see somebody wearing
Kirkland pants, you know two things.
Number one, they do
what it takes to live.
Number two,
but they not afraid to die anymore.
Because Costco teaches you how to let go.
Before I get to
the store, in my car,
I do a quick little
meditation-slash-pep rally.
I say we're about to go
to a hostile environment.
Speak up when you can,
accept things you cannot change.
I'm not going to force it. It's Costco.
I'm gonna respect it like the ocean.
KIRKLAND
COSTCO
WHOLESALE

And then something else so typical "Bob": **procrastination**. The poison that ruined him and our relationship.

I'm a procrastinator, man.
It's really bad. It's a problem, you know?
Like, I haven't even finished writing this joke yet.
It's so severe, man. It's so severe.
I'm worried eventually my bucket list
is just gonna be a bunch of errands I haven't run yet.
How sad would that be if my doctor was like,
"You got a few months left to live," I'd be like, "Dang, I got to hurry up
and frame these photos."

And in the end, **Bob could only sleep on his back** because of this huge tumor on the front:

I sleep on my back,
but that's not my preferred position.
On your back is so boring.
There's no snuggle.
Sleep on my back. They say,
"Don't put your face against the pillows."
"It makes your wrinkles worse."
You just lay there like a vampire.
Every now and then,
I'll still turn over, you know?
Every now and then,
I'll still turn over, you know?

Maybe I had a bad day.
Maybe it's my birthday.
I want a treat.
That's my new vice now.
I don't smoke cigarettes,
but every now and then
I sleep on my tum-tum like a bad boy.

And the body lotion! **Bob loved body lotion!** He was so happy to present me with Teatree oil body lotion and soap when I came visiting in 2014 … and my stuff was still in the bathroom when I returned in 2018.

I just started using
enough body lotion.
You know what I mean?
Really moisturize the whole body.
It's a lot of lotion.
I always cheated myself.
I didn't think I deserved that much.
I gave myself a modest amount.
Start lotioning from the top down,
so my legs paid the price.

Then I joined Costco.
Changed my life.
Costco lotion is a great value.
Comes in a big old container.
Usually has a convenient pump on top, right?
The only issue is about two-thirds into the bottle, the technology collapses.
Oh no! A lot of lotion left, but you can't access it via the pump.
At that point, you got to unscrew the top and use the pump like a dipstick.
I don't like that.
Going from pumping to dipping, that's a humbling transition.
Because when I'm pumping, I feel carefree, I feel rich. I'm like…
Keep the change.
Got face lotion. I stepped up my game. I got eye cream.
Eye cream is serious, because eye cream costs more.

And finally – the juicer. **Bob and his juicer.** A love story, never ending. One of the last things we did together was making a huge amount of carrot juice with his beloved juicer. But not just that: The program about the juicer also includes Bob's lack of money. He was fucking poor. He sometimes could only eat rice for weeks. Jesus Christ. What happened .... I will never get over it. How could I?

I'm always trying to beat the system.

Even if it don't make sense.

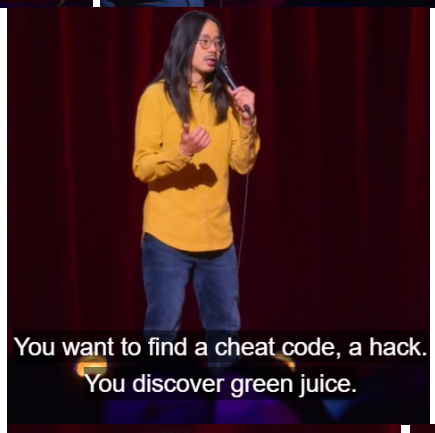
This is why I own a juicer

that I don't use.

Because at some point in your adult life…

you gonna realize that you need nutrition.

But you might not be committed
to eating nutritious food.

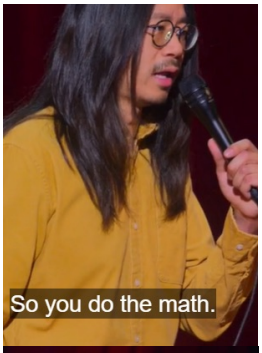

You want to find a cheat code, a hack.
You discover green juice.

You're like, if I drink juice
I can solve most of my problems.

Then you buy juice at the store,
you're like,

oh, juice is beyond my income level.

Oh, I don't make juice money.


So you do the math.

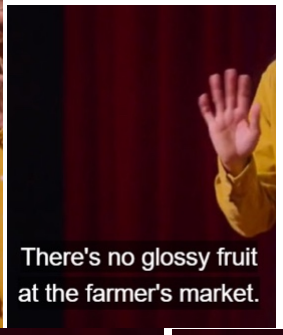
If I get my own juicer,
over the next 12 years,

So you drop like 400 bucks
on a cold press masticating juicer.

You go to the farmer's market,
get the freshest ingredients.

You know they're fresh,
'cause they're dirty.

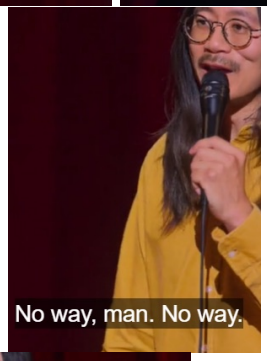
You like that quality, you know?


There's no glossy fruit
at the farmer's market.

You get your dusty harvest,
you go home, you scrub, you rinse,

cut it up into little pieces,
juice it, clean the equipment,

put that away, and an hour later
you're like, "That'll never happen again."


No way, man. No way.

It was fun. It was fun
to play Jamba Juice one time,

but I'm retired now.

You know it's over for the juicer,
because I put it on top of the fridge

with all that weird greasy dust.

You know that dust?
That's that forever dust.

That's not going nowhere.
That's gonna be oil one day.

It seems like now, in 2023, I miss him more than ever..

I've been going back to series I watched when I was in Griffen, turns out I can remember some parts, scenes, themes, but mostly I don't remember. "Burn notice" I watched with Bob ... and I revisited it too ... and there was an interesting conversation about a "father" ... I had to see this. Then I lost interest in "Burn notice" instantly:

Michael! The two ofyou were so much alike.
I don't know whyyou had to antagonize him.
Being alive antagonized him.
Everything I did was a reason for him to slap me around.
Just because they can't find out what's wrong with me does not mean I'm not sick.
Mom, we were nothing alike. Everything I did antagonized him.
- Please! Mother.
- Well, you don't know, Michael.

Then, this morning, I could not get out of bed, I was so tired, and I dozed, and the dogs were so quiet and sweet, and I kept snoozing. Suddenly, I found myself kind of awake, but *in a haze right* before waking ... and suddenly I had a ***vision***, just as if it was the most natural thing that I saw *my mom's upstairs neighbor,* **Bettina**, who had bought her little red car a few months back, being quite heavy, bigger than she was when I saw her last, and she was facing me, coming towards me, and it was ***night*** around her, but the night was ***brightly lit*** and ***there was white fog or smoke***, and a ***dark purple tint*** to everything, and the whole s***cenario was filled in white-sparkly lights*** ... and behind her was some ***sparkly structure, it looked like angel wings,*** made from *light-dots*. So I woke up right away, got clear immediately and said out loud „Why in the world did I just see Bettina as an angel like this?"

I thought – truth be told – that maybe she had died?

Also ... I saw amazing ice covering on flowers at Aich during a walk ...

Okay.

So tonight, just earlier, I took mom – after some potatoe carrot gourd soup and apple strudle – to the *Velden Advent market, a kind of Xmas-Fair* – meaning looks of food, crafts and alcoholic beverage booths, a big crowd, no Christmas songs anywhere …

Mom and I walked along the streets and the lake shore, just looking, smelling, chatting a bit. She looked so much more aware and vivid than even back in summer …

and in the last two days, I must say, she gave me several spontaneous answers in the last days that left me puzzled … speaking of which, she finished a kids' puzzle today before dinner on her own! Swiftly!

I bet she was cold, but she didn't tell.
So there was all kind of sparked an bright balloons in the trees and lights everywhere …
and in the park, surrounded by lights and sparkly stuff, I suddenly saw her:
Bettina!

She was serving in a booth, ***surrounded by smoke*** from the multiple fires (for warmth) in the park (!) – and it was the scene from my vision this morning: Bettina was wearing a ***purple jacket*** (!), and it was night !), and she was amidst that Xmas-fair environment, so ***light spots, girlands, angel wings and other angelic structures all around her!***
Bettina in the night with a lights and night and sparkle!
I had SEEN THAT SCENARIO THIS MORNING.

Too bad I did not photograph the many transparent balls in the trees ... because I switched on the animation movie "**Wish**" – and there they were, the transparent balls in the air, again.

I did not even know I was going to that event with mom in the morning, and I had no reason to think of Bettina … at all. Why would I? That's why I was so baffled in the morning.
And yet … what I had „seen", manifested.

So this tells me – besides baffling the crap out of me! – something important:

I am in the right place.

I was kind of considering last night what it could bring to see the therapist that I will have my mother go to, see me first. I made an appointment – it was the nicest response to my email about the situation with my mother I have ever received from anyone. And I was wondering if there would be a chance for me, finally, to talk to someone smart about this contact diary and my communication with the beyond. And I thought that for sure, once in that session with her, I would ask Bob to put something on my hand as a message for HER. And then I will see if it will manifest.

This was on my mind this morning, too.

So there.

I tried it out, too, imagined doing it facing that therapist … and I can't remember what I received, so it was not real.

But I know now that I must do it.

And: I also must seriously think about where to turn next in my endeavors. Thinking about talking with a **therapist** made me realize that I wouldn't possibly know where to start. But reaching inside, I certainly realized that the most important thing besides helping my mother to recover more, so that she can remain independent, is for me to … be who I am. I have mediumistic abilities. I am a filmmaker. I might want to really go for „Mothership":

And maybe, just maybe I will be able to just talk with that therapist about it?

It feels so good to even consider. My appointment is on January 4, my mom's January 8.

And tonight … wow, I was so stunned last night about „Sheng Wang" saying things that are so typical „Bob" that it took my breath away.

And then the appearance of Bettina.

And before that – **someone GIVING ME A STONE AS A GIFT.**

Wow.

This feels interesting.

I am just happy to experience real conversations and clear answers from my mother. That means everything to me.

I also have been thinking about my experiences in Griffen, about Marshall and his abuser, and that I must share with the therapist, too. I will watch a few revenge movies, too, to take the edge off.

December 18, 2023 **– Blue Dye**

Something came up – from my past of the time right after Bob's death, when I had already discovered the work of Betty and Stewart White. The story of the **blue color** ... In the book "Our Unseen Guest."

I discovered a comedian by the name of Sarah Millican, listening to her took my mind of dark stuff, stress and my longing for Bob. And there she was, saying out loud ... **about the very nature of who we are. What quality of consciousness is, what quantity of consciousness is, and how we can remain the same person in the beyond and still be reborn here ...**

Sarah talked about her husband leaving her ... and that's when it came up.

he wasn't a bad person we split that relatively
relatively amicably he just stopped loving me which
loving me which is very sad and hard for me to understand given the fact that I'm
me to understand given the fact that I'm awesome
good I'm glad you agree um but he felt it felt
um but he felt it felt to me like he was a ball of clear water with
a ball of clear water with a drop of blue dye about to
blue dye about to go in and color the whole thing and I didn't

And here is the section in „Our Unseen Guest“ of which I was instantly reminded – it is actually about reincarnation: *(Note: I recently found a huge amount of literature about „Joan“ of „Joan and Darby“ who wrote „Our Unseen Guest“, she was a real expert on quilting and widely published, that Ruth E. Finley.)*

THE REBIRTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS

To illustrate: The housewife has a tub of water. She dips out a pailful. That pail of water let us say, stands to the tub of water as the individual consciousness of a living man stands to the degree of consciousness from which at birth he was qualitatively endowed.

"Now the housewife puts a few drops of bluing into the pail and then turns its contents back into the tub. Whereupon it distributes its blueness throughout the water's whole.

"Next the housewife dips out another pailful. Is it not apparent that the second pailful may contain much, little, or possibly none of the water of the first pailful? So it is with rebirth."

"You make your point, Stephen," I said. "Degree quality, not individual quality, is reborn. But why complicate your illustration by introducing the bluing angle? The thing would have been quite as clear had you kept to just plain water."

"Because," answered Stephen, "I wanted to kill two birds with one stone. The bluing the housewife dropped into the first pail colors the whole of the tub. But the housewife wishes the entire tubful of water to be as blue as the pailful. Therefore, to her second pailful she adds more bluing, turning it, too, back

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WHITE HOUSE ACCEPTS "ROOSEVELT ROSE" QUILT

Left, "Roosevelt Rose" quilt; right, Mrs. Ruth E. Finley

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt recently accepted from Miss Helen Koues, director of Good Housekeeping fashion bureau, this "Roosevelt Rose" quilt, designed by Mrs. Ruth E. Finley, author of "Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them." Mrs. Roosevelt expressed interest in the movement to stimulate among women with leisure the revival of quilt making, an American folk art. The "Roosevelt Rose" quilt was designed to symbolize the Roosevelt administration, and continues a series of historical quilts in the White House commemorating other administrations.

OUR UNSEEN GUEST

into the tub, and thereby further intensifying the tubful's blue. And now she repeats this process over and over again until the desired shade is acquired by the tub's whole.

"In like fashion consciousness is qualitatively reborn into your world for the purpose of quantitative development; and each individual, bearing back his gift of quantity to the whole, leavens the whole, gives it greater potentiality for the development of quality with which to be reborn for the purpose of further quantitative development."

"Is reason reborn?" I asked.

"You know better," Stephen answered. "It is the quality of consciousness, not the attributes of consciousness, that is reborn. The potentiality of the attributes is, of course, present at birth, but they must be developed by each individual for himself. Each individual must himself develop his reason, his will, his memory, his perceptions. Otherwise, you can understand, rebirth would be of quantity as well as of quality."

After a minute or two of silence Stephen said: "Touch Joan's wrist. She is tired." Again he vanished.

"Is the argument over?" Joan asked. But, upon my reading her Stephen's words, she herself did a little groping.

"Stephen once indicated," she said, "that

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right, Mrs. Ruth E. Finley

Quilts and the | art. The "Roo

I took a walk with the boys to *lake Hafnersee* ... and before that I had been thinking for several days that I had to get some fresh soil for my plants, from a field or the forest ...

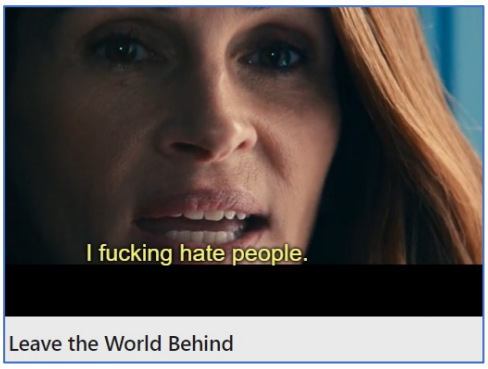
So I walked over onto the remote field because there was nobody around ... and sure enough: I barely trusted my eyes – there was a whole **open bag of pot plant soil** leaning at a bench! Nobody there. No reason for that. But I had been thinking of getting soil – and I fucking got it!

December 21, 2023 – **The Dress-Miracle & "910 BX"**

What a blessing!

On a whim, I went to an online ad where someone offered **a „Gothic-style" dres**s. Me and Gothic! Well, I always liked those dresses, wanted a medieval one … so I began to communicate with the lady and went to see her to check out the dress as well as a leather jacket. Turns out, the jacket is much to small for me, the dress is lovely and kind of fits, so I bought it along with a sweater, but – here it comes:

For weeks now I have been thinking about what I should do in case my mom should have some serious bout of forgetfulness, where to put her for recovery?



I watched part of a movie … and I felt so spoken to (I wanted to take all the screenshots of the speech that lead to the one sentence … but it doesn't matter.)

And as I was leaving, the nice lady H. responded to my mentioning that I take care of my mom, that she did too – until her mom got dementia, and she could not handle it anymore. And she recommended the most wonderful place in Rosental, Rose valley! And I checked it out online, it is specialized on elderly people with psychological challenges and dementia! Not a crazy folks asylum, but a care home where the stuff is specially trained. Oh the blessing! THAT's why I had to see that ad and go for that dress! It is very miraculos. I feel so relieved – especially because there was also a dementia expert mentioned, and just the day before yesterday I felt really desperate because the dementia expert who had helped and coached me since I moved to Griffe, has retired a few months ago! And I said out loud – just the day before yesterday, that this is a shame and makes me feel really alone with the problem.

And bang! Since yesterday, when I was standing in that ladies garden with my gothic dress over my arm – everything is different. And I have the information I needed so desperately!

Thank you - everyone who is involved in this, in any realm!

Took Jacqui alone for a walk after dropping off mom, and Tino being at the nice neighbor, and we went a path we practically never go, and there it was: a car with the license plate **number "910 BX"**. You know how special this is.

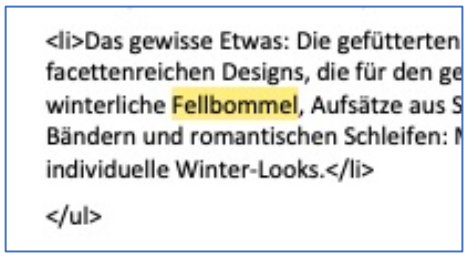
910.

BX.

A hug from Bob reminiscent of our mortal time together.

I could cry a lot these days if I would allow myself to.

And yes, maybe it counts that I found a black fur"-pom pom right next to the car, but I didn't photograph it, thought, "Well, I won't exaggerate it" ... but I did touch it. Could have been an animal. And sure enough, working in my editing job just now, already late, in my last text there it is – the **"Fellbommel", a fur pom pom!**


Das gewisse Etwas: Die gefütterten
facettenreichen Designs, die für den ge
winterliche Fellbommel, Aufsätze aus S
Bändern und romantischen Schleifen: N
individuelle Winter-Looks.

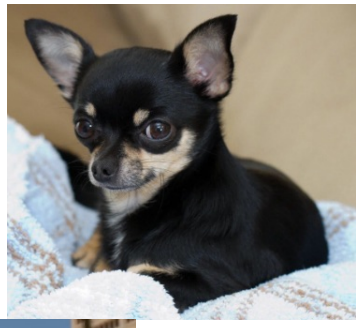
December 23, 2023 – **Great Series with Chihuahua "Betty White"!**

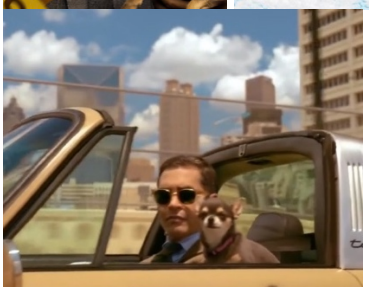
Oh what joy!

Last night, after another devastatingly frustrating experience with mom who denies any problems she might have with her mind and is outright nasty ...

I lay down and checked for interesting movies. I skipped through M. Night Shyamalan's "Knock at the Cabin" about an apocalyptic event (is actually worth watching that movie), and I was fascinated by a tidal wave sequence ...

Then I thought it would be so nice to find a real good crime series ... and to spare you the details, I did: "**Will Trent**". It is refreshing and sweet and kinda smart – and the series pilot starts with Will adopting – a Chihuahua dog named Betty. And a lady at the shelter says "Maybe she was named after Betty White?" Oh geez, of course I know who she meant, the "Golden Girls" lady, but I thought of ***"Betty" White the wife of Stewart White of "The Unobstructed Universe"!*** That was amazing!

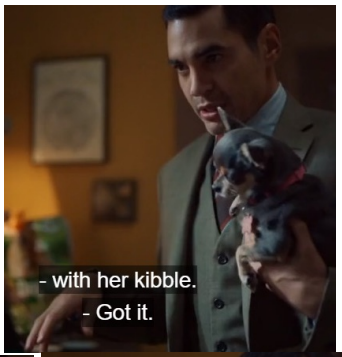


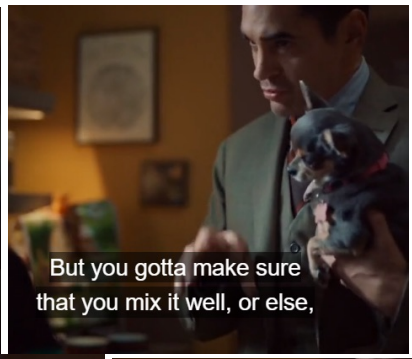


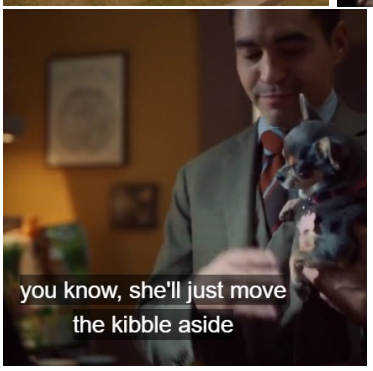
And it went on – aside from really watchable characters and a plot that is not full of gore and gruesome stuff! Will is dislexic, can't read pretty much but has amazing observation skills ... I am so gonna keep watching it. *(Note: Stopped soon, though, because the cases are ridiculous, the plots at times confused and hard to follow, and the entire story feels empty and not real.)*

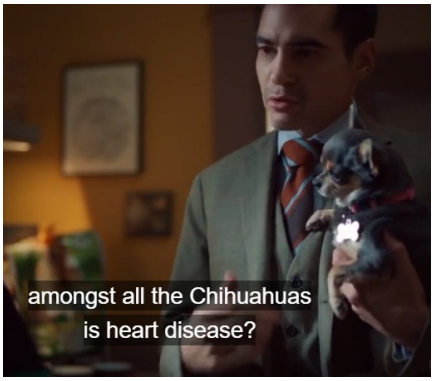
Will grows really fond of the dog that he at first did not want to have ... and **he asks exactly the questions that** were on my mind recently, out loud, like "**Can you hurt a dog's feelings?"** I was aware that I have hurt my dogs feelings a lot in the last year, and I even talked to them about it in the last weeks, as I am so sorry, but I just seem not to be able to help myself – I get so frustrated, but it is not about them, but when they don't behave the way I want them to, I get so pissed that I yell and yank them around. This must stop. And the first series that I watch – deals with this! What are the odds?

None. Also: I feed my dogs **pumpkin** – and they love it! Also – I have read about **Chihuahuas** have fragile **hearts**. I will never forgive myself that I was rough with Jacqui and Tino at times when I was stressed out of my mind because of CH and then my mom. Jacqui is part Chihuahua too.

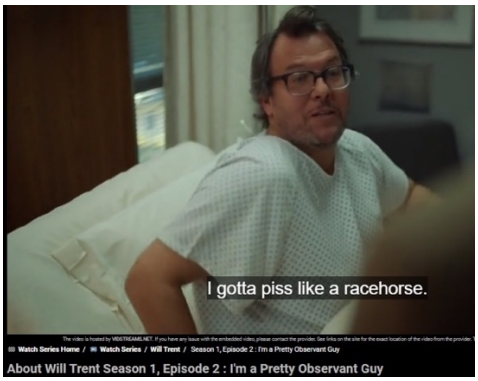


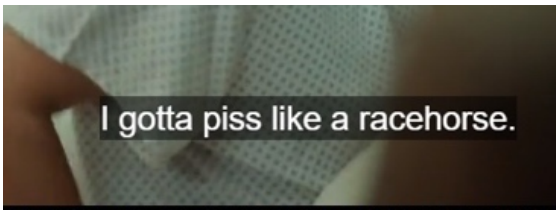






And boy did I get reminded to be careful – in a random TV series that I had clicked on on a whim! Also ... I had been saying out loud that I "pissed like a horse" when I had to pee a lot after drinking a lot of tea. And there it was:

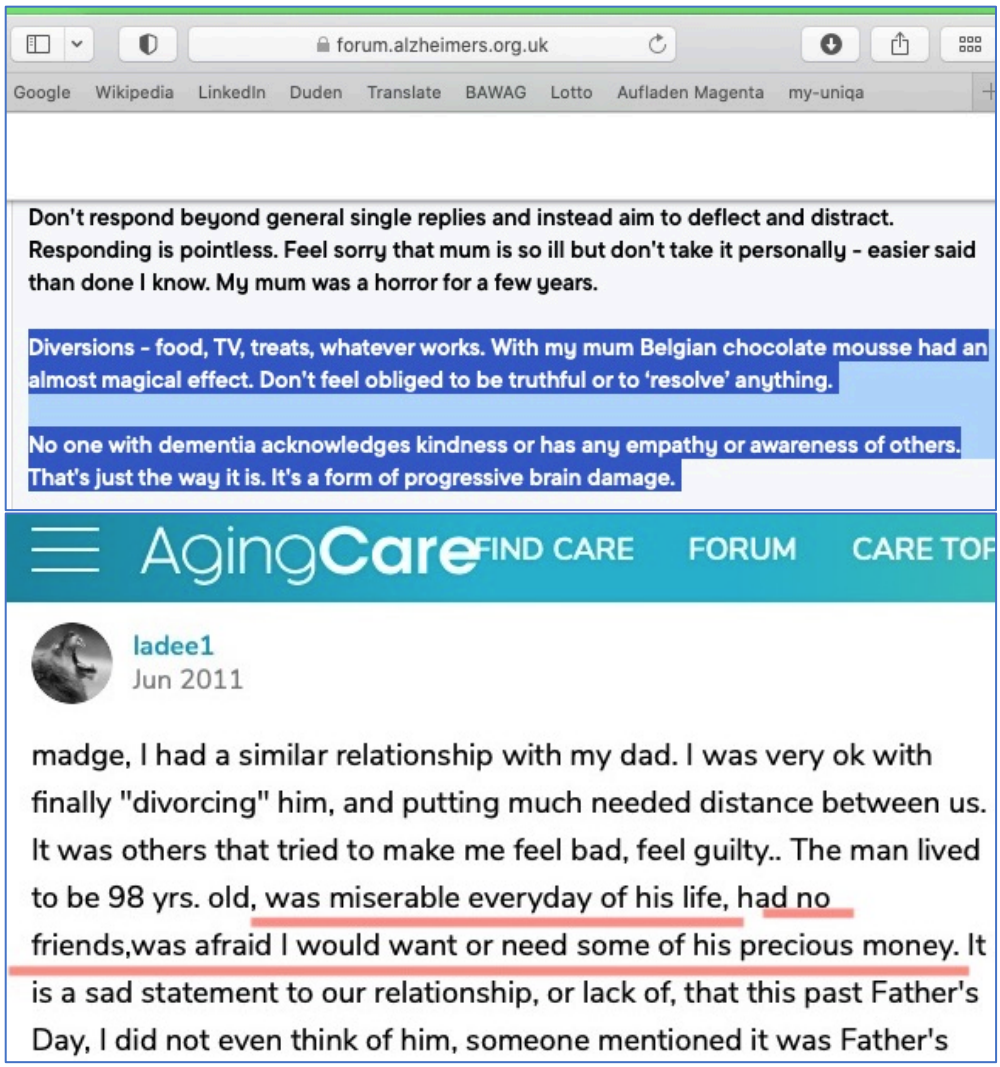




Yesterday, in my frustration, I met the car with the license plate number **"HUI 1"** that I have seen several times. And "Hui" in Hawaiian means "meeting" or "encounter" or "gathering". If you visit somewhere and don't see anyone around, you call out "Hui?", and then, when someone answers, you enter.

I thought of that immediately upon seeing that car.

I also saw some strange rocks in the river Drau during a walk at Rosegg ... Strangely calming. I also keep reading blogs about people being caretakers of loved ones with dementia, it helps me realizing that I really am not alone with my agony ... nothing at all that I experienced with my mother is unique ... Or with my father. I read story exactly like mine regarding my father.


forum.alzheimers.org.uk
Google Wikipedia LinkedIn Duden Translate BAWAG Lotto Aufladen Magenta my-uniqa
Don't respond beyond general single replies and instead aim to deflect and distract. Responding is pointless. Feel sorry that mum is so ill but don't take it personally - easier said than done I know. My mum was a horror for a few years.
Diversions - food, TV, treats, whatever works. With my mum Belgian chocolate mousse had an almost magical effect. Don't feel obliged to be truthful or to 'resolve' anything.
No one with dementia acknowledges kindness or has any empathy or awareness of others. That's just the way it is. It's a form of progressive brain damage.
AgingCare FIND CARE FORUM CARE TOP
ladee1
Jun 2011
madge, I had a similar relationship with my dad. I was very ok with finally "divorcing" him, and putting much needed distance between us. It was others that tried to make me feel bad, feel guilty.. The man lived to be 98 yrs. old, was miserable everyday of his life, had no friends,was afraid I would want or need some of his precious money. It is a sad statement to our relationship, or lack of, that this past Father's Day, I did not even think of him, someone mentioned it was Father's

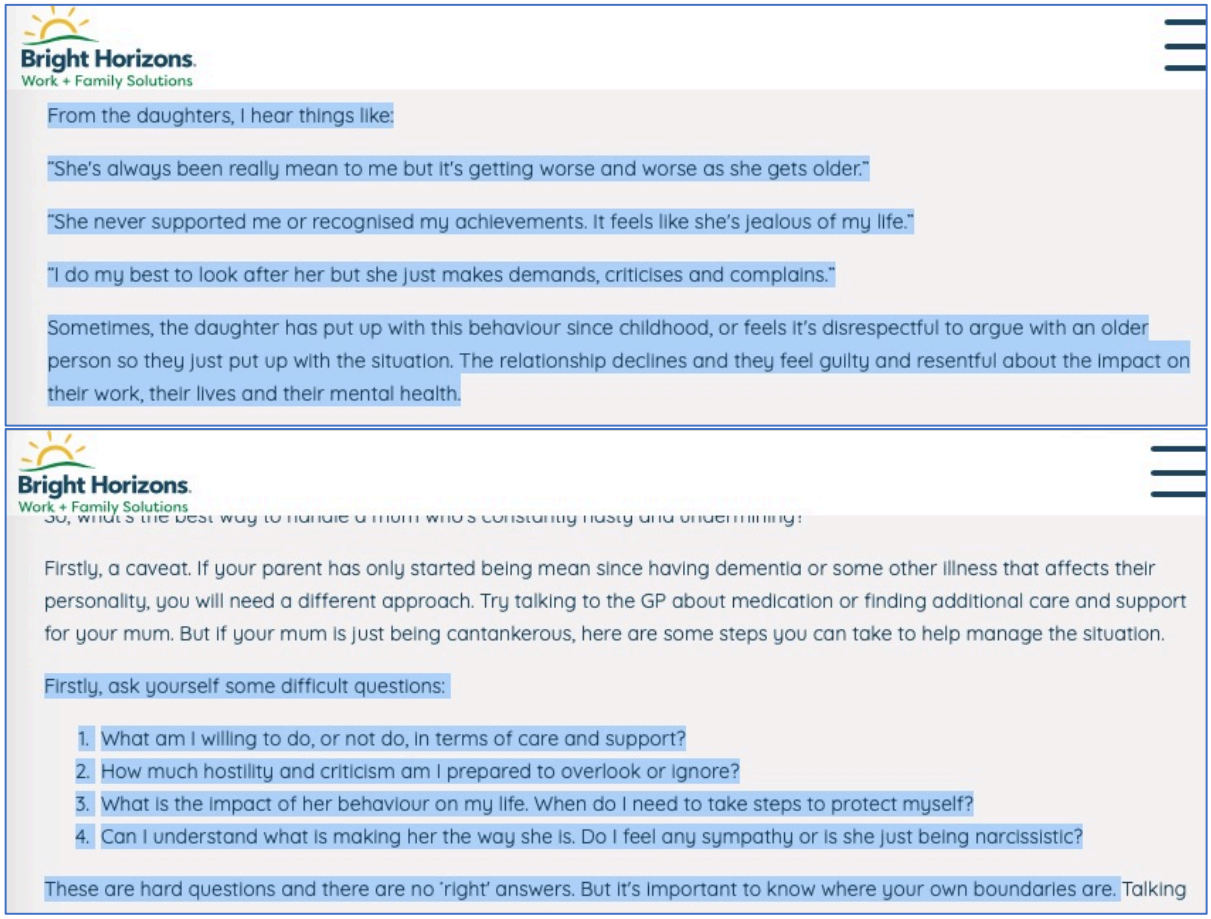
I have worked on "**Mothership**", kind of, collecting the German language rap texts from "MadFauna" that I want to use ... and I am actually working on the concept and script right now – just interrupted for writing this down!

I had a very frustrating encounter in the forest yesterday in the morning ... when a huge Collie dog came running along the path. I had Tino on the leash right away, but the dog looked like he was about to make a sprint at my little one, and I yelled at the dog "Nein!" which means "No", several times, and the fucking shit stopped everytime. In the background, I heard the soft (!) voice of his owner, and he didn't give a crap about her calling him back, he would always again start out running at us! And I yelled everytime, and the dog stopped. And then the owner said "Don't shout like that" in an annoyed tone. I was outraged by this ... but I had to get away with my dogs, I know, if any dog would come trying to attack Tino or me, Jacqui would intervene, and I feared for his safety. So this fucking dog owner, instead of getting a hold of her disobedient dog, told ME to stop yelling!

And this prompted a total rush of urgence to somehow "imua" with "Mothership". I can pack into this all my frustration ... and it could be so great. I even wrote Wolfram about it.

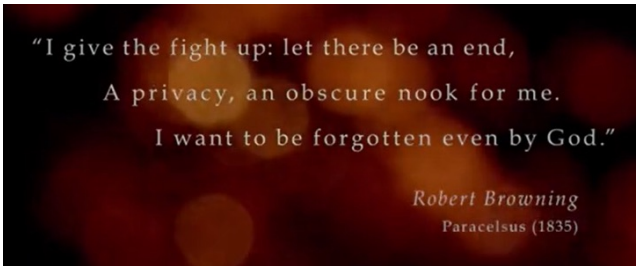
Still ... I have to keep reading those blog articles to be able to handle the knowing that my mother just plainly despises of me. I see her hateful glances ... and many times I have the feeling that she just plays the helpless. Because when she thinks I'n not looking, her glances are sharp and dark ... but of course she needs help and is helpless in many regards, but here hatred of me seems to work just fine. I am not able to handle this any longer. Never a kind word, never anything nice for me ... only when she needs something from me, I am suddenly "Schatzi. I must learn to keep the games in mind, that narcissists play. I am so on edge. And at the first opportunity she would lash

out on me right away and say she'd be glad if I didn't come back at all. Great. She did not notice if I died ... or, actually, she would be the poor victim then. Just like my father. When his "beloved" Edith died, he only talked how poor he was. (Also just recently it came to my mind, that he had told me that when he saw her as a dead person, her face was turned towards the door and looked so stressed ... and he said that for sure she had expected for him to come. But the doctors had told him to not come, as she was in such bad shape ... they said that to me too, actully, on the phone, that she was not conscious. I actually never found out why that was, as she was admitted for foot pain. But her death-decours stated that her liver was so damaged, that she likely just entered the final coma ... So I did have the thought, that maybe she wasn't worried that he wouldn't come, but that he would come! I remember Edith calling me from various hospital stints and telling me that she was suffering but SO happy that she was away from him. And she couldn't stand the thought of him coming visit every day or every second day!)

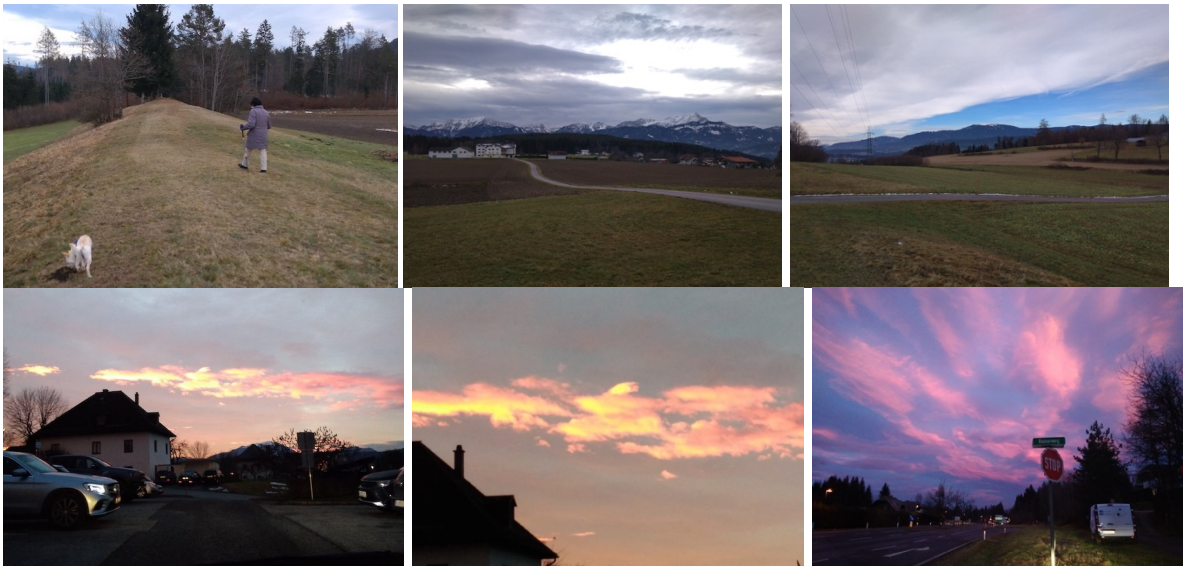

Bright Horizons.
Work + Family Solutions
From the daughters, I hear things like:
"She's always been really mean to me but it's getting worse and worse as she gets older."
"She never supported me or recognised my achievements. It feels like she's jealous of my life."
"I do my best to look after her but she just makes demands, criticises and complains."
Sometimes, the daughter has put up with this behaviour since childhood, or feels it's disrespectful to argue with an older person so they just put up with the situation. The relationship declines and they feel guilty and resentful about the impact on their work, their lives and their mental health.
Bright Horizons.
Work + Family Solutions
Firstly, a caveat. If your parent has only started being mean since having dementia or some other illness that affects their personality, you will need a different approach. Try talking to the GP about medication or finding additional care and support for your mum. But if your mum is just being cantankerous, here are some steps you can take to help manage the situation.
Firstly, ask yourself some difficult questions:
1. What am I willing to do, or not do, in terms of care and support?
2. How much hostility and criticism am I prepared to overlook or ignore?
3. What is the impact of her behaviour on my life. When do I need to take steps to protect myself?
4. Can I understand what is making her the way she is. Do I feel any sympathy or is she just being narcissistic?
These are hard questions and there are no 'right' answers. But it's important to know where your own boundaries are. Talking

<u>December 24, 2023</u>

I had a very intense dream of Sigi – of all people. Can't recall. Just that it was super odd, and he was a real asshole. Sometimes I just feel so exhausted, so tired, so unwilling even to strive anymore. And I found a wonderful saying by ***Robert Browning*** ... and I will never forget that writer, because he is connected with a time in my life when I was still so hopeful and eager and optimistic. I was at the University a Graz beginning to study English and French (stopped right after due to family situation), and I read a poem by Robert Browning, and I learned about the idea of Onomato poetry or "Onomatopoeia" ... meaning that the words sound like what they are expressing, illustrated by the line "***a quick sharp scratch of a lighted match***". Which I will never forget.


"I give the fight up: let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
I want to be forgotten even by God."
Robert Browning
Paracelsus (1835)

Leaving my mom's place, there was the most amazing red sunset ... on Christmas Eve. Of course, nothing celebratory for us ... Mom just happy for me to leave. She is trying hard not to show me how much she despises of me. Took a walk with her ... she just would never wait up or chat with me ... with me, she does talk about random things at times and of course about "her" past. No mention ever that she had a family. But her talking at all, is already a very big progress.



December 25, 2023

Mom watches a movie! Has not done that in years! Talks normally on the phone, about food … shares stuff on her own! Wow. The Gingko that I ordered for her may do further wonders.

The therapist who we are going to see in January sent us Xmas-wishes!

I took J and T for a walk around lake Hafnersee, which was great, aside from my usual outbursts of impatience with Tino when he licks piss off every fucking blade of grass.

I thought about CH's brother K., who I kind of liked, but who has mental problems and a back back, but still, I really felt drawn to him when he was here in summer …

And during the walk I came across a **bridge** – with a **stone** right next to it. So me and the dogs crossed over to the side where the stone was. How symbolic. I do remember that I did walk there twice already, but I can't recall that stone, strangely.

And then – as I drove back home and took the turn right next to the apartment where CH lives, there he was! Her brother! On the balcony with her. I was so thrilled to see him, I rolled down the window and must have beamed from ear to ear. He got all red in the face, but he looked quite excited, too.

Oh my. I feel so old of a sudden. But it is now a given: I will do the New Years swim in lake Wörthersee. And I might ask CH and K to come with me and watch – and pull out my corpse, if need be.

During the walk I thought that it could be really nice to be able to finally talk about everything with the therapist. I have an hour for me on January 4, mom has hers four days later. Maybe it will be good.

I worked on „Mothership" all day and night yesterday, except for the X-mas dinner with mom and a walk with her.

I opened the gift that I had received from my neighbor M. (with her horrible situation of oppression, I can't even think about it) – inside it was: a house! **A tiny house**. And I have been looking for houses to rent for months now, I just talked with my mother about it, that I want to rent a house. And there it was, a house. For me. As a gift. I can't wait for the real thing to show up!

Plus a nice witch-doll with a gourd! Like me – eating gourd or rather squash all the time and gifting people with it. And: **An Angel on a book.** This says to me: **"You are still the writer, Dany."** I mean – those gifts were so suiting. I am just amazed.

I sent them a Merry X-mas message – and it kind of worries me, that I did not get anything back. And I have not seen them today. Got a very dark and bad feeling. I know what the father is like, they have shared it with me. And I want to share it with the therapist. It weighs on me.

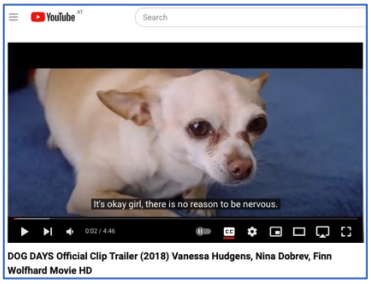
Then I wanted to watch some stuff – but the internet was off! So I had to go to bed, and I read a little bit in the satire book I got for free … and the section was about how the Corona situation two years back showed the true faces of people. And those faces are scary. Dumb and thoughtless and all into bending over in front of authorities. Never ever would it have occurred to me and my mom to allow anyone to inject that shit into our bodies … that is causing so much harm now to the vaccinated people.

My aunt H. shared with me the other day the horrible effects of the vaccinations, including hospital stint – and still they got Corona and were horribly sick, too. Same with my friend M., who I haven't heard of for a while, even though I wrote an X-mas card to her. Vaccinated (ahahaha!) four times, and dead sick with Corona all the time.

People really are not the same.

December 26, 2023

Oh wow ... watched some random program, then, on some side list of movies, I saw ***"Dog Days",*** and of course I clicked it on – and there was "Tino", little white dog, totally scared at the vet! It was like Bob was showing me that he "knew" what I was dealing with.


YouTube
Search
It's okay girl, there is no reason to be nervous.
0:02 / 4:46
DOG DAYS Official Clip Trailer (2018) Vanessa Hudgens, Nina Dobrev, Finn Wolfhard Movie HD

Also, in a state of dozing, last night, I saw suddenly an image of Anthony Hopkins, very clearly. And then one of my long deceased grandmother Johanna, after who I am named. I have no images of her. Will go to my mom's and get the old image collection books.

December 27, 203

X-mas over. Good. Mom sounded so normal on the phone this morning ... I will leave her with her own routines today and just trust.

My doggies and I experienced a wonderful ... actually a hauntingly eerie sunset forest walk at Aich today, just got to share it with you.

December 29, 2023

At lake Hafnersee, the ice was being melted – likely for people to do their New Year's swim. I am seriously considering going into lake Wörthersee. Just, truthfully, I can't imagine my heart taking it. I have not feeling well lately ... all the hatred from my mother, her hateful dark glances, what she says, her brutal narcissist ways, all that got to my heart. I feel it.

Also, I found some kind of *stocking* without foot, in Bob's favorite color aside from teal, purple-violet, but with a fake "***gem***" on it ... (And yes, Bob, forever whenever I say or hear the word "gem" I will think of the commercial you and I did together way way back, "*Jessica's gems* ... even though the sentiment begins today, you know that it will last forever". Or something like this.

December 30, 2023 **– Danny Zorn & The Song**

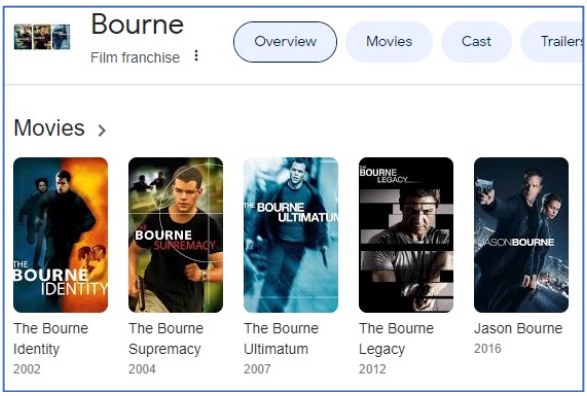
What an end of this odd hard year:

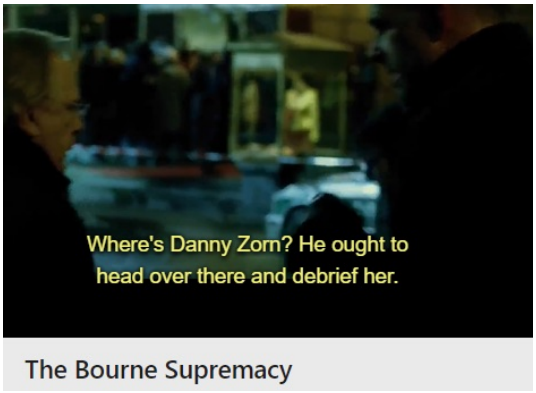
At some point the day before yesterday, the word „***Bourne***" appeared in my mind's eye. And I realized: There was an action movie franchise about „Jason Bourne", and I suddenly had the urge to watch it. So I did.

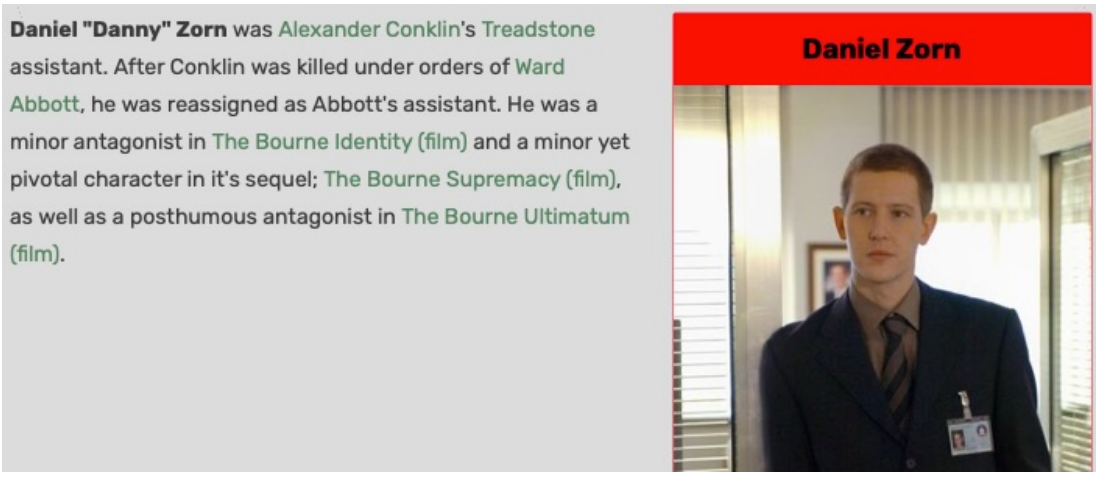
It was okay. A nice distraction and reward after having finalized all my jobs for the agency for 2023, and sure, I did not remember a thing about it. So I watched part 1. Then, last night, I started part 2.

And there it was … ***„Danny Zorn" was killed,*** a perfectly nice young German man, very smart, pointing out to the obvious in a crime attack, something that I knew right away. And the special part:

I have been so angry and lashing out at my dogs in the last days, that I had to apologize to my dogs all the time and couldn't believe myself. And I keep swearing I will better myself, but at times there is a boost of anger I cannot handle. And this must and will change with the beginning of - today.






Daniel "Danny" Zorn was Alexander Conklin's Treadstone assistant. After Conklin was killed under orders of Ward Abbott, he was reassigned as Abbott's assistant. He was a minor antagonist in The Bourne Identity (film) and a minor yet pivotal character in it's sequel; The Bourne Supremacy (film), as well as a posthumous antagonist in The Bourne Ultimatum (film).
Daniel Zorn

So that was on my mind yesterday. And then – the scene about **„Danny Zorn**“. Now – „Zorn“ is German for „anger“! And my name is Daniela, and Bob used to call me „Danny“, or „Dany“, no matter the spelling. And there was „Danny Zorn“, my name in connection with my biggest personal issue right now. And Danny Zorn was killed and is no more.

So there.

And: In the first movie, Bourne walks in front of a pub by the name of „Two Dogs“. Seriously.

Is that a coincidence? There are no odds.

And also:

The ending of the „Bourne“ films always features a song by „**Moby**“, and it's called **„Extreme Ways“**. Not only is it haunting and beautiful – the lyrics are just fucking stunning and speak to me. Actually **– Bob is speaking to me.** It his him describing his life, his ways, his ruin. And looking at te lyrics closely ... **“Oh baby / And then it fell apart | like it always does!”** ***Like it always does?*** oes this refer to Bob's an my story – our project **“The Bridge”!?**

Just see:

Extreme songs that told me
They helped me down every night
I didn't have much to say
I didn't get above the light
Extreme Ways - Moby (with lyrics)
Watch
#Extreme sounds that told me #
They held me down every night
unit production manager
Patrick Crowley
#I didn't have much to say #
#I didn't give up the light #
production supervisor
Mitchell Dauterive
#I closed my eyes and closed myself #
#And closed my world #
second unit director/stunt coordinator
Dan Bradley
#And never opened up to anything #
Luc Etienne
associate producer
Colin O'Hara
That could get me at all
Cast
jason bourne Matt Damon
marie Franka Potente
ward abbott Brian Cox
nicky Julia Stiles
#I had to close down everything #
kirill Karl Urban
danny zorn Gabriel Mann
pamela landy Joan Allen
jarda Marton Csokas
#I had to close down my mind #
tom cronin Tom Gallop
teddy John Bedford Lloyd
kurt Ethan Sandler
kim Michelle Monaghan
gretkov Karel Roden
Too many things to cover me
martin marshall Tomas Arana
irena neski Oksana Akinshina
mr. neski Jevgeni Sitochin
mrs. neski Marina Weis-Burgas
nevins Tim Griffin
Too much can make me blind
ivan Maxim Kovalevski
jack weller Patrick Crowley
jarheads Jon Collin
Sam Brown
Shane Sinutko
#I've seen so much in-so many places #
cia techie Barnaby P. Smith, Jr.
waitress Dominique Chiout
night clerk Wanja Mues
moscow taxi driver Aleksey Shmarinov
#So many heartaches, so many faces #
suspicious cop Stephan Wolf-Sc
security guard Olov Ludwig
mr. mohan Keshav Nadkarni
neski neighbor Violetta Gräfin T
young cop Aleksei Medvede
#So many dirty things #
2nd taxi driver Alexander Boyev
immigration officer Claudio Maniscalc
doorman Manfred Witt
police passenger Alexsei Trotsenko
mercedes driver Victoria Unikel
You couldn't even believe
mercedes passenger Oksana Semenova
volga taxi owner Vitalei Abdulov
berlin taxi driver Dirk Schoedon
moscow policemen Ivan Shvedoff
Denis Burgazliev
#I would stand in line for this #
Scott Rogers Antje Rau
Graham Kelly Martin Ivanov
Rainer Werner Tomas Jester
stunt drivers Jim Dowdall
#It's always good in life for this #
Mustafin Kirill Yusher
Denis Chern
Sergei Soko
Vladislav Ba
Oh, baby
Main Unit
Studio Babelsbe
Henning Molfent
Then it fell apart
Thorne Mut
Peter Wenk
Sebastian K
Philip A. Elt
#It fell apart #
/MARSHALL
Oh, baby
Then it fell apart
#It fell apart #
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MP THETA PRO
#Like it always does #
#Always does #

Does our life together – Bob's and mine – "always" "fall apart" – **so that one of us will have to deal with the beyond intensely?**

You have come all the way to here, reading my contact diary. You understand what I mean and will not find it crazy of me to think this, do you?

Of course in these days, just now, I need Bob's presence and hints that I am doing the right things and that all will come to fruition this time around ... and my fascination of the last three days with watching movies online instead of working on this C. D. or on "Mothership" make so much sense now ... (*Note: And it will make even mor tomorrow, just wait for it ...)*

I know what I have to do – about my mom (as I realized and witnessed yesterday how helpless she really is!), about myself (my „kuleana" with this contact diary and my filmmaking aspirations"), my living situation, my father, my „friends" and choice of people and my dogs.

I am entirely clear and aware.

And „Danny Zorn" was the final clue in 2023.

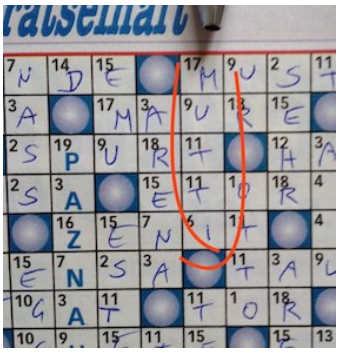
2024 can come. I am ready.

December 31, 2023 **– The Open Mic Scene & MOTHERSHIP !**

Oh geez. I thought honestly yesterday was Silvester, but I was one day ahead, and it is only today.

And for a good reason! Jesus Christ, I am getting my nose stuck exactly into what I must do! (Just this second I also had the flash that I should move to a lake in Salzburg, never have I thought about this ever in my life, it just now appeared in my mind ...)

Did a riddle this morning with my coffee, and one of the words was "**Mutti**", which is very unusual, it's the German term for "Mom" and hardly ever shows up in a riddle. I call my mom "Mutti". Just to fit it in somewhere: Yesterday, during our walk at lake Hafnersee, mom and I saw a bush where tiny little leaves were sprouting! Red ones! But it is supposed to be winter.



My mom showed her ugliest narcissist face yesterday, nearly casing a break down in me – but I averted it. Realizing that I do not have mother in the sense of the world. I need to make sure that the person who gave birth to me and is now in need of help gets help. That is it. Same with my father. I wrote a letter to him, explaining that the reason why he hate me so much (I suddenly got awareness of that too!) is completely without truth and absolutely not ... just not not not. So that is it. Next year I will move away from here.

I had taken her for a nice walk to lake Hafnersee, cooked for her ... I the read up about the traits of the elderly narcissists with dementia ... my mother is textbook fucked up.

I will not allow her to ruin my life more.

So last night, to calm down a bit, I watched the fifth installment of the Bourne trilogy with the title „Jason Bourne". It was not bad. Of course the plot hole jump into my face full throttle all the time ... I am feeling inspired to give it another run in terms of selling my scripts and having them produced. I will.

So then, I wanted to write, but I could not. My ears were ringing, my heart was pounding, still, I felt so sick and heartbroken again.

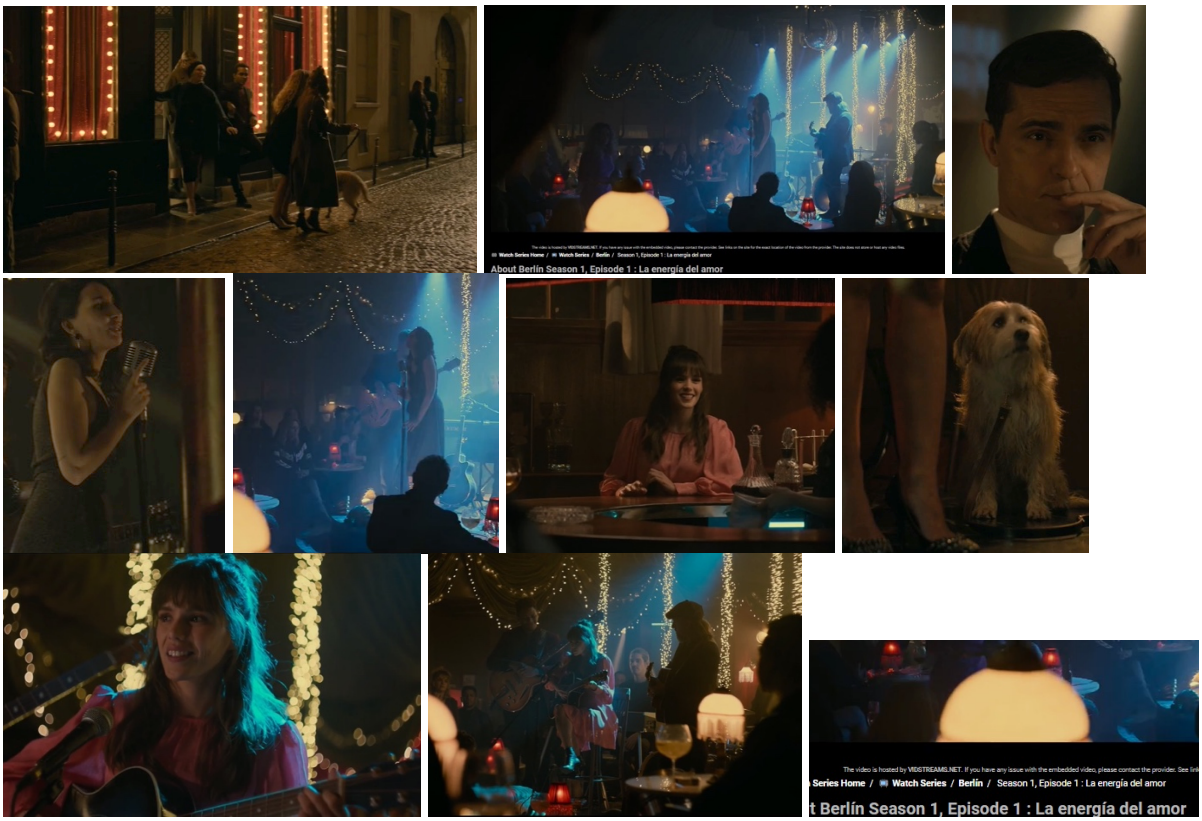
So I kept scrolling all over the place, checking Rottentomatoes.com, and I saw a poster of a film that I did not want to see, the face of a man that was repugnant to me.

For the life of me I do not remember why I started to watch the first episode of the program, called "***Berlin***" (and I read up on it later, it's some kind of sequel to a movie called „Money heist" of sorts)**.** Berlin is the name of the main character. It was in English, but those was English synchronization, maybe with the original voices but still, it really was Spanish language (or Portuguese?) series.

I hated it. So much. *But I kept watching*. I got up, strangely upset, several times, still, I kept watching. I lay down, put my laptop on my chest and kept watching, in spite of palpitations.

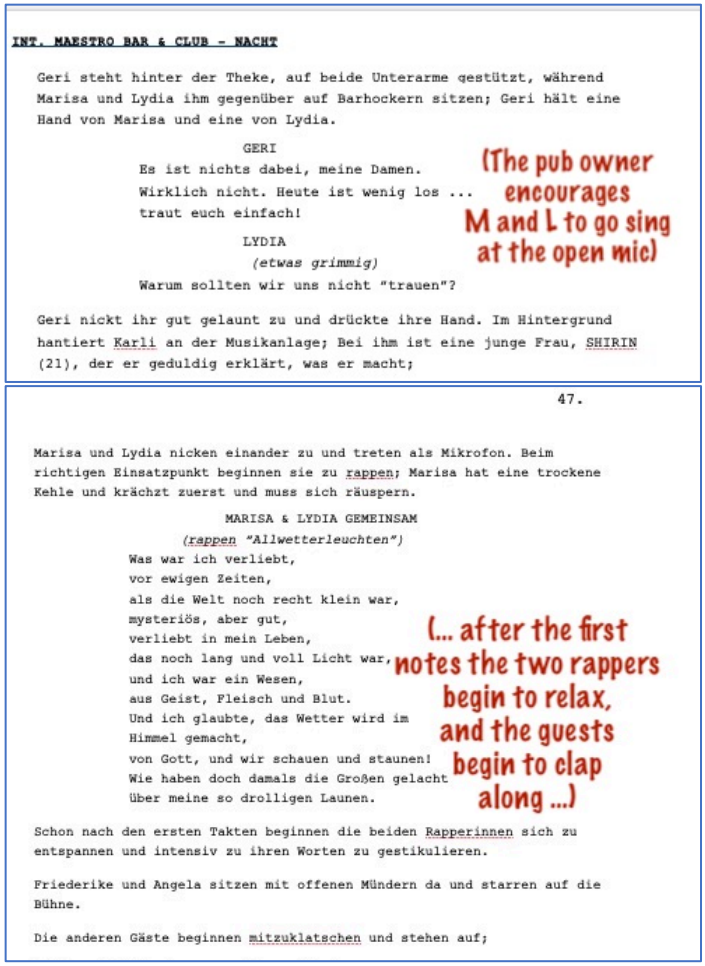
And then – there it was …

Remember I have been working on my project „**Mothership**" about the seven elderly rappers? It's about some ladies writing raps complaining about everything that is wrong with the world and society … and then then perform – first only two of them – at a pub named „Maestro" one night ***at the open mic night.*** So there I was watching ridiculous heist film, pushing through I don't know why … and then, a woman, a side protagonist, „*Camille*", ridiculously childish-beautiful, a face I want to punch, got up in the middle of the night from the side of her husband – and she took her dog and ***walked to a bar where she –*** wait for it ***– sang at the open mic night*** that was just on. She met a friend there**, so they were two, singing, separately, just like in my project „Mothership", on the stage at the open mic night at that bar.** Just like I had imagined it ... first sitting at the bar, the lights, other people on stage ...


Watch Series / Berlin / Season 1, Episode 1 : La energía del amor
Series Home / Watch Series / Berlin / Season 1, Episode 1 : La energía del amor
t Berlín Season 1, Episode 1 : La energía del amor

There are no odds for something like this.

That is why I had to watch this crap show – to get to the scene where two women are performing on the stage at a bar at an open mic night - JUST LIKE I HAD WRITTEN IN MY PROJECT „Mothership".



INT. MAESTRO BAR & CLUB - NACHT

Geri steht hinter der Theke, auf beide Unterarme gestützt, während Marisa und Lydia ihm gegenüber auf Barhockern sitzen; Geri hält eine Hand von Marisa und eine von Lydia.

GERI
Es ist nichts dabei, meine Damen. Wirklich nicht. Heute ist wenig los ... traut euch einfach!

(The pub owner encourages M and L to go sing at the open mic)

LYDIA
(etwas grimmig)
Warum sollten wir uns nicht "trauen"?

Geri nickt ihr gut gelaunt zu und drückte ihre Hand. Im Hintergrund hantiert Karli an der Musikanlage; Bei ihm ist eine junge Frau, SHIRIN (21), der er geduldig erklärt, was er macht;

47.

Marisa und Lydia nicken einander zu und treten als Mikrofon. Beim richtigen Einsatzpunkt beginnen sie zu rappen; Marisa hat eine trockene Kehle und krächzt zuerst und muss sich räuspern.

MARISA & LYDIA GEMEINSAM
(rappen "Allwetterleuchten")
Was war ich verliebt,
vor ewigen Zeiten,
als die Welt noch recht klein war,
mysteriös, aber gut,
verliebt in mein Leben,
das noch lang und voll Licht war,
und ich war ein Wesen,
aus Geist, Fleisch und Blut.
Und ich glaubte, das Wetter wird im Himmel gemacht,
von Gott, und wir schauen und staunen!
Wie haben doch damals die Großen gelacht
über meine so drolligen Launen.

(... after the first notes the two rappers begin to relax, and the guests begin to clap along ...)

Schon nach den ersten Takten beginnen die beiden Rapperinnen sich zu entspannen und intensiv zu ihren Worten zu gestikulieren.

Friederike und Angela sitzen mit offenen Mündern da und starren auf die Bühne.

Die anderen Gäste beginnen mitzuklatschen und stehen auf;

So. I guess I got it, Bob. I must pursue it.
I will.
It is the last day of 2023 today. I will do all the right things from now on.

Happy 2024.
If I don't free myself of the abusive ties I am in, I will join Bob soon. But I do guess I have some more mortal life in me.

(Later)
Picked up mom in spite of her awful behavior last night, took her for a walk, baked an apple-nougat-strudel and made small sandwiches ... and she was just her nasty bitter self. I will never ever tolerate those hateful glances and that horrible energy anywhere near me.

Walked by a rare *ant hill*, right by the street ... where I drive all the time. But today we took a new route, and so I walked where I usually drive – and there it was.

And I found out something amazing: She gave me her bank card yesterday, because I insisted. I wanted to make clean table, as she owes me, and I thought I'd probably never see her again ... so I went and made a withdrawal of 400 bucks. At first I thought I'd bring them to her ... but then I realized that she doesn't deserve me being that considerate. So I did nothing. I waited until she'd bring it up – but more importantly IF she would bring it up. Because: Normally she can't remember anything from the day before, concerning me or a lot of other things.

But lo and behold: ***She knew everything*** about the card, remembered it in all detail, and she talked about the 400 that I might have withdrawn – she had forgotten nothing.

So there.

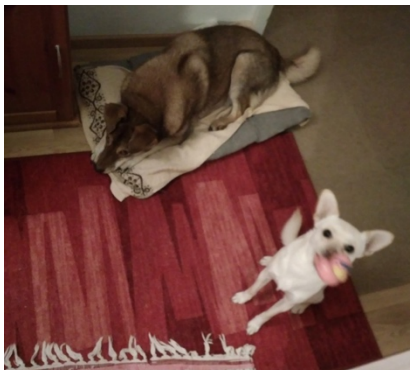
My world has changed again. I refuse to see her as my "mother": She is not mother to me, hasn't been ever. I recall things now, like Jason Bourne, really hurtful horrible things that she did to me ... I will not be her caretaker anymore, I will move away.

Got a good wishes SMS from CH, which is nice – but I sent her a question, and no answer. So there. Got that figured out too. I dropped my New Year's Eve letter to my father in his mailbox. Did that. The only thing I still must do is find out about the dog.

From next year on – and my two beloved dog friends will be free to be ourselves, truly.

OH COOL!

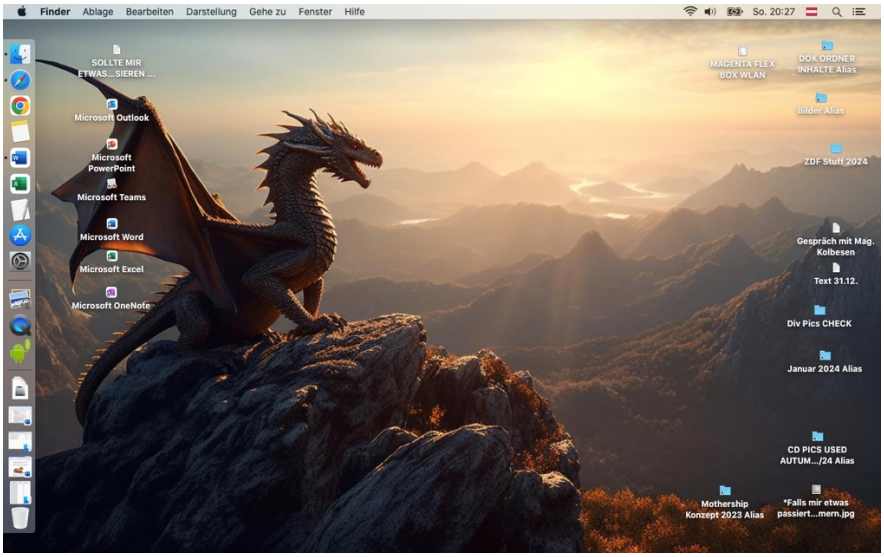
I just found out – it IS going to be my year: **I am a Wood-Dragon in Chinese Horoscope. I was born on February 17, 1964,** and Wood-Dragon goes from February 13, 1964 to February 1, 1965.



And on **February 10, 2024 the year of the Wood-Dragon is beginning**!
IMUA!
I will use this energy wisely – help me, Bob & folks around you in your realm?
I'd surely appreciate it.

Oh, that's why "24" hearts I found. This is really "my" year coming up.

Already got myself a suiting desktop image ... love it.



January 1, 2024 **– The Affair & the Garbage Bag**

I begin this year by ending the previous chapters of this Contact Diary, and I will send it off to people who must receive it.

I had *wild dreams*, of some people stablishing some kind of … I want to say „Routine“, something like a retreat program, but it also included some kind of imagery, like a game board, but with moving things and a lot of leaves that needed to be arranged along the frame … it is way too complicated to try and explain … but I was the one to see all that was wrong with it and I would supervise the people to make it proper and change it, benefiting the future patients and clients. They did call me an expert, but it was, for some reason, not able to work with them, they would not grasp the errors they had made and what I had explained. A cat was involved, somehow water …

Anyway. It was not a bad dream. I realized in the dream and now that I am thinking about it that I had to leave these people and move forward, leaving them behind me, literally.

Last night I spent putting the remaining images into this chapter, and I was with my dogs when the fireworks started. I thought of people I care about, CH sent me text messages, which was nice, and all evening I watched a new show: „***The Affair***“.

This famous series has been on my radar for a long, long time. But I seem to recall a trailer that put me off, or maybe I watched a scene of the series, I don't know what it was. There were two people in a gray ocean, and they were supposed to love each other, but I felt put off by their energy. So I never watched it. (And the plot, after all, was not that great – but the intention and meaning of the style was!)

I was drawn to a different series before, „Mrs. Wilson“, about a woman who finds out that she was married to a bigamist, and I did watch this years ago in Griffen, remembered it vaguely. *Ruth Wilson* played the main character (the story actually being derived from her real life family), and I like this actress. So when somehow Google told me that she acted in „*The Affair*“ I thought I'd give it a go for one episode. And I watched two episodes, as they are quite long, and I was interrupted a few times. So there was that strangely „off“ love affair, and around midnight I knew that I was not going to finish watching. I couldn't imagine how this story should go over 5 (!) seasons.

So right after the fireworks ended, I thought I had to end that night by reading up how „The Affair“ ended – and I googled the plot.

And I was freaking stunned.

It was not at all what I had thought it would be. There was a ticklin feeling about being surprised. *Pleasantly surprised.* Oh how I need that kind of experience! "The Affair" is an amazingly complex and smart story. In every episode (mostly, not through all 5 seasons, I read), the same events are shown ***from the perspectives of two people,*** the two main „lovers“ of the first episodes

where they only found together and there were many mysteries about the other protagonists in the plot.

And then … the following episodes and seasons dealt with the consequences of the infatuation of „Noah“ with „Alison“ … all the way to the future generations! It all ends with a very old Noah – and with the daughter of Alison, Joanie – and Noah realizes one thing: The way he saw „Alison“ when he first met her was totally influenced by where he was at in his live, his personal bias, and the same was true for her too. **It is true for every one in this world** – we all see the people **ONLY** the way they „apppear“ to us **due to who WE ARE** at the moment, **we only can „see“ them according to our inner world.**

Now, that should be clear in every moment of our lives.

But it is not.

So ***„The Affair“*** is a deeply deeply profound treatment of the human condition, dealing with the **interactions** of humans and the **reasons** for those interactions and the misunderstandings, the bliss, the longing and also the heartache and disaster that comes with them. All due to personal bias – and we are made this way. All we can do about is – being aware that it is like this.

Wow.

I walked with the dogs this morning in the forest, as it snow-rained in the night, it was fresh and muddy, and I walked into the forest at an unusual spot and bent down to **touch the moss**.

I had not done that in so long: That is the real me, touching moss and being right there.

I had several epiphanies in that forest … that I must call my mother by her first name now, *Waltraud*, as she is not my mother and does not want that role, and I will never get to be treated like a daughter, so this must changed. She is the person who birthed my body. That's it. I read so much about narcissists recently, I see her behaviour now, see what she does, how she hurt me ... like yesterday, after I had made all the small fingerfood sandwiches, mainly for her, and she barely ate and coldly said she "didn't have gusto for it" ... After we had talked about this for days that I would do that as a traditional New Year's Eve thing ... I made a warm strudel for her, and I gave her tea ... saw her cold and bitter eyes ... and it hurt me yesterday. It does not hurt today. I thought at first I wouldn't call her to see if she would call me to wish me a good new year. At noon she hadn't yet. So I called up my new "dragon spirit" – and I am not kidding, I feel it, I FEEL IT ... and I did call her. She was her usual aloof self, but since yesterday I know that she is very much more aware of what she is doing than she lets on. And whatever I tried to share about myself and last night, she would interrupt me and talk about herself. Okay. It was so clear. And I was just the observer. (Feeling good right now, no heartache, no disappointment. I am the dragon. She is, in Chinese astrology, a Monkey, so we are different anyway. My father is a dragon, too. Just realized I must write to his "heir" and send greetings to my father through him.) ***I am able to rise with my dragon spirit.*** I am. I will get myself an actual wood dragon for my birthday.

And I will paint one.

A lot of insights including the name-thing simply came to me, that thought. In the forest. I am very open and clear today. The fact, that the „year of the wood dragon“ is my year, the last time in my life span maybe, gives me somehow enormous power.

So I turned around after touching the moss – and **a green plastic garbage bag** hung at a tree in the middle of the forest. Now I had thought repeatedly in the last days that I must put a garbage bag in the forest because the county has removed the garbage bins for the winter in many places. I can't stand all the garbage all around – AND THERE WAS THE GARBAGE BAG.

I am not alone, that meant. Other people think like me, too.

And I walked on KNOWING and seeing it so clearly that I must not waste my time anymore with people I should not be around or deal with.

Don't hold grudges, don't be small minded ... be true and act from the gut and with awareness, that's the message. Be completely outspoken and honest ... be a real dragon, the most powerful of them all. Never bow to the small, the evil, the frustrated and the narrow-minded – be proud, be yourself. Rise above the petty stuff including people's attitudes and ways.

Yes. I got it.

It started two days ago ... I was shopping with Waltraud at Lidl in Wernberg, and I wanted to get meat for the dogs out of the meat compartment, but a woman was there, blocking the part and the meat display, so I could not get past or reach the handle of the meat dispenser. So I waited for about a minute, but the woman would just not move and just stare at the display, completely ignorant of everyone else. And I had enough, suddenly, and I shoved myself by her cart and said harshly "Darf ich jetzt auch einmal da her?" Meaning "Can I get here now too, finally?" And the woman looked at me, bewildered and angry and said "Das geht auch freundlicher." Meaning "You could have said that in a friendly way." I was outraged. She had no insight, whatsoever, how ignorant she had been and how patient I had been, and I had not been very unfriendly. I told her that she should be considerate of others, too, but she wouldn't get down from her point that I was unfriendly to her. So I had to walk away fast because I felt my self-discipline disintegrate. She kept bitching after me ... so this was a typical situation where other blame people without any insight in their own behavior. That is typical for my father and my mother ... So Waltraud was in the store too, wandering around, aloof, unable to grab the biscuits because she simply did not focus ...

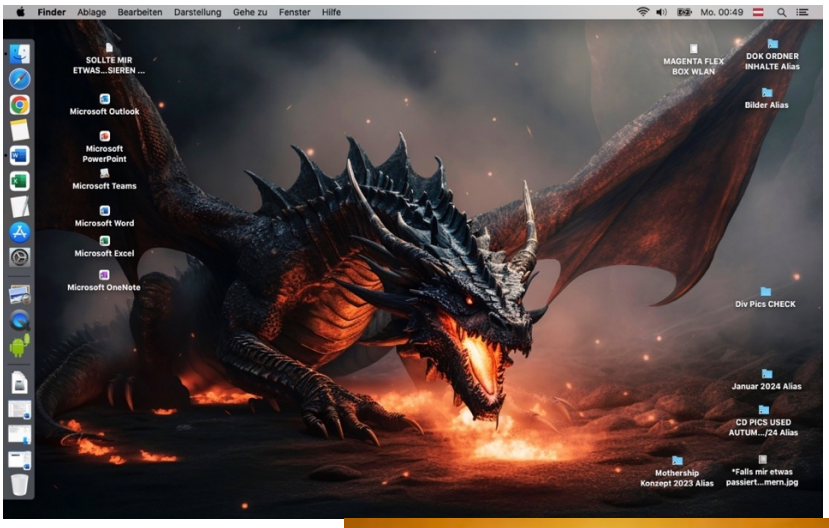
And I looked for the stuff I needed ... and suddenly, that anger fell of me, and I kind of "connected" with a different part of me. An old part. And there is this old childhood saying that we learned in terms of "Don't fight with stupid people" or "people with stupid behavior", and it goes: "Der Gescheitere gibt nach, der Dumme fällt in den Bach." Meaning "The smarter one gives in, and the stupid one falls into the creek." Imagine, two people holding on to something, and the smart one gets rid of the opponent by letting to – causing the admantly stubborn one to fall, of course, as the counter pull is gone.

So I turned around, went to the woman and said to her that she was right, I had not been polite, I should have been less harsh. (Only that. I should have probably just pushed her fucking cart away, from right under her.) She, in turn, immediately kept bitching about how "when she is looking at groceries she does not see what other people are doing" – by which she actually proved MY point, but I realized that this was not a very bright mind. So I just said "Fine, I'm sorry," and I moved on. And I felt great. And she called after me – kind of softer – that she wished me a good new year! And I wished her one too! So that was interesting. And looking back ... that was actually "me". The way I knew myself from when I was young, before my "partners" "happened". I was traumatized by my parents' and other family members' behavoir ... but I was kind and strong inside nevertheless. **That is the dragon in me.** *And that is the spirit that is awakening now***.** At least, I have the will and inclination to let it wake up.

I'm gonna do new things at my work, too: I am an editor (have been since July 2018, shortly before I flew to Bob for the last time) for webtexts, and I have been reaching my limits in the past last months of 2023. Not only are the human writers just so bad at writing, they also employ Artificial Intelligence, like ChatGPT – and I had so much work making sense of useless sentences and explaining it in the comments. So no more. I will do the corrections, edit the most horribly wrong German – but no more explanation, no more color comments so that they can see it easily. I won't waste my brain energy and time on this shit. It is money, yes. But I will work never again with a feeling of stress, because the are late with their texts or I think I must finalize everything on the same day. No more. I will give myself way more space, and I will not be so anal anymore about the correcting. So the language develops in direction of shit – alright. So it be. I have spent five years treating every little sentence like a freaking gem ... no more. I will not deal with the same mistakes over and over and over again, because the writers don't get it or don't care. I mean, I will correct it, but I won't explain anymore. And if they keep making the same mistakes, I will make a note to the author and then not correct it anymore if it is grammar. I am not a fucking quarry worker hammering at stones. Pun intended, Stoneman.

So walking in the dripping forest this morning with my two friends Jacqui and Tino, I pondered upon the ***learnings from „The Affair“*** … and it is so **profound**, I can't even express it really. (I am sitting here pre-breakfast, just to get it all out. And I feel a bit driven.)

So watching „The Affair“ changed life for me. Helped me reconnect with – **me. The Wood-Dragon. The Acquarius. The Sun.** (And yeah, I changed my desktop image!)



Reading up on it, actually, did the wonders. "Noah", in the end, realizing that when he was so infatuated with "Alison", she did not need sex, after having lost her child and having sex with her loving husband anyway, but she rather had needed a friend. And because he insisted on his view of her, a spiffy fun sexy woman whilst she actually was sad and grieving … this set in motion a lot of events that had consequences for so many people.

How great is that, for filmmakers to express this.

Just yesterday I thought about finalizing this Contact Diary and sending it off – and I realized that <u>if even ONE person</u> will take this work and move forward in terms of "The Bridge" then all the effort was already worth it. Like shown in "The Affair" – things that humans do affect other humans emotionally, which lead them to actions that build – life.

I was like this with Bob and me so clearly – the not really "seeing" the other and treating the other from our personal place of need and hurt, call it personal bias. It is so clearly with my mother and me. And with CH and me … and with all living beings in my life. I will always treat them „from my point of view“, there is no other way. **<u>BUT: I can be aware of this</u>**. **And this will make the difference.**

Is this the learning from „The Affair“ and that strange New Years Eve day and evening?

That I must return to myself, me, the Dragon, the Aquarius, the Sun, closely and intensely, never ever try to „think for“ others unless I know exactly what they need … and only focus on what I need, and everything will be fine for the rest or my mortal phase?

I felt so close to my original urge to make films this morning. I felt calm and not angry anymore.

So this is my New Year's blessing.

Andrea, Tino's dog trainer, a new friend, was the first to text-message me nice wishes. Gabi put orange jam and a marcipain pig in front of my door. And I wrote to Martina and Elisabeth. That was my urge.

I think I will finally be able to be real again this year. It is going to be my year. I will make the very best of it. And it will be grand.

END PART 10 CONTACT DIARY "Naupaka Bunny" © Jo Danieli 2024